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PUCK BUILDING, NEW YORK.

### Moral: Insure in The Travelers."



# CELEBRATION NUMBER

containing full views of the Procession, Fetes, Scenes at Westminster Abbey, and other places of interest, is now ready.

From all parts of the United Kingdom came accounts of the unbounded enthusiasm and loyalty with which all classes of Englishmen have been celebrating Her Majesty's Jubilee Day, or we should rather say Jubilee Week, for the extensive rejoicings relating to that Event have spread over several days. When this is borne in mind, as well as the great historic interest vested in every ceremony with which Her Majesty has been connected, and which the Public will expect to see faithfully illustrated in THE GRAPHIC, it will be at once understood that it would be impossible to record a tenth part of the Jubilee proceedings without more space being devoted to the subject than would be available each week in the ordinary Number.

The proprietors of THE LONDON GRAPHIC have therefore decided to publish this EXTRA

### JUBILEE CELEBRATION

NUMBER, which will be highly interesting not only to Englishmen, but for all Nationalities. In this manner they trust, by the aid of an efficient staff of over Fifty artists in London and the Provinces, to have nothing left unrecorded worthy of illustration.

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THE ONLY WINE to be USED in DIABETES MELLITUS. From abstract of the course of practice of medicine by Professor Alfred L. Loomis, at the medical department of the University of the City of New York, reported in the Amphitheatre, organ of the medical colleges of America. "Treatment of Diabetes." "No wine whatsoever, except Munmn's Extra Dry Champagne."

Messrs, G. H. Mumm & Co. use only the choicest grapes of the lest Districts and the cream of the Pressing for their Champagnes.

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CARPETS

The Carpets made by this Company have received the highest award wherever exhibited, including Gold Medals at the Paris Exposition, 1878, and at the Centennial, 1876.

Centennial, 1876.

Their deserved reputation for excellence of fabric, richness and durability of color, novelty and beauty of design, has led to frequent infringements, and inferior goods have often been palmed off in their stead. For the protection of the public the Company has adopted as a trade-mark the word "BIGELOW," which will be woven (at every repeat of the pattern) in white capitals into the back of the fabric. Customers will therefore have merely to examine the back of a carpet to be certain that they are getting the genuine Bigelow Wiltons or Body Brussels.

These goods can be obtained from all first-class dealers.

My cousin, the Christma You welcomed him kindly As bold as a bravo, in M Look at my pictures and And catch my song flung And you'll be as glad, I As when Christmas Puck

My cousin, the Christmas Puck, came in December:

You welcomed him kindly, and so here am I

As bold as a bravo, in Mid-July.

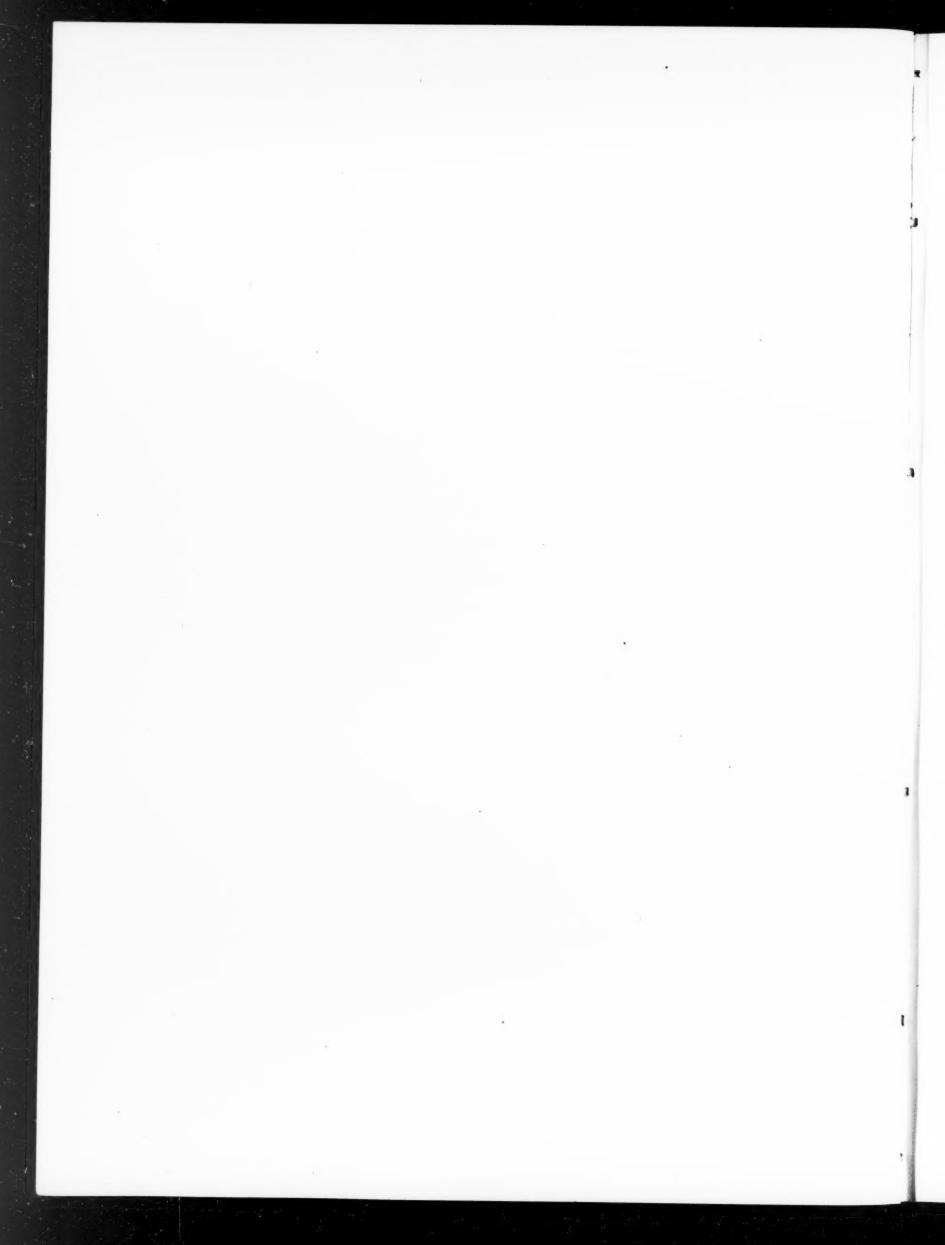
Look at my pictures and list to my tale,

And catch my song flung to July's gentle gale.

And you'll be as glad, I will venture to say.

As when Christmas Puck brightened the dull Winter day.

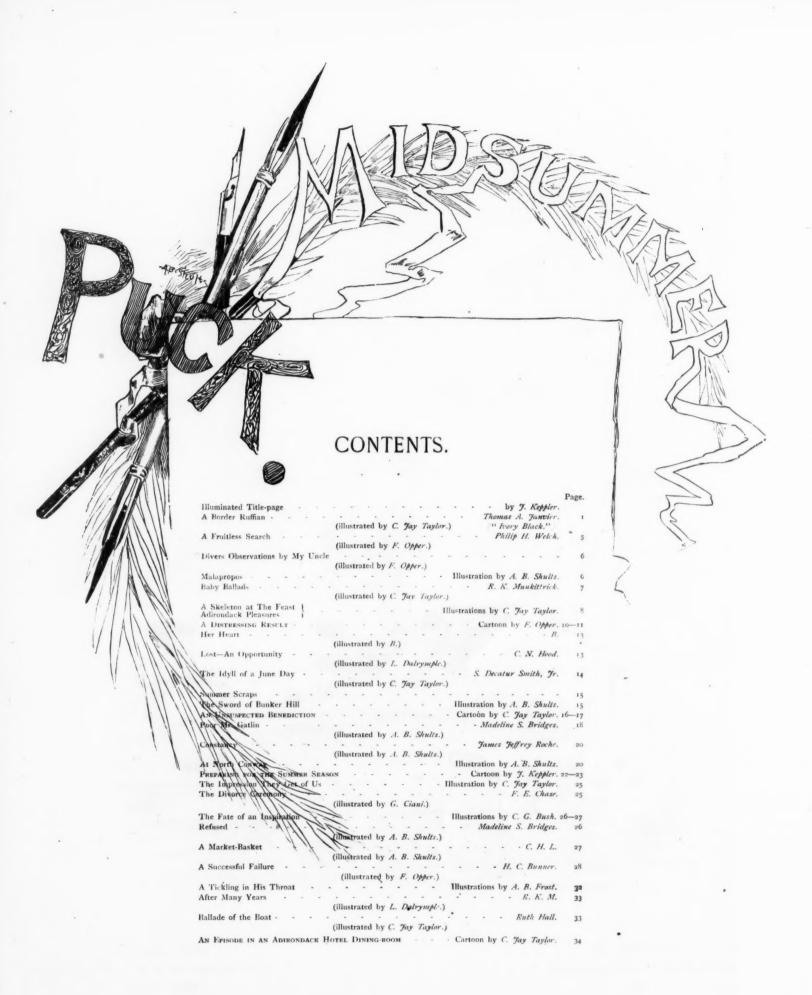
PLON





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I. WEST.

The Incident of the Boston Young Lady, the Commercial Traveler, and the Desperado.

THERE IS NO MORE delightful air anywhere than that which anybody traveling through New Maries Gran All traveling through New Mexico from Albuquerque, past Las Vegas,

to the Raton Mountains is free to breathe.

Miss Grace Winthrop, of Boston, and also Miss Winthrop, her paternal aunt, and also Mr. Hutchinson Port, her maternal uncle—all of whom were but forty hours removed from the Alkali Desert west of the Continental Divide-felt in the very depths of their several beings how entirely good this air was; and, as their several natures moved them, they betrayed their lively appreciation of its excellence.

Miss Grace Winthrop, having contrived for herself, with the intelligent assistance of the porter, a most comfortable nest of pillows, suffered her novel to remain forgotten upon her knees, and, as she hand her pretty blonde head against the wood-work separating her section from that adjoining it, looked out upon the brown mountains, and account those objects of nature the rare privilege of being reflected upon the proof of her very blue eyes. Yet the mountains could not flatter themselves with the conviction that contemplation of them wholly filled her mind, for occasionally she smiled a most delightful smile.

Miss Winthrop, retired from the gaze of the world in the cell that the Pullman car people euphemistically style a state-room, ignored all such casual excrescences upon the face of nature as mountains, and seriously read her morning chapter of Emerson.

Mr. Hutchinson Port, lulled by the easy, jog-trot motion of the car, and soothed by the air from Paradise that, for his virtues, he was being permitted to breathe, lapsed into calm and grateful slumber, and dreamed (nor could a worthy Philadelphian desire a better dream) of a certain meeting of the Saturday Night Club, in December, 1875, whereat the terrapin was remarkable, even for Philadelphia.

Miss Winthrop, absorbed in her devotions, and Mr. Hutchinson Port, absorbed in slumber, did not perceive that the slow motion of the train gradually became slower, and finally entirely ceased; and even Grace, lost in her pleasant day-dream, scarcely perceived that the unsightly buildings of a little way-station had thrust themselves into the foreground of her landscape—for this foreground she ignored, keeping her blue eyes serenely fixed upon the great brown mountains beyond. Nor was she more than dimly conscious of the appearance upon the station platform of a tall, broad-shouldered young man clad in corduroy, wearing a wide-brimmed felt-hat, and girded about with a belt stuck full of cartridges, from which depended a very big revolver. In a vague way she was conscious of this young man's existence, and of an undefined feeling that, as the type of a dangerous but interesting class, his appearance was opportune in a part of the country that she had been led to believe was inhabited almost exclusively by cut-throats and outlaws.

In a minute or two the train went on again, and as it started Grace was aroused and shocked by the appearance at the forward end of the car of the ruffianly character whom she had but half seen from the car window. For a moment she believed that the train-robbery, that she had been confidently anticipating ever since her departure from San Francisco, was about to take place. Her heart beat hard, and her breath came quickly. before these symptoms had time to become alarming, the desperado had passed down the passage-way to the rear end of the car, and after him had

come the porter, carrying his valise and a Winchester rifle,
"Goin' to Otero? Yes, sah! All right, sah! Put yo' heah; nice
seat on shady side, sah! Thank yo', sah! Have a pillow, sah?" And,
hearing this address on the part of the porter, Grace knew that the desperado, for the moment at least, was posing in the character of a law-abiding citizen, and was availing himself of his rights as such to ride in a Pullman car. Being thus relieved of cause for immediate alarm, her breast presently began to swell with a fine indignation at the impudence of this abandoned person in thus thrusting himself into a place reserved, if not absolutely for aristocratic, certainly, at least, for respectable society.

The slight stir incident to the entrance of this offensive stranger aroused Mr. Hutchinson Port from his agreeable slumber. He yawned slightly, cast a disparaging glance upon the mountains, and then, drawing an especially good cigar from his case, betook himself to the smoking-Grace did not realize his intentions until they had become accomplished deeds.

Mr. Hutchinson Port-although a member on the retired list of the First City Troop, and therefore, presumably, inflamed with the martial spirit characteristic of that ancient and honorable organization-was not, perhaps, just the man that a person knowing in such matters would have selected to pit against a New Mexico desperado in a hand-to-hand conthat Grace felt her heart sink a little as she saw the round and rather pure form of her natural protector walk away into the depths of a for forward end of the car, and so vanish. And in this same mirror a mirror ruffian

The situation, as Grace regarded it, was an alarming one; and it was the more trying to her nerves, because it did not, reasonably, admit of action. She was aware that the very presence of the ruffian in a Pullman car was in the nature of a promise, on his part, that for the time being it was not his intention either to murder or to rob—unless, indeed, he was one of a robber band, and was awaiting the appearance of his confederates. For her either to call her uncle, or break in upon the Emersonian seclusion of her aunt, she felt would not be well received, under the circumstances, by either of these, her relatives. As to the porter, that sable functionary had vanished; there was no electric bell, and the car, one of a Pullman train, had no conductor.

For protection, therefore, should need for protection arise, Grace perceived that she must depend upon the one other passenger. (They had lingered so long amidst the delights of a Santa Barbara spring that they were journeying in that pleasant time of year when spring travel eastward

has ended, and summer travel has not yet begun.) This one other passenger was a little man of dapper build and dapper dress, whose curiously-shaped articles of luggage betokened his connection with commercial affairs. Grace was forced to own, as she now for the first time regarded him attentively, that he did not seem to be wrought of the stern stuff out of which, as a rule, champions are made.

As she thus looked upon him, she was startled to find that he was looking very fixedly upon her; and she was further startled, as their eyes met, by the appearance upon his face

of a friendly smile. She would have been vastly surprised had she been aware that this little person labored under the belief that he had already effected a favorable lodgment in her good graces; and she would have been both surprised and horrified could she have known that each of her own strictly confidential smiles during her day-dream had been accepted by the commercial traveler as intended



for himself, and had been met, as they successively appeared, by his own smiles in answer. Yet this was the actual state of the case, and the little man's soul was uplifted by the thought that here was a fresh proof, and a very pleasant one, of how irresistible were his personal appearance and his personal charm of manner when arrayed in battery against any one of the gentler sex.

Viewed from the stand-point of his experience, this final smile and eye encounter indicated that the moment for more pronounced action now had arrived. With the assured air of one who possibly may be repulsed, but who certainly can not be defeated, he arose from his seat, crossed to Miss Grace Winthrop's section, and, with a pleasant remark to the effect that in traveling it always was nice to be sociable, edged himself into the seat beside her.

For a moment, the insolent audacity of this move was so overwhelming, that Grace was quite incapable of coherent expression. The lovely pink of her cheeks became a deep crimson that spread to the very tips of her ears; her blue eyes flashed, and her hands clinched instinctively.

"Looked like a perfect little blue-eyed devil," the drummer subsequently declared, in narrating a highly embellished version of his ad-

narrating a highly embellished version of his adventure: "but she did n't mean it, you know—at least, only for a minute or two. I soon combed her down nicely." What he actually said, was: "Been travelin' far, Miss?"

"What do you mean by this? Go away!" Grace managed to say, but she could not speak very clearly, for she was choking.
"Come, don't get mad, Miss! I know you're not mad, really, any-

"Come, don't get mad, Miss! I know you're not mad, really, anyway. When a woman's as handsome as you are, she can't be bad-natured. Come from California, I suppose? Nice country over there, isn't it?"

What with surprise and rage and fright, Grace was very nearly frantic. For the moment she was powerless—her uncle in the smoking-room, her aunt locked up with her Emersonian meditations, the porter in the lobby; the only available person upon whom she could call for aid a horible drunken murderer and robber, steeped in all the darkest crimes of the frontier! She felt herself growing faint, but she struggled to her feet. The drummer laid his hand upon her arm: "Don't go away, my dear! Just stay and have a little talk. You see—"

But the sentence was not finished. Grace felt her head buzzing, and then, from somewhere—a long way off, it seemed—she heard a voice saying: "I beg your pardon; this thing seems to be annoying you. Permit me to remove it."

Her head cleared a little, for there was a promise of help, not only in the words, but in the tone. And then she saw the desperado consettle a big hand into the collar of the little man's coat, lift him out of seat, and well up into the air, and so carry him at arm's loggy key on and struggling, and looking for all the world like a jumping through the passage-way at the forward end of the car.

As they disappeared, she precipitately sought refuge in the state-room—where Miss Winthrop, the elder, was aroused from her serious contemplation of All-pervading Thought, by a sudden and most energetic demand upon her protection and her salts-bottle. And, before she could be made in the least degree to comprehend why Grace should require either the one or the other, Grace had still further complicated and mystified the matter by fainting dead away.

Ш

In the course of two or three hours—aided by Miss Winthrop's salts and Mr. Hutchinson Port's traveling-flask of peculiar old Otard, which, together, contributed calmness and strength, and, being refreshed by a little slumber—Grace was able to explain, in an intelligible manner, the adventure that had befallen her.

"And no matter what dreadful crimes that horrible man may have committed," she said in conclusion: "I shall be most grateful to him to my dying day. And I want you, Uncle Hutchinson, no matter how unpleasant it may be to you to do so, to thank him, from me, for what he did. And, oh! it was so funny to see that detestable, little impudent man kicking about that way in the air!" Which remembrance, at the same moment, of both the terrifying and the ludicrous side of her recent experience, not unnaturally sent Grace off into hysterics.

naturally sent Grace off into hysterics.

Mr. Hutchinson Port was quite ready to carry the message of thanks to the desperado, and to add to it some very hearty thanks of his own. But his good intentions could not be realized; the desperado no longer was on the train.

"Yes, sah; I knows the gen'l'm' yo' means, sah," responded the porter, in answer to inquiries: "Pow'fl big gen'l'm' yo' means, as got on



this mo'nin' to Vegas. Thet 's th' one, sah! He 'd some kind er tribbilation with th' little gen'l'm'—th' drummer gen'l'm' as got on las' night to Lamy—an' he brought him out, hold-in' him like he was a kitten, to th' lobby, an' jus' set him down an' boxed his ears till he hollered! Yes, sah, thet 's th' one. He got off to Otero. An' th' little man he got off to Trinidad, an' said he was a-goin' up by the Denver to Pueblo. Yes, sah; they 's both got off, sah! Thank you, sah! Get yo' a pillow, sah?"

IV.

And so it came to pass that Miss Grace Winthrop returned to Boston, cherishing toward desperados in general, and toward the desperados of New Mexico, in particular, sentiments as generous as they were unusual.

Miss Winthrop the elder, whose soul was accustomed to a purer ether than that in which desperados ordinarily are found, presently forgot the vicarious excitements of her journey eastward in the calm joys of the Summer School of Philosophy.

mer School of Philosophy.

And Mr. Hutchinson Port longed to be able to forget the whole State of California, when he realized, as he did with a most bitter keenness, that the superficial charms of that

greatly overrated region had detained him upon the Western coast until the terrapin season was absolutely at an end.

### II. EAST.

The Incident of the Mysterious Stranger, and the Philadelphia Dinner-party.

I.

Mrs. Rittenhouse Smith had achieved righteousness. That is to say, being a Philadelphian, she was celebrated for giving successful dinners. The person who achieves celebrity of this sort in Philadelphia is not unlike the seraph who attains to eminence in the heavenly choir.

It was conceded that Mr. Rittenhouse Smith (he was one of the Smiths, of course—not the others. His mother was a Biddle) was an important factor in his wife's success; for, as became a well brought-up Philadelphian, he attended personally to the marketing. But had these Smith dinners been commendable only because the food was good, they would not have been at all remarkable. In Philadelphia, so far as the eating is conterned, a bad dinner seems to be an impossibility.

eating is conterned, a bad dinner seems to be an impossionity.

In to n, Ms. Smith's dinners were famous, because they never were marred by the slightest suggestion of a contretemps; because they glided along doothly, and at precisely the proper rate of speed, from oysters to me abat because—and to accomplish this in Philadelphia was to accomplish the simething very little short of a miracle—they never were stupid.

Therefore it was that Mrs. Rittenhouse Smith stood among the elect, with a comfortable sense of security in her election; and she smelled with a satisfied nose the smell of the social incense burned before her shrine; and she heard with well-pleased ears the social hosannas which constantly were sung in her praise.

11.

Occupying a position at once so ornate and so enviable, the feelings of Mrs. Rittenhouse Smith may be imagined upon finding herself confronted with the tragical probability that one of her most important dinner-parties would be a failure.

In preparing for this dinner-party she had thought deeply in the still watches of the night, and she had pondered upon it in the silence of noon-day. For Mrs. Smith, above all others, knew that only by such soulful vigilance can a perfect dinner be secured. It was her desire that it should be especially bright intellectually, for it was to be given to Miss Winthrop,

of Boston, and was to include Miss Winthrop's niece, Miss Grace Winthrop, also of Boston. These ladies, as she knew, belonged to clubs which, while modestly named after the days of the week, were devoted wholly to the diffusion of the most exalted mental culture. Moreover, they both were on terms of intimacy with Mr. Henry James. On the other hand, it was her desire that the dinner should be perfect materially, because among her guests was to be Miss Grace Winthrop's uncle, Mr. Hutchinson Port. It was sorely against Mrs. Smith's will that Mr. Hutchinson Port was included in her list, for he had the reputation of being

the most objectionable diner-out in Philadelphia. His conversation at table invariably consisted solely of disparaging remarks, delivered in an undertone to his immediate neighbors, upon the character and quality of the food. However, in the present case, as Miss Grace Winthrop's uncle, he was inevitable.



And, such was Mrs. Smith's genius, she believed that she had mastered the situation. Her list—excepting, of course, Mr. Hutchinson Port, and he could not reasonably be objected to by his own relatives—was all that The nine other guests, she was satisfied, were such as she could desire. could be exhibited creditably even to ladies belonging to Boston clubs and personally acquainted with Mr. Henry James. As to the dinner itself, Mr. Rittenhouse Smith, who never spoke inconsiderately in matters of this grave nature, had agreed with her that—barring, of course, some Providentially interposed calamity—such as scorching the ducks, or getting too much salt in the terrapin—even Mr. Hutchinson Port would be unable to find a flaw in it.

And now, at the last moment, at twelve o'clock of the day on which the dinner was to take place, came a note from the man upon whom she had most strongly counted to make the affair a success-the brightest man on her list, and the one who was to take out Miss Grace Winthroping that he was laid up with a frightful cold and face-ache! He tried to make a joke of it, poor fellow, by adding a sketch—he sketched quite nicely—of his swelled cheek swathed in a handkerchief. But Mrs. Rittenhouse Smith was in no humor for joking; she was furious!

When a woman misses fire in this way, it usually is possible to fill her place with a convenient young sister, or even with an elderly aunt. But when a man is wanted, and, especially, as in the case in point, a clever man, the matter very readily may become desperate. Mrs. Rittenhouse Smith certainly was dismayed, yet was she not utterly cast down. She had faith in her own quick wits, which had rescued her in times past from other social calamities-though never from one darker than this, of having, at a single fatal blow, her best man cut off from one of her most important dinner-parties, and the dinner-party itself reduced to thirteen; an ominous and dismal number that surely would be discovered, and that would cast over her feast a superstitious gloom.

In this trying emergency Mrs. Smith acted with characteristic decision and wisdom. She perceived that to send invitations simultaneously to all the possible men of her acquaintance might involve her in still more awkward complications; while to send invitations successively might result in a fatal loss of time. Obviously, the only practicable course was a series of prompt, personal appeals from one to another, until assurance was received that the vacant place certainly would be filled. Therefore, she despatched a note to Mr. Rittenhouse Smith, at his down-town office, acquainting him with the impending catastrophe, and bidding him drop all other concerns until he had averted it by securing a satisfactory many "Did he leave any word as to when he would come in?"

"Yes, sir. He said that a gentleman might call, and to say that certainly would be back at six, and would not go out again to-night." He said that a gentleman might call, and to say that he

Mr. Smith looked at his watch—it was 5:30. Had there been any uncertainty as to Livingstone's return, he would have waited. But it was clear that he was coming back to dine at his hotel, and spend the evening there. A note, therefore, could be trusted to do the business, and by writing, instead of waiting, Mr. Smith would save half-an-hour; moreover, if he waited, he would not have time to make the mayonnaise.

Probably it is only in Philadelphia that it ever occurs nowadays to the master of a feast to dress the salad; which, doubtless, is the reason why a better salad is served at certain dinnertables in Philadelphia than at any other dinnertables in the whole world.

The thought of the mayonnaise settled the matter. Mr. Smith hastily wrote an account of the trying situation, and concluded his note with a solemn demand upon "dear old Van" to fill the vacant place, "in the holy name of the class of '68, and for love of your old classmate, R. Smith."



Presently the person thus adjured returned to his hotel, and with a somewhat puzzled expression read the adjuration. "R. Smith," he murmured reflectively: "I think I do remember a Dicky Smith, from Philadelphia, at Columbia. But he was n't in my class, and my class was n't '68, but '76, and I don't remember ever saying a dozen words to him. He's got a good deal of cheek, whoever he is—and he, and his dinner, and his missing man may all go to the devil together! His invitation is absurd!" And with this ultimatum Mr. Livingstone laid the letter and envelope neatly together, preparatory to tearing them into fragments.

But before this purpose was accomplished, another view of the situa-tion came into his mind. "I don't see why I should n't go," he thought: 'I've been muddling all day with this wretched wool man-which is a ven if I have made a pretty good bargain with him for next season's nd Ned has n't come to time, which is another bore, for now I'll can my dinner alone. And this Dicky Smith writes like a gentle-if he is cheeky; and he certainly seems to be in a peck of about his missing man, and his thirteen at table, and the rest of it is a regular adventure! And to think of having an adventure ia, of all places in the world! By Jove, I'll go!"

Now, under ordinary circumstances, Mr. Rittenhouse Smith would have obeyed his wife's orders cheerfully and promptly. But, on this particular day there was a flurry in the stock-market (Mr. Smith was a stockbroker), and every minute that he was away from his office exposed him to serious business danger. At what he considered to be the safest moments, he made no less than five sallies after as many different men; and three of these had engagements for the evening, and two of them were out of town. What with the condition of the stock-market and the gloomy outlook for the dinner-party, Mr. Smith, albeit he was ordinarily a calm, sedate little

man, was almost distraught.

Three o'clock brought a prospect of relief; but after a day of such active dealing, his books could not be settled hurriedly. In point of fact, when at last he was able to leave his Third Street office, the State House clock was And the dinner-in accordance with Philadelphia custom—was to be at seven! He knew that his wife had discharged into his hands the matter of procuring the needed man; and he knew that this line of action on her part had been both right and wise; but he groaned in spirit, as he thought how dread-

ful a responsibility was his!

Mr. Smith was a methodical man, and in the calmness partly bred of his naturally orderly habits, and partly bred of his despair, he seated himself at his desk, in company with a comforting cigar, to think of any possible men whom he might beat up at their homes as he went westward. While he thus meditated—and while blackness settled down upon his soul; for of none could he think available for his purpose—he looked idly at the list of hotel arrivals in the morning paper that chanced to lie beside him. And suddenly he arose with a great shout of joy, for in this list he beheld the name: "Van R. Livingstone."

Here, indeed, was good fortune at last! Van Ruyter Livingstone in college with him, in his own class, at Harvard. They had been was in college with him, in his own class, at Harvard. capital friends while their college life lasted; and although Livingstone had spent the last ten or twelve years in Europe, they had not wholly lost track of each other. Clever, handsome, well-born, and well-bred, he was everything that the present occasion required. He seemed to have been sent from heaven direct. In twenty minutes Mr. Smith was asking for him at his hotel.
"Mr. Livingstone? Mr. Livingstone is out."

"How very, very good of you, Mr. Livingstone, to come to our rescue!" It was Mrs. Rittenhouse Smith who spoke, and she spoke in a guarded tone, for Livingstone was among the last to arrive, and she had no desire to publish among her guests the catastrophe that so nearly had

"And I know," she continued: "that you will understand how sorry I am that this first visit of Mr. Smith's old friend to our house should be under such peculiar circumstances. But you will have your reward, for you are to take out the very prettiest and the very brightest girl here. Come and be rewarded!" And Mrs. Smith slipped her hand upon her benefactor's arm, and piloted him across the room.

"Miss Winthrop, permit me to present Mr. Livingstone. Miss Winthrop is half Boston and half European, Mr. Livingstone; and as you, after these ten years abroad, must be wholly European, you can cheer each other as fellow foreigners in the midst of Philadelphia barbarism"with which pleasant speech the hostess turned quickly to receive the last arrival (a man, of course; only a man would dare to be even near to late at one of Mrs. Rittenhouse Smith's dinners), and then, standing beside the door-way, with Mr. Hutchinson Port, marshaled her company in to dinner. It was a comfort to her to know that for once in his fault-finding life Mr. Port would be compelled, since he was to be seated beside his

hostess, to eat his food without abusing it.

Just at this time two things struck Mrs. Smith as odd. One was that as she presented her handsome guest to Miss Grace Winthrop she certainly had felt him start, while his arm had trembled curiously beneath her hand. The other was that as Mr. Rittenhouse Smith left the drawing-room, passing close beside her with Miss Winthrop upon his arm, he made a face at her. The first of these phenomena struck her as curious. Had it been possible she would have investigated the cause of Mr. Smith's facial demonstration. But it was not possible. She only could breathe a silent prayer that all would go well—and the while sniff anxiously to discover if perchance there was a smell of scorching duck.

Mrs. Smith would have been still more mystified could she have been cognizant at this juncture of her husband's and of Miss Grace Winthrop's and of Mr. Livingstone's thoughts.

The first of these was thinking: "It is n't Van Ruyter Livingstone, any more than I am; though he certainly looks like him. And I'm sure that he knows that he don't know me. And I think that we've managed to get into a blank idiotic mess!" And the second of these was thinking: "If he's been in Europe for the past ten years, there's not one chance in fifty that I ever have laid eyes on him. But I know I have!"

And the third of these was thinking: "There is n't a man in the room who looks enough like Dicky Smith to be his tenth cousin. But if ever the goodness of heaven was shown in the affairs of men it is shown here to me to-night!"

VI.

Even as the sun triumphs over the darkness of night and the gloom of the tempest, so did Mrs. Rittenhouse Smith's dinner-party emerge radiantly from the sombre perils that had beset it. It was a brilliant, unqualified

Miss Winthrop was good enough to say, when the evening was ended—saying it in that assured, unconscious way that gives to the utterances of Boston people so peculiar a charm—"Really, Mrs. Smith, you have given me not only a delightful dinner, but a delightful surprise; I would not have believed, had I not seen it myself, that outside of Boston so many clever people could be brought together!"

And Mr. Hutchinson Port, upsetting all his traditions, had kept up a running fire of laudatory comment upon the dinner, that had filled Mrs. Smith's soul with joy. She had expected him, being cut off by her presence from engaging in his accustomed grumbling, to maintain a moody silence. She had not expected praise, and she valued his praise the more, because she knew that he spoke out of the fullness of his wisdom; and, because, in a matter of such vital moment as eating, she knew that she could trust him to be sincere. His only approach to invidious comment was in regard to the terrapin.

With the grave solemnity that marks the serving of this delicacy in Philadelphia; in the midst of a holy calm befitting a sacred rite, the silver vessels were carried around the board, and in hushed rapture (a little puzzling to the Bostonians) the precious mixture was ladled out upon the fourteen plates; and Mr. Hutchinson Port, as the result of many years of soulful practice, was able to secure to himself, at one dexterous scoop, more eggs than fell to the lot of any other two men.

It was while rapturously eating these eggs that he spake: "My dear Mrs. Smith, will you forgive me if I venture to suggest, even to you—for what I have seen this night has convinced me that you are one of the very few people who know what a dinner ought to be—that the Madeira used in dressing terrapin can not possibly be too old?"

VII

Proceeding in accordance with the cue that Mrs. Smith had given her, Miss Grace Winthrop engaged Mr. Livingstone in conversation upon European topics, and was a little astonished to find, in view of his past ten years in Europe, that they evidently had very little interest for him. And all the while that she talked with him, she was haunted by the conviction that she had seen him somewhere; and all the while she was aware of something in his manner, she could not tell what, that seemed to imply that she ought to know who he was.

What Miss Grace Winthrop did feel entirely certain about, however,

What Miss Grace Winthrop did feel entirely certain about, however, was that this was one of the cleverest and one of the manliest men she had ever come across. His well-shaped hands were big and brown, and his face was brown, and the set of his head and the range of his brown shoulders gave him an alert look and a certain air of command. There was that about him which suggested a vigorous life in the open air. There was nothing to suggest ten years in Europe, unless it was the charm of his manner, and his neat way of saying bright things.

As for Livingstone, he was as one who at the same time is both entranced and inspired. He knew that he never had been happier in his life; he knew that he never had said so many clever things in so short a time. Therefore it was that these young people always thereafter were most harmoniously agreed that this was the very happiest dinner that they had eaten in all their lives.

It came to an end much too soon for either of them. The ladies left the room, and cigars were invoked to fill their place. This was the moment that Livingstone had looked forward to as affording the first practicable opportunity for taking his host apart and explaining that his, Livingstone's, presence there, certainly must be a mistake. And this was the moment that Mr. Smith, also, had looked forward to as available for



clearing up the mystery-of which his wife still was blissfully ignorant - as to who their stranger guest really was. But the moment now being come, Livingstone weakly but deliberately evaded it by engaging in an animated conversation with Mr. Hutchinson Port in regard to the precise number of minutes and seconds that a duck ought to remain before the fire; and Mr. Smith-having partaken of his own excellent wines and meats until his whole being was aglow with a benevolent friendliness - contented himself with thinking that, no matter who his guest was, he certainly was a capital fellow, and that to cross - question him as to his name, at least until the evening was at an end, would be a gross outrage upon the laws of hospitality.

Livingstone, however, had the grace to feel a good deal ashamed of himself as they returned to the drawing-room. In all that had gone before, he had been a victim of circumstances. He had an uncomfortable conviction that his position now was not wholly unlike that of an impostor. But as he pushed aside the portière, he beheld a pair of blue eyes that, he flattered himself, betrayed an expression of pleased expectancy—and his compunctions vanished.

There was only a little time left to them, for the evening was almost at an end. Their talk came back to travel. Did she like traveling in America? he asked. Yes, she liked it very much, indeed, "only"—as a sudden memory of a past experience flashed into her mind—"one does sometimes meet such dreadfully horrid people!"

They were sitting, as they talked, in a narrow space between a table and the wall, made narrower by the presence of an unused chair. Just as this memory was aroused, some one tried to push by them, and Livingstone, rising, lifted the obstructing chair away. To find a clear space in which to put it down, he lifted it across the table, and for a moment he stood erect, holding the chair out before him at arm's length.

When he seated himself and turned again to speak to Grace, he was startled to find that her face and shoulders, and even her arms—her arms and shoulders were delectable—were crimson; and in her eyes he found at last the look of recognition that he had hoped for earlier in the evening, but that now he had ceased to expect. Recognition of this emphatic sort he certainly had not expected at all.

he certainly had not expected at all.

"You—you see," she said: "I al—always have thought that you were a robber and a murderer, and shocking things like that. And I did n't really see you that day, except as you walked away, holding up that horrid little man, kicking—just as you held up the chair. Can you ever, ever forgive me for thinking such wicked things about you, and for being so ungrateful as not to know you at the very first?"

And Livingstone, then and later, succeeded in convincing her that

he could.

VIII.

By an emphatic whisper Miss Grace Winthrop succeeded in impressing upon her aunt the necessity—at no matter what sacrifice of the social conventions—of being the last to go. In the matter of keeping Livingstone, she experienced no difficulty at all. And when the unnecessary eight had departed, she presented to her aunt and uncle her deliverer, and—in a delightfully hesitating way—told to Mr. and Mrs. Smith the story of her deliverance.

was when this matter had been explained that Livingstone, who this position now was absolutely secure, brought up the delicate desiron of his own identity.

restion of his own identity.

"You can understand, I am sure, Mrs. Smith," he said: "how very rateful Lam to you for this evening; but, indeed, I don't think that I am he person you meant to ask. And it has occurred to me, from something hat you said about my having been in Europe for a good while, that Mr. Smith might have meant his invitation for Van Ruyter Livingstone. He's my comin, you know; and he has spent the last ten years in Europe, and is there yet, I fancy. But I am Van Rensselaer Livingstone, and if I can be said to have a home anywhere—except the old home in New York, of course—it is on my sheep range in New Mexico.

"But you won't be cruel enough, Mrs. Smith, after letting me into Paradise—even if I did get in by mistake—to turn me out again; will you?"

And Mrs. Rittenhouse Smith, who was a clever woman, as well as a remarkably clear-sighted one, replied that even if she wanted to turn Mr. Van Rensselaer Livingstone out of Paradise, she believed that it was now too late.

A FRUITLESS SEARCH.

es, I'm feeling as well as usual this morning; but perhaps I do look a little off-color, as you delicately sug-Fact is, I've just met with a loss. No, it is not a bill or a bond, or a chance to go fishing; but, all the same, it is something I've cherished for some little time, and I miss it now that it is gone.

"When? Oh, the last trace of it disappeared yesterday; so you see I really have hardly had a chance to get used to its absence. No, I don't think it will do any good to advertise; it 's hardly that sort of property, you know; and beside, now that it is really gone,

whoever finds it is quite welcome to it.

"Fact is, old boy, I've been relieved of an illusion, a nice rose-colored illusion, a permeating satisfying sort of illusion, one of the kind that fills your being, and swamps your judgement, and upsets your mental equilibrium altogether.

"My wife has been wanting to go into the country this summer. We do n't generally, you know, except for a week or ten days—perhaps up at her father's, and then I only stay the Sundays

-but she thought this year it would be nice for the children to go out for the whole sum-mer. I did n't take kindly to the notion at first, but she talked so much, and the children teased, and one night my wife hit the right chord when

> "' Think of the children romping all the summer through, in a great beautiful yard!' That's what did it -the yard. Like a picture set in

a frame, came suddenly to me the memory of my grandfather's yard—the dear old yard of my boyhood days, with its soft grassy stretches and sweet flower-laden air, every detail distinctly outlined before my wife's voice died away. From that moment I was the keenest in the family for the summer

outing.
"That yard haunted me. I took it down-town with me in the morning. I set it up against my ledgers in the office as soon as I got at work, and at noon I hurried through lunch to lean against the window and look off over the tops of the buildings where the yard hung-a well-beloved vision against the sky.

"Well, I ate, drank and slept in that yard, and finally, a month ago, it was time to act. I advertised freely for suburban board, and taking an afternoon off when I could, I went to look up the answers. Long Island, Staten Island, up the river and over in

Jersey I've been, and—well—

"I took my last trip yesterday. It was just the same: 'villas,' 'cottages,' 'residences,' according to the phraseology of my various wouldbe landladies, and from the 'piazzas,' 'verandahs' or 'gallery,' as one ultra-elegant female put it, the beauties of the 'lawn' would be pointed out to me. Sometimes the 'lawn' was bare of grass, and gnarled, half-dead, wholly ugly trees grew about, and often rusty wickets and desultory rain-washed balls hinted at perennial croquet, and sagging hammocks

left out all winter told their tiresome story of feeble flirting; and some-times there were 'terraces,' (heaven save the mark!) and one was a

'place,' and there was n't a yard anywhere.

"And I grew discouraged as I saw my illusion fade away, and finally, at the last house, a particularly gingerbread little 'villa,' with a patch of turf about it that had not a tree to break its new-made-grave look, I astonished, and, I fear, deeply grieved the proprietor. She was a woman, who was not unlike the villa and turf in appearance, her attire being rather gingerbread, while her voice and manner were decidedly sepulchral. After one or two questions, she got in the usual one:
"'How many children have you?" and I let loose:

"'Madam,' I said: 'I have three, all boys; and I am looking for a place where they can be as noisy and dirty and thoroughly disagreeable as possible. I want them to tramp in over the front piazza on muddy days, to strew the halls and rooms with their bags of nuts, bunches of flowers, stolen birds' nests, dead fish, and other litter dear to the boyish heart; to eat enormous breakfasts of everything good the country provides, and have thick slices of bread-and-butter before dinner; to hunt eggs in the barn, and try to milk the cow; to chase the chickens, and ride old Dobbin, the horse; to bring in mud-turtles and snails, and possibly snakes to pet; to do all this and much more, and for it I am willing to pay a fair price in money, and put up with low ceilings, hard beds, mosquitos, kerosene lamps, poor coffee, no water conveniences, and the fatigue and expense of a daily ride back and forth to the city.

""Do you know such a place? And, while I am asking, do you know of a yard about here—a sweet, old-fashioned yard; a big shady yard, where patches of sunshine alternate with the waving shadows of maple and horsechestnut branches; where a wide graveled pathway, bordered with pinks and sweet Williams leads down to the gate; where the syringa-trees in the corner by the fence share with the lilac bushes over by the stoop in loading the air with sweets, and where the summer wind comes laden with

the fragrance of wild clambering roses, from the garden beyond?
""There must be a well-sweep at the side, a cherry-tree with the robber-birds clustering over it in the foreground, an old smoke-house back, and along one side the lane that leads out to the dear old barn and

"'Do you know such a yard, where a man who has seen only city sights, heard city sounds, smelled city smells, and fought the city life for years can stretch himself out on the grass and look up to the blue sky that arches above him, and let the gladness of his boyhood, the fair dreams of his youth envelop him? If you do, madam, I would be willing to pay for the information.

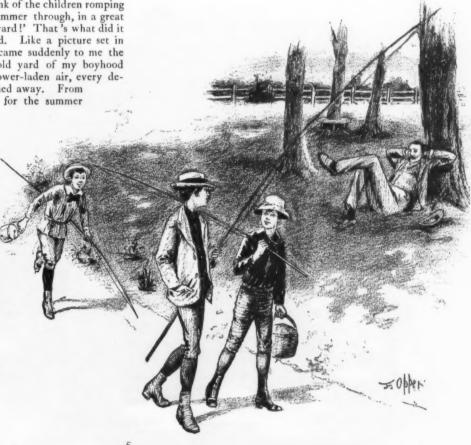
"The old lady was stunned, but she rallied:

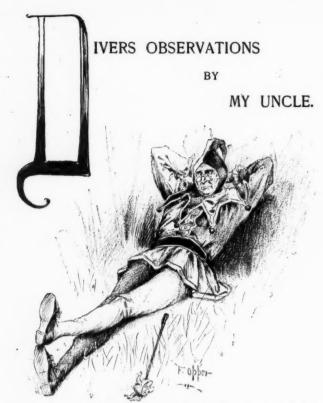
""There is a large brick building a few miles over the hill road, that

I think can accommodate you,' was what she said:

"She meant, of course, the insane asylum, and I guess she's right. I don't believe my yard can be found anywhere else."

PHILIP H. WELCH.





NOTHING MAKES THE true gentleman so indignant as to see a lady standing in a street car; that is, if the true gentleman is standing himself.

THE MOST INTERESTING talkers are those who don't interrupt.

When a hen lays an egg she cackles a trifle, to be sure; but it is the male member of the family who tip-toes proudly about, and acts as though he were to blame for it.

MUCH OF THE WAGES of sin is spent on Saturday night.

CHARITY WILL COVER a multitude of sins; but the trouble is that sins flock together in larger numbers than mere multitudes.

MANY SELF-MADE MEN have for wives and daughters tailor-made women.

In CHINA A MAN does n't see his wife until he has married her. If the women there look like the men, this is a merciful dispensation for them.

A BOW-LEGGED MAN places Hogarth's line of beauty at a decided disadvantage.

When a young woman bursts into tears, you must hug her together again.

A SIXTH SENSE—the realizing sense. But very few of us, however, have it.

WHISKEY IS THE AMERICAN glass of fashion, and it makes many a mould of form.

OTHER MEN'S WIVES AND DAUGHTERS look very nice in full evening costume.

THE ONLY THING about the hog that can't be utilized for food is the grunt.

WHEN THE GIRL'S VERDICT IS "No," it sometimes pays to carry the case to the court of appeals. Mush is ofttimes harder than a woman's heart.

The english language is not a dead language by any means; but there are times when it must feel very sick.

A GOOD EPITAPH for a man who dies of overwork: "He wanted the earth, but the earth got him."

THERE IS MORE HEALTH in a change of linen than in a change of air.

IT IS EASIER for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a poor man to get a comfortable seat in a fashionable church.

THE MAN WHO CAN PASS the warning notice, "paint," without testing the matter with his finger, to see if it is dry, has sufficient will-power to give up drinking.

When the wind sobs it fairly rains tears. This sort of thing ought to be put in poetry, but my contract only calls for prose.

MEN WHO KNOW ALL about running newspapers are lucky, as they don't seem to know how to run anything else successfully.

When a young woman says "No," in a scarcely perceptible tone of voice, it is not necessary to take it for an answer; but when she says "Naw," or "Noh," then get your hat.

THE ACTUAL NECESSITIES of the man who pays cash are much smaller than those of the man who buys on time.

You can see at once by the scum on top of a good deal of it nowadays, that the quality of mercy is not strained.

 $N^{\,{\tiny \text{EVER}}}$  chew a raw oyster. Simply place him in the mouth, and then look at the ceiling. Trust the oyster for the rest.

IT IS NOT UNTIL A MAN reaches thirty that he begins to wrap the small bills on the outside of his roll.

Size does n't always count. An elephant is bigger than a sixteen year old girl; but give me the maiden.

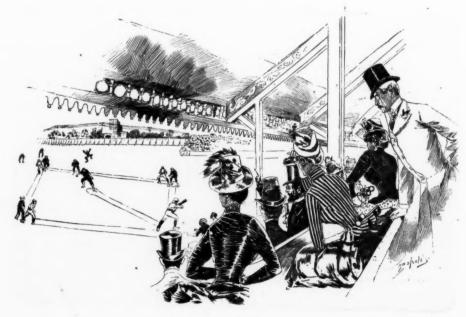
THE PROFANE PART of the English language is most easily acquired by parrots and Frenchmen.

IT IS VERY EASY to be a gentleman; and at the same time it is restful and self-satisfying. Try it!

OH, THAT MAN SHOULD put an enemy into his mouth to steal away the lining of his stomach!

When fortune knocks, you want to be where you can open the door yourself.





MALAPROPOS.

Crumbley (trying to break the conversational ice).—Have you read the "Merry Men," Miss Laker?

Miss Laker (from Detroit, without lowering her field-glass).—Mr. Crumbley, with three men on the bases in the ninth inning, an even score, a fair umpire, and Casey at the plate, I'm not sure that I even know how to read!





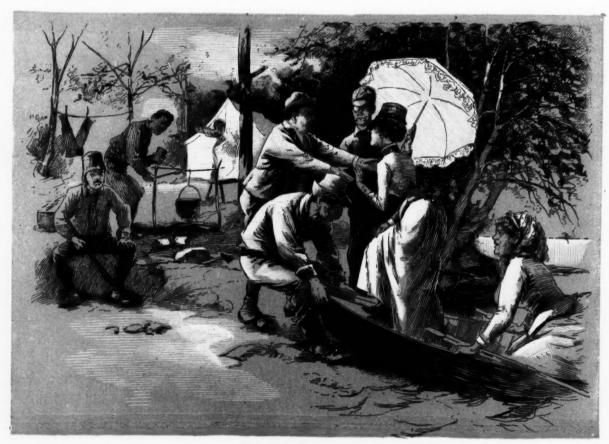
A SKELETON AT THE FEAST.

MISS DE CRASHVILLE is giving a rock-party at Mt. Desert.

Enter Michael (the coachman).—I had a long chase, me leddy, but I got him!

MISS DE CRASHVILLE.—So I see! He's not hurt, is he?

MICHAEL.—No, me leddy; not outside, annyway! But as I found him in the picnic-wagon with two paté labels on his nose, and a Dootch cheese-rind 'round his neck, I think it'll be well not to excite him for an hour or so!



ADIRONDACK PLEASURES.

Miss Van Amringe (arriving at camp).—What a perfectly lovely spot this is! And there's Mr. Ten Eyck beckoning to us from the tent! I know he's got a surprise for us; he's always so full of expedients! Come, mama! we must see the canvas cottage!

(A feature of the camp impedimenta, which hangs on the line, and which is the only such feature in Mr. Ten Eyck's possession, will explain that he was doing anything but beckoning.)





Miss Witherspoon's Sketching-Class, from the Young Ladies' Academy, was making most Satisfactory Progress of the Young Ladies was acquainted with One of the Young Gentlemen, a Gentlemen,



-I. Ottimumi, Little PUCK BUILDING N

ORY PROGRESS WHEN PROFESSOR GILDERSLEEVE'S GEOLOGY-CLASS, FROM THE YOUNG MEN'S NORMAL COLLEGE, HAPPENED ALONG.
GENTLEMEN, A GENERAL INTRODUCTION FOLLOWED, AND THE DISTRESSING RESULT IS SHOWN ABOVE.

over the cochorses, sense o little su In o'clock ablutio through twenty

A noon, i and his of chiv some a until delack of cochorses the cochorses the cochorses and the cochorses the cochorses and the cochorses the cochorses and the cochorses the cochorse



### LOST-AN OPPORTUNITY.

Upon a little farm in New Hampshire he lived and labored. In the Summer he rose from his straw-bed in the unfinished chamber over the kitchen at exactly half past four o'clock, and gave the word for the cock to crow the morn; he also milked five cows, fed and tended eight horses, watered twenty-two geese, and otherwise amused himself until the sense of ennui was in some degree worn off, and he could partake of a

In the Winter he slumbered somewhat longer, and it was nearly six o'clock when he broke the ice in the tin wash-basin, and performed his ablutions. All the days long he did his master's will, year in and year out, through sunshine and storm, asking only that his labors be appreciated—twenty-five dollars a month, and his board and washing.

And thus we find our hero at about 5:59 one sultry Summer afternoon, far out in the field of corn, with no companions but his trusty hoe

little sustenance.

and his meagre thoughts; he was simply doing his duty. Far from scenes of chivalry, never having had an opportunity for distinguishing himself by some act of heroism; nothing but a life of drudgery stretching on ahead, until death should end a career which was inglorious, perhaps, simply from lack of opportunity.

Occasionally the soft zephyrs waved the tall grass in the meadow across the lane in long rolling green billows like the waves of the ocean; the cows lolled under the shade of the butternut tree in the pasture, and

DAINTY BOUDOIR, all scented and prim, As neat as new wax, yet crowded with things, With photograph albums filled to the brim, With patterns for skirts and bodices trim, With powder and puffs and patches and rings;

With note-books of gossip and scandal grim,
An accurate table of who is who,
A bundle of letters, all faded and dim,
And a rose which was given her once by him,
Before she jilted him—faded, too:

And this, with the mirror, is all that 's there
In the heart of milady so dainty and sweet,
With perhaps just a soupçon of thought to spare, Which thought need neither be novel nor rare, But just orderly, trim and neat:

> For passion must out, and reason be dumb—
> Such a very well ordered heart is hers—
> And passion may grumble and reason look glum,
> But both are well under her ladyship's thumb And woe to the one that demurs.

fourteen crows on the tree waited anxiously for the corn field to be left alone for their official inspection. Suddenly a long low wailing sound came floating across the fields from the direction of the farm-house. It came faintly, but the hired man heard it.

In a moment the opportunity of his life for doing an unprecedented action, and winning for himself a name in heroic history, was thrust upon him.

There were still three hills of corn left in the row unhoed; would he finish the row?

Would he do what no serf had ever done before?

Would he inaugurate a precedent which should make his name stand out from among his fellows like a peg on a hat rack? Would he hoe those three hills?

He allowed the golden opportunity to slip through his fingers; for ere the last note of the supper horn had died away, he had climbed the fence, shouldered his hoe, and was half-way up the lane.

C. N. Hood.

В.





### THE IDYLL OF A JUNE DAY.

(THE SCENE, a gallant garden. Properties, A sapphire sky, an eager brook, some trees, A perfumed air, a lazy summer breeze.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—to suit the time— A man, a maid, together. Where's the crime? If men were kept from maids there'd be no rhyme.)

### THE MAN.

And so you say you would not have me go? I fear, however, I have stayed too long; Knowing not whether time went fast or slow,
Or whether things at home went right or wrong.

### THE MAID.

But know you not the adage (changed a bit),

That charity at others' homes begins?

If you know not time's flight, why think of it?

Faults of omission are such tiny sins.

### THE MAN.

Why, what fair, new philosophy is this That urges sinners on to sin again? Your doctrines pave the way to present bliss; Eventual results we'll leave till—then.

### THE MAID.

Treat not with caustic wit my idle speech,
It needs no sequence, All I meant to say
Was that I wish you—that is, that we each And all of us would like to have you stay.

THE MAN. And so would I; my own desire is clear,
But duty needs some plausible excuse.
Give me your list of the attractions here That such a dereliction should induce.

THE MAID. Why, you should know them best-I could but guess: Perhaps long days to laze about the place; Perhaps Dame Nature in her summer dress; Most like the last—a woman's in the case.

THE MAN. Cruel! a woman's in the case, indeed; A small, sweet personage with eyes of blue,
With lips and cheeks where roses seem to bleed,
With figure, face, and form like none but—you!

THE MAID. What, I? You're not in earnest?

THE MAN.
Am not I? You know I am-you must have known it long Am I to go? (I heard not her reply.

For then a listening bird burst into song.)

(The Scene, a dusky garden. Properties, A purple sky, a soft-toned brook, dim trees, The after stillness of a vanished breeze. Though lost the glories of the scene may be, DRAMATIS PERSONE, in Arcady, Take heed of naught-except the old, sweet "we.") S. DECATUR SMITH, JR.





### EXCELLENT PROSPECTS.

Young Mr. Sampson (to Widow, with only daughter).—I am devotedly attached to your daughter, dear madam, and earnestly entreat your consent to paying my addresses to her. Widow.—Have you spoken to Clara, yet?

Young Mr. Sampson.—No, madam.
Widow (dubiously).—Well, what are your prospects, Mr. Sampson? Young Mr. Sampson (confidentially).—I think Miss Clara is more than willing.

A HOPEFUL VIEW.

SHE.-What a lovely moon! How soft and beautifying its tender radiance! But, ah, George, it is fading; slowly sinking away to the horizon! How sad to think that in a few brief moments the last faint, trembling beam that now lays its pale light athwart the landscape will die out, leaving the earth to darkness and to night!

He (inclined to the brighter side of things).—Yes, dear; but it will be on deck again to-morrow evening. It is n't as if it were "Good-

bye, John!"

### A POOR SUMMER BUSINESS.

GUEST (to CLERK of Watering-place Hotel) .- Is that gentleman who just stepped out a guest of the hotel?

CLERK.—Well—er—no; he is not exactly a guest.

GUEST.—Attaché of the house? CLERK.—Well—er—no; he is not exactly an attaché.

Guest.-He 's not the proprietor?

CLERK.-Well-er-no; he is not exactly the proprietor.

GUEST.-Well, who is he?

CLERK (whispering).—He 's the sheriff!

### ent! As I understand it, the mushroom is a sort of soiled white, while the poisonous fungus is quite pinkish in hue; or, perhaps (reflectively), it is the mushroom that is pink, and the other a soiled white. I know that they are decidedly dissimilar.

DANGEROUS KNOWLEDGE.

tinguish the mushrooms from the poisonous fungi, Penelope?

BOSTON YOUNG WOMAN (in the country) .- But, how are we to dis-

PENELOPE (another Boston young woman) .- Oh, they are quite differ-

Possessing One Advantage. Miss Clara (to Miss Ethel, who has just returned from a boat-ride with young Hobson).-What funny little crooked legs your escort has,

Miss ETHEL.—Yes, poor little fellow; but he rows well, and you have no idea how nicely they fit the boat!

### NEEDED WATCHING.

"I will be a sister to you, George," she said kindly: "but your wife I can never-

"All right," responded George, letting go: "I need an elder sister, to look after me and keep me from making a fool of myself!"

A few moments later, brother and sister parted.

### CAUSE FOR GRATITUDE.

COUNTRY MINISTER (to farmer) .- I hear the hog cholera is bad out your way, Mr. Wayback!
Mr. Wayback.—Yes; some of my neighbors has lost purty consid-

erable by it; but, thank heaven, it has n't got 'round to me yet!

F A TRAMP ASKS YOU for bread, give him a stone.

WHEN A LOVELY little tailor-made, sweet sixteen bows her head in church, and asks for mercy upon her, miserable sinner, she does n't mean all she savs.

GETTING A SHAVE ON Saturday is something like drinking on Saturday. It won't last over Sunday.

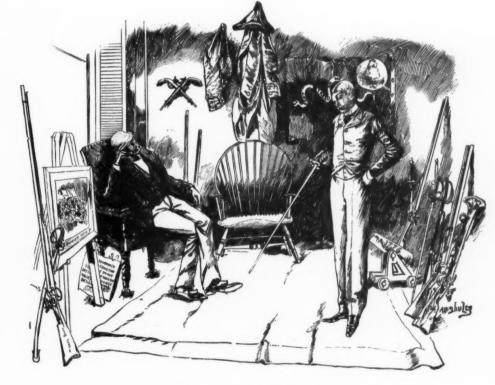
NATURALLY ENOUGH the soft crab, to be true to himself, must have a soft snap.

IF IT WERE N'T FOR the poor, yellow dogs would find this a dreary and comfortless world.

T IS CURIOUS THAT the faster time goes, the easier it is to pass it. There are other curious things we could mention about time, if we had time.

THE MOST POPULAR letters of the alphabet are the V and X.

THE "NAKED TRUTH" is evidently of great modesty. She rarely discloses herself.



THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

Young Mr. Gotham (visiting his Grandfather in the country) .- Ah, so this

is your especial room, grandpapa?

Grandfather.—Yes, Edward; and I love to sit here among the memories of the past. That old sword there, the rusty one next to you, belonged to my father, your great-grandfather, Edward—a grand old soldier! He was very proud of it. Many a time, when a boy, I have stood at his knee and watched his fine face kindle, as he recited how at Bunker Hill he captured the weapon from a British captain.

Young Mr. Gotham.—Then this is an English sword, grandpapa?

Grandfather.—Aye, that it is; good English steel; and struck down it was by the staunch arm of your ancestor. You like it, lad? Then keep it, it is yours!

Young Mr. Gotham.—Thanks, awfully! I'll hang it up in my room in town.

There is quite a rage, just now, for everything English, y' know!

At the Table d'Hôte.

My vis-à-vis Was fair to see, A vision shaped To float Across the sea Of memory— The girl at the Table d'Hôte.

Her rose-bud lips, Pink finger-tips, Her dainty straight Lined nose; Her golden hair, All bunched up there, Quite broke up my Repose.

Her eyes demure Were bonny, sure; They met mine with A start. For good or ill I felt a thrill-I knew I'd touched Her heart.

A moment so She looks, and lo! I seem to lose My head. See my passion flee, As sweetly she Says: "Please to pass The bread?" J. P. K.

THE CHINESE LANguage, if such a hodge-podge can be called a language, contains thirty thousand very hard characters.



AN UNSUSPECTED

THE ANTICIPATORY INFANTS, THE ENSANGUINED UM



SUSPECTED BENEDICTION.

SANGUINED UMBRELLA, AND THE UNOBSERVANT TURTLE-DOVES.



POOR MR. GATLIN! I was acquainted with him only for a day-and-ahalf; but when we parted my warm sympathies clung about him,

and often since my thoughts have reverted to him with tender pity. He was introduced to me first at the breakfast-table. His wife, his grown-up daughters, and his wife's sister, Mrs. Spinner, were also introduced. They had come to spend a month at Mrs. Travers's boardinghouse, in the Catskills, just as my month of recreation had expired. I was struck at once by the expression of Mr. Gatlin's face. Such a blending of sprightly cheerfulness and mortal anguish, I think was never before depicted on the human countenance. He greeted me gaily and brightly, and then sat down and seemed to plunge, at once, into the deepest gloom.

The rest of the party also greeted me amiably, and we began to talk.

Mr. Gatlin appeared to be barely able to rouse himself, and drop in a word of hilarious meaning, now and then, uttered in a tone of tragic pathos Booth himself might envy. Suddenly, a throe of agony convulsed his face, and he groaned aloud. I suppose my looks must have conveyed a startled interrogation to Mrs. Spinner, who sat on my right, for

she leaned over and whispered, promptly:

"He's got a gathered ear," in a tone that plainly added:

"did you ever hear anything so ridiculous?"

"A what?" I asked in surprise.

"Well, something growing in his ear—an abscess, like as not; something or other, any way, that's swelling up. I don't see what is to become of us, if he's going on the way he has been going for this last day or two!"

I did n't see what was to become of him; but before I could respond, Mrs. Gatlin, who had stopped eating and was looking across the table at her husband, said despairingly, and with an air

of reproachful astonishment:

"Well, Papa Gatlin, I am surprised!" The voice was the voice of a patient martyr: "I am surprised!"

"Please do excuse me, mama," said the culprit, pleadingly:
"I hope you all will, but really, I could n't help it—it's awful, now; really now, the pain is!"

"Nonsense! Eat your breakfast, do! Here, take an ear of

"Corn, my dear? It's as much as ever I can do to chew this piece of bread."
"Well, never mind. For goodness sake, don't think about it!

If you'd only laugh and talk, and be cheerful! See how cheerful we are! How would you like it if we sat here moaning and groaning, instead of eating our victuals?"
"I know it's too bad, but I've been awake all night, and

this ache keeps gnawing and gnawing—"
"Oh, pshaw! gnawing! the idea! Any one could work themselves up if they gave way to imagination. Go on, eat something! Have some dry toast!"

But at the word "toast" the victim jumped to his feet as if he had been stung. He looked round at us all for a moment, with a galvanic grin, which I afterward reflected was probably intended for a reassuring smile, and said, with ghastly airiness:
"If you'll excuse me, ladies, I think I'll take a turn or two in this

glorious sunshine."

He bolted from among us, and I heard him moaning all the way

along the hall.
"What can you do with a man like that?" Mrs. Spinner asked, looking mournfully at the ceiling, and addressing it as an impartial judge, while she shook her head slowly and sadly: "I really don't see where his sense of justice and his conscience have gone to!"

"But he is suffering," I rejoined, earnestly: "it must be a terrible strain to bear. Why, even common ear-ache is bad enough—"

"Oh, don't, Miss B.! Please don't sympathize with him," Mrs. Gat-lin interrupted, in an aggrieved voice: "For pity's sake, don't let him know you feel for him! He 'll imagine something is the matter."

"No, no! You must n't sympathize with him," both the young ladies said, in a breath: "He's got to go over so many places with us, and, of course, if you help him up with the idea that he really is suffering, good-bye to our comfort! We want to ride to the Ice Cave to-day, and if he gets any encouragement, he'll think he ought to stay at home on account of its being chilly a little."

Chilly a little? As I happen to know by experience that the tem-

perature at the Ice Cave is enough to freeze the marrow in one's bones, I offer a mild remonstrance to this effect. But Mrs. Spinner breaks in tri-

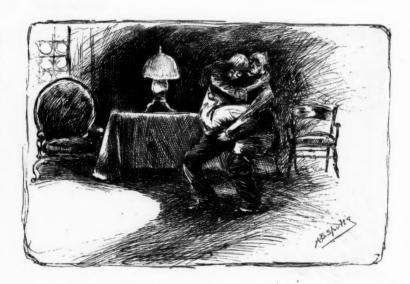
umphantly:

"Why, I've been there! If you wrap up real warm, it ain't so very bad. Any way, it won't kill him. And if he's going to be as selfish as that, I don't see what use there is in his living at all!"

"Providence must have its own wise ends," said Mrs. Gatlin, with an air of christian fortitude: "and it is n't for us to complain. We try but you have witnessed this scene, Miss B., so you have some idea of what those poor girls and myself have to bear."

"Yes, and last summer?" to keep our trouble from the world, and to shield him, as far as we can;

Yes, and last summer," Mrs. Spinner broke in: "last summer, when he took us to the White Mountains, nothing would do but he must have a new set of teeth that did n't fit him; and there he went round, lookingwell, very near as miserable as he does now. He could n't enjoy anything; his food was no pleasure to him, and all he 'd say was for us to go off and have a good time, and not trouble about him. Yes, there his selfishness came in, you see! And then, last winter, when he was going to fetch the girls home from a party one dreadful cold night, down he fell on the ice and broke his arm; and there was two months' nursing for poor Lyddy. The same way, when Em, here, had the scarlet fever; he carried that great girl round in his arms—most as big as she is to-day—night after



night, till he strained his back so he had to walk with a cane for long enough. But that's just the sort of a nature he has. He does n't seem to know that he's acting badly. I actually think, sometimes, that he does n't mean to; but I tell you it's pretty hard for his family."

"We try to bear up," Mrs. Gatlin remarked, meekly: "and we don't

make our sufferings known more than we can help. Like when he had the pneumonia, he caught it, sitting up late, at the office, sorting mails, round Christmas time. Well, cough! That man would do nothing but cough from night till morning. Actually, you'd think he'd tear himself to pieces! I never heard any thing like it! There was n't the slightest use talking to him, or reasoning with him, or begging him not to! Oh, he'd take syrup, or troches, or any thing you'd give him; but do you suppose he'd stop coughing? And then he'd lie there and tell you that he could

n't help it—that he was n't doing it for amusement."

"It's just what he was doing it for," Mrs. Spinner rejoined darkly, nodding her head: "he knew it bothered you, Lyddy, and that was pie to him. Why, see him, now, at this very table! It was just joy to his heart to sit there like a fiend, and have his poor wife coaxing him to eat, and then refuse everything she 'd offer.'

Considering that her offerings consisted of corn on the cob, and hard dry toast, I felt that it would be rather more surprising if a man in his

condition should have accepted these delicacies, but I preserved a prudent silence.

In mercy to the reader, as well as to myself, I will pass over Mr. Gatlin's subsequent bad conduct at the Ice Cave, whither he was speedily dragged by his afflicted family, who witnessed, with exemplary patience, his malice in refusing to descend into the Cave, and his spiteful ingratitude in wrapping himself up in shawls and horse-blankets, and sitting shivering on a rock in the damp woodland, until they re-appeared, bearing huge icicles, which they insisted he must both taste and feel. When we returned to the house, he disappeared into the upper regions, and that day I saw him no more.

In the morning, also, his place at the breakfast-table was empty. Mrs. Gatlin came down with red eyes and an aspect of chastened grief, and was instantly overwhelmed by sympathetic attentions from her sister and daughters. It was not until after breakfast that I heard from Mrs. Spinner, in strict confidence, the cause of Mrs. Gatlin's emotion, and the

full extent of her husband's iniquity.

"Well, what that poor woman But it's recorded where it will has to suffer! be remembered to her credit. Yes, if ever a burdened creature was rewarded, she will be, hereafter. No wonder she'd look pale, Miss B.! No wonder she'd cry! You'd never think-you could n't imagine, nobody could dream how that man's been acting! You saw a little specimen of it at the Cave yesterday. Well, last night he took it in his head that he'd sleep out on the little lounge in the hall, be-cause he was afraid he'd disturb Lyddy with his groaning. Mind you, he would n't try to lie still, like a man, and let his wife rest in comfort! No; that would be too charitable and humane; but

he'd go out on the lounge in the hall.
"Well, Miss B., at six o'clock this morning (I heard him plainly with my own ears) he came knocking at his wife's door, waking her out of her sound sleep; and what do you suppose the man wanted? What do you imagine he came there disturbing that wretched woman for? He wanted her to give him a change of flannels out of his trunk, because he'd got wet through with perspiration from walking up and down the floor all night. Just think of the invention of the man! Yes—no wonder she'd cry! He stood there and waited till those flannels were handed out, and cry! He stood there and waited till those flannels were handed out, and told her he was sorry to disturb her, but he was afraid he'd get a chill if he did n't have something dry to put on. Think of it! But I gave him a piece of my mind: 'Look here, John Gatlin,' I said: 'there was only two of us sisters, but it's very lucky for you you married the one you did! My husband would n't dare—he'd no more dare to ask me for any thing of his, nor where it was, than he'd jump out of that window!'

""Well, why would n't he, Hattie?' he says: and actually, you'd think he was as innocent as a child

think he was as innocent as a child.

""Because my husband knows I have a place for everything, and everything in its place,' I says: 'John Gatlin—that's why!'
"'Well, but my trunk was in Lyddy's room,' he says: 'I don't see
what else I could do.'

Yes, that was the excuse he made. Oh, I don't know, Miss B.it's terrible! And he used to be a good man—a kind husband and father. But do you know what I think?" lowering her voice confidentially: "I think it's his position that's ruined him. Yes, it ruins them all, sooner

"What is his position, Mrs. Spinner?" I asked, in some alarm.
"He is in the Post-office, Miss B.," she answered sadly and firmly: "and that 's what has brought him where he is. I tell you, no man has the morals to stand up against it. It's that clerkship that's ruined him, and I knew it would. I told Lyddy so when he got appointed. Oh, I'm thankful my husband has an honest, respectable business, for how could I ever live with a man of such principles as John Gatlin? I shudder to

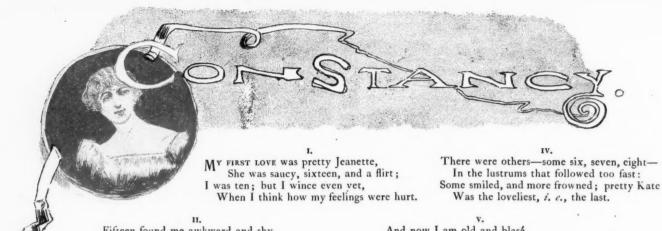
It occurred to me as highly probable that Mr. Gatlin might shudder, also, to contemplate this possibility, but I merely looked thoughtful, and

made no reply.

That afternoon, when the time came for me to say good-bye, I found Mr. Gatlin seated on the verandah steps, between his two daughters, who were each affectionately clasped by his arm. He seemed calmly resigned. The young ladies informed me, in one voice, which was their usual style of conversation, by-the-bye, that "Papa had promised to take them to High Peak the next day, to Stony Ridge the day after, and to Camp-meeting on Friday." I saw in his eyes a sad corroboration of this announcement; but he merely wrung my hand with a buoyant and kind farewell, and I left him to his fate.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.





Fifteen found me awkward and shy, Instinctively fearing the fair, And a glance from dear Emily's eye Made me blush to the roots of my hair.

III. At twenty I suffered again; Was it Mollie? or Maud? I forget: I but know I was prisoner then To a finished and cruel coquette.

And now I am old and blasé, I have long since forgotten to blush: My hair, what there is of it, 's gray, And I comb it quite well with a brush.

I look back on the loves of my youth And my mild mediæval affairs, And I think of one angel of truth Whom I've long entertained unawares,

Who has loved me through good and through ill, And, although I am laid on the shelf, Who believes me a paragon still— Hail, truest of lovers, myself!

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

A COTTAGE PUDDING— Renting a three-hundred - dollar per annum country house for two hundred dollars per month.

WE GO TO ITALY to learn to sing, and the Italians come to this country to learn the hand-organ. We exchange instrumental for vocal training.

THE ROASTING DAYS OF August make the agriculturist indulge in an occasional cabbage-leaf in his hat, even if the cigar crop does have to suffer.

T IS ALL VERY WELL to talk about making hay while the sun shines; but that is the way the farmer gets sun-struck.

THERE IS NO METHOD OF ascertaining the feelings of the man who goes to a distant mountain resort with one suit of clothes, intending to rough it, and avoid social gatherings, when that young man gives a lurch and kicks the canoe about ten yards from under himself.



IT IS ONLY WHEN the vender goes into court that he resorts to legal measures.

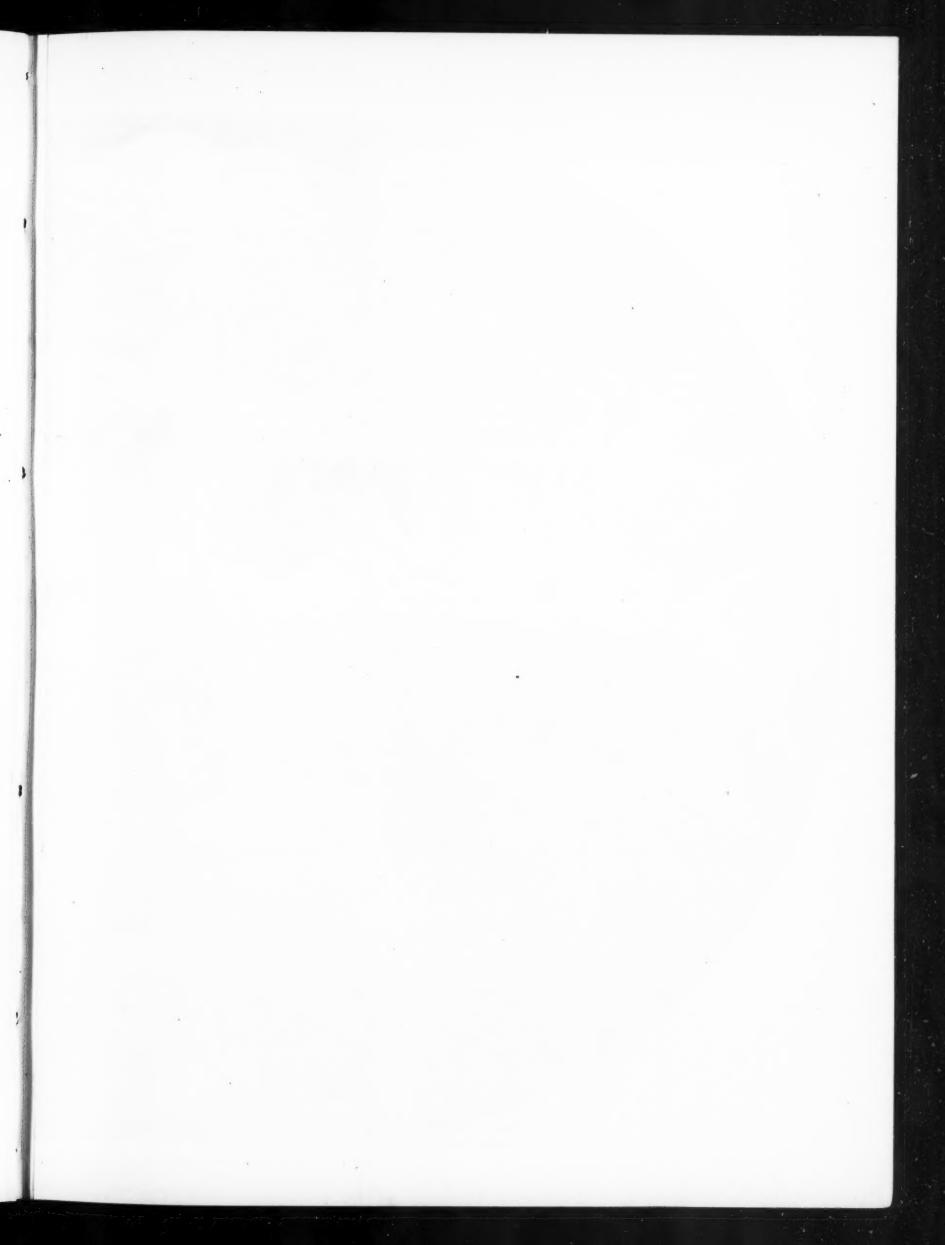
THE SODA-WATER FOUN-TAINEER, to be successful, should always be as quick as a (customer's)

Babies are now born with silver forks in their mouths. It is vulgar to eat anything but soup with a spoon.

This is the time that a man thinks he is having lots of fun catching hard crabs in a malarious creek, in a leaky scow, with horse-flies lighting on his neck by the dozen, and biting to the bone.

THE STUDENT WAITER at the summer-resort hotel is generally known by his mispronunciation of French dishes.

A CERTAIN CYNIC SAYS that the average country circus does n't give its patrons the ghost of a







# PREPARING FOR THE SUMMER SEASON.

# CUPID BRINGS HIS SHAFT TO VULCAN FOR NECESSARY REPAIRS.

Vulcan laughed as ne'er he'd laughed When the Baby Love insisted That his bent and twisted shaft By the smith should be untwisted.

Vulcan still may feel that blow;

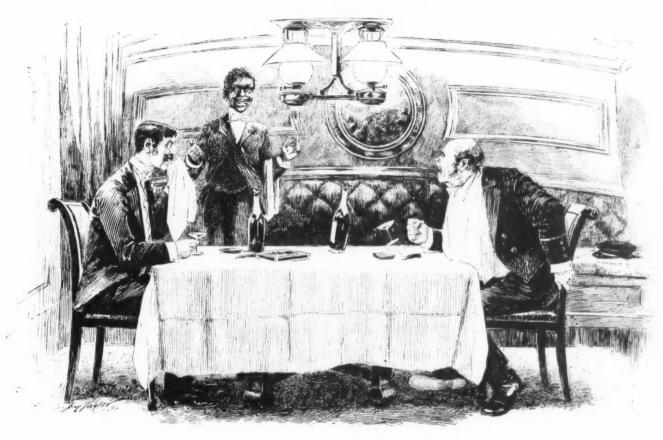
Love still takes his summer airing;

And no mortal man may know

Who it is does Love's repairing.

"Take," he said, "O Love, your dart-"
And young Cupid, at this juncture,
Saying: "It will pierce your heart,"
Punctuated with a puncture.

But—oh, listen while you squirm, Citizen and summer boarder— One thing surely we'll affirm— That the shaft's in working order.



THE IMPRESSIONS THEY GET OF US.

Mr. Oilstryker (of Oil City, Pa.,) has just bought a yacht on the Clyde, and has invited the builder's agent to a quiet dinner on board.

Steward (appearing suddenly).—Cap'n says, with his compl'munts, dey 's consid'ble bilge-water in de hold, sah.

Mr. Oilstryker.—Well, bring some of it up, you black dago! What d'yer s'pose you're here for? (Aside.) These d—d foreign lickers 'n' cordials 's too many for me to remember.

### THE DIVORCE CEREMONY.

T IS RELATED of the great philosopher, Confucius, that upon a certain occasion, while relaxing his dignity in the society of a carpenter, he heedlessly bent that artisan's two-foot rule backwards until it broke.

The circumstance seemed to the philosophical mind to call for neither apology nor practical reparation, for Confucius merely laid the fragments down, with the scornful remark that it was "a poor rule that would n't work both ways," and abruptly deprived the carpenter of his society.

It was this careless remark, long since petrified into a proverb, that first suggested the social celebration of divorce by appropriate forms and ceremonics.

by appropriate forms and ceremonics.

It has never been evident to the thoughtful student of society why the initiatory ceremony of matrimony should surpass in dignity and pomp the equally important and scarcely less frequent celebration of its dissolution.

I am accompanied to the altar by a host of friends and acquaintances, who, having made the whole affair, according to custom, extremely expensive for me in a variety of ways, partially compensate me for my outlay by an extensive presentation of silver-ware, displaying not only a gratifying amount of friendly feeling, but a singular uniformity of taste in its selection.

On the occasion of my divorce a few years later, I not only miss the public support and co-operation of my acquaintances, but entirely fail to receive any tangible evidences of support and sympathy.

They probably reason that while I stand in need of encouragement in meeting the former ordeal, the prospective advantages of the latter are, in themselves, amply sufficient to support me.

selves, amply sufficient to support me.

It is the purpose of this paper to point out that the needs of the age imperatively demand that the great trinity of ceremonials be completed by the public recognition of Divorce, as well as Death and Marriage.

The details offer no insurmountable difficulties. A simple announcement, preceded by the usual items in the society papers, would serve to open proceedings.

This should be engraved and printed upon fine paper, following some such formula, as:

MR. AND MRS. JOHN SMITH
request the pleasure of your company at the Divorce of their daughter,
FANNIE ELLEN,

FERDINAND JONES.
Tuesday, September thirty-first,
1887.

Or some other form suiting the varying circumstances of the case. A very slight alteration of the marriage service would suffice to adapt it to this inverted purpose, and would call for no greater ingenuity than is daily displayed by theatrical managers in preparing unfavorable notices for quotation.

The gastronomic features of the ceremony could not be

The gastronomic features of the ceremony could not be changed to any extent without impairing its popularity, while the custom of offering congratulations would in most cases acquire the unusual value of perfect and entire sincerity of utterance.

The matter of presents should offer, on the other hand, some startling innovations.

The happy pair, instead of receiving gifts from their friends, should take this occasion to return to their original donors all the duplicate butter-dishes and triplicate ice-pitchers that served on a former and less happy occasion to express the good wishes and lack of originality of their friends. The possibility of such return will improve the average commercial value of wedding gifts, and should recommend the idea, quite independently of its obvious common sense, and other unusual advantages.

A man purchasing a wedding-gift which, under these circumstances, is likely to come back to him after an uncertain interval, will regard the transaction as a speculative investment somewhat akin to life-insurance, and will suffer his taste to be corrupted by no taint of niggardliness or economy.

In following out this boulevard of thought, the cross-streets of deduction have scarcely been noted save by name. It is left for other writers to traverse them, and develop the utmost possibilities of this fruitful suggestion.

F. E. Chase,



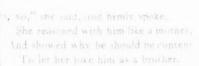
A humorous and original subject striketh the perception of Charles Lamb DeWitte, artist and family man—

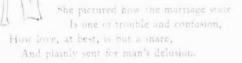


Charles Lamb DeWitte, artist and family man, proceedeth to put it down-

III.

### REFUSED.





He bowed his head before her flow Of eloquence, nor strove to turn it, But meekly hinted that he would The lesson take, and try to learn it.

"Farewell, I go beyond the sea Since I'm refused, no more I'll press you; Kind Time," he signed: "may heal my pain, Forgive, forget me, and God bless you!"

She faltered, paied, then tossed her head:

"I see it will not greatly grieve you;
You can't have loved me much," she said:

"And yet, indeed, I did believe you!"

"Besides," with this her fair cheek gained The color his was slowly losing:

"I only said 'no' once or twice,
And—women don't call that refusing!"

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.



The family and a few friends coincide with C. L. DeW., that it is a "corker"—

THE FATE OF AN INSPIRATION.—IV.



"Now, don't forget, Lamby dear—the bundle to the laundry; get the baby's caps, two yards of mull ruffling for me, and stop and tell the plumber to come up and fix the pipes!"



This is the effect he expected-

### A MARKET-BASKET.

WOVEN WILLOW BASKET, plainly showing The luxuries with which 'tis overflowing: New-digged potatos in their coats of umber, Jostling the green and succulent cucumber; Round radishes all white, and red ones pointed, A crimson steak, a knuckle well disjointed; Pale-hearted lettuce, rhubarb thick and ruddy; Bunches of beets, with Southern soil still muddy; Blue-green asparagus, tomatos tender-All to be purchased of the produce-vender

C. H. L.



—And this was the actual effect— EDITOR.—Young man, that joke is four thousand years old; it won't bear twisting any more!



# UCCESSFUL FAILURE.

Written for the MIDSUMMER PUCK, and

for

Mr. FRANK R. STOCKTON, at his particular request, by

H. C. BUNNER.



was on the 27th of January, a number of years ago, that I sent my petition for a va-cation to the Board of Directors of the Royal Toronto and Extra-Colonial Fire Insurance Company, in whose Albany Branch office I was employed. It was received, and forwarded to Toronto, by the Secretary, who was an English Canadian, very stiff and formal, and given to the worship of English manners and of English ways of doing every-

thing. I do not think you could have wounded him more than by telling him that something he had done was not strictly English. There were four other clerks, besides myself, who were as much like the head of the office as it was possible for them to make themselves after many years of assiduous practice. The letter paper of the Company bore the principal English flag crossed with the other English flag on a back-ground of the coat-of-arms of England, and the flag of the United States peeped modestly out of the middle distance. I was the only American in the

office, except the office-boy, and I often said to my wife that if it were not for the office-boy, I should feel myself an exile in a foreign land.

Although I had not been married long, I had been in the employ of the Royal Toronto and Extra Colonial Fire Insurance Company for nearly twelve years; and although I had been promised a vacation of one week every year, when I entered the Company's employ, it had never

been found convenient to let me off, except for three days when I got married.

This seemed to me to be unjust, and my wife thought so too. She suggested that, as we had a little money laid up, and as we both wanted to go to Europe, and as the Company owed us at least eleven weeks of vacation, less the three days of our honeymoon, making just ten weeks and four days, I should ask the Board of Directors to compound for this time and for such time as would be due me in the four years that were to elapse before I should receive my promotion to a senior clerkship in the regular course, by giving me one long vacation of

four months, deducting the three days.

I have observed that my wife's advice is generally sound, and so I drew up the petition, and, as I have said, presented it on the 27th of January.

I got an acknowledgement the next week, say ing that the petition would be considered at the next semi-annual meeting of the Board, on the 15th of June, and the decision would be promulgated in September. It was in the Fall, therefore, that I received a reply, informing me, in language that I thought somewhat cold, that, in spite of the extra-

ordinary character of my request, the Board had concluded to grant it, and that I was to have three months' leave of absence, less three days, beginning on the 15th of the following June. I suppose they took off one month on account of the extraordinary character of my request.

When I told my wife, which I did as soon as I reached home that

evening, she was overjoyed, and flung her arms about my neck.
"We will not mind about the month less, dear," she said: "perhaps we might have got tired of it if we had stayed so long,"

It is my wife's habit to look on what I might call the consolatory

and compensatory side of things, and I consider this a very happy faculty, although, perhaps, difficult of acquirement except under those agreeable circumstances when it is not needed.

"But," she said, when her first transports were subsided, "if we are going to Europe, we ought to know the European languages, and neither of us speaks anything but English."

I reminded her that I had learned a little Latin at school; but she

observed, quite justly, that my Latin would be of very little use to us unless we were traveling in Roumania, where it is still spoken, or unless we were going to associate with the people in and about the Vatican, which it was hardly likely we should, especially as we attended the Congregational Church.

"Now, French," she continued, "is the universal language. It is spoken in all the courts, and I presume also among the common people. You know that all the nice dishes on the bills of fare are in French, so I suppose the waiters speak it fluently."

Her arguments appeared to me unanswerable, and I cast my decidvote for the French language. The next question was how to acquire We could not afford to employ a French teacher without encroaching upon the money we had laid up for our traveling expenses, and as we lived in a remote suburb of Albany, we could hardly expect a good teacher to come out to us in the evenings, except at an exorbitant price. We thought, also, it would be much more agreeable to study by ourselves, without having a stranger about, who might not be interested in our trip, which was all we cared to talk about just then.

We discussed the various methods of learning a foreign language, and finally decided upon the Natural Method. That is, we determined, instead of beginning with the grammar and the rules of syntax, to learn by building up simple sentences, exactly as a child learns his mother-tongue. We had both observed that while a child finds little difficulty in learning to speak well and freely the language which he hears spoken about him, he may pass many years of labor in making himself master of a language which he learns by rule. My wife knew of a girl, in the school where she was educated, who studied French for three years, and then was unable to write it with real fluency and correctness.

The next day I bought, for reference, a French-and-English grammar and a French-and-English pronouncing dictionary. We spent most of the first week in learning how to pronounce according to the dictionary, and then we began our course of

mutual instruction.

We took turns at being teacher and pupil. First I would sit down, and my wife, with the dictionary in her hand, would indicate some object in the room, and would speak the French name of it, which I would repeat until I thought I had it fixed in my mind. Then she would name other objects until she thought I had forgotten the first one, when she would suddenly recall it to my attention, asking me if I knew what it was. If I failed to tell her correctly, she took my place, and I became the teacher. Thus we made a sort of game of it, which we found extremely enjoyable.

Our progress, however, was not as rapid as we could have wished; and finally I pointed out to my wife that a child learns because his mind is free from other im-

pressions, and receives only the impression of the moment, while we were naturally thinking of other matters-of the to-morrow's dinner or of the temperature of the room, for example. It was evident, I told her, that to succeed we must reduce our minds to the blankness of childhood—in fact, that the one of us who was being taught must, for the time, imagine himself, or herself, (as the case might be,) actually to be a child. I admitted that this would require an effort

of the imagination; but I saw no way to avoid it.

After some thought, my wife came to our rescue with a scheme which I at first ridiculed, but at last accepted provisionally. The scheme was to stimulate the imagination by the influence of material surroundings. The one of us who was playing the pupil was to sit on a chair elevated on a box or a trunk, to wear some garment suggestive of infancy, and to possess his or her mind with the idea of being a baby. At first, as I have mentioned, I did not like the plan; but I consented to try it.

My wife began at once to lay out the garment. At first she said she would send to a neighbor for the pattern; but on mature reflection she abandoned this idea, and sent to New York for a dress-maker's guide, or something of the sort. By multiplying ten times the figures on the pattern then shown, she was enabled to construct a white cotton frock, or slip, as she told me it would be called, which buttoned in the back and had ruf-fling at the neck and down the shoulders. It was nine feet long, and fitted me snugly and my wife very loosely. It was supplied with two sets of bows to pin on the shoulders—a pink set to be used when I wore it, and a blue set for my wife.

When she first saw me attired in this garment, and seated upon a dining-room chair placed upon a soap-box, my wife laughed heartily; but I could not wholly agree with her that there was any occasion for laughter, for when she came to try it on, I thought she looked unusually pretty in it.

I found, indeed, that the dress was of great practical value. I had worn it ten minutes, I felt that my mind was reduced to the vacuity of a child's. In this way we readily learned un table, le vase, la chaise and many other words. At the end of a month, with the aid of the Grammar, we began on short and easy sentences. We both felt that our progress was entirely owing to the slip.

"I should n't like to have any one know of it, though," said my wife.



On the afternoon of the 14th of June, I did not go home from the office, but joined my wife at a small and modest hotel where I had taken a room for the day. We were to leave on the nine o'clock boat, and as we lived so far out of town, we had thought it better to dismiss our one servant, close up our little house, and wait in Albany till the time for the boat to start. We had no intimate friends in the town, and so we indulged ourselves in

the luxury of a room at a hotel for the few hours we had to wait. Our tickets had been taken for Liverpool by the Carnival of Venice, a steamer belonging to a small but well conducted line, for we could not afford to travel, even second-class, by any one of the great lines. The Carnival was a good, staunch, sea-worthy vessel, and had been recommended to us as thoroughly comfortable, although her cargo was mostly freight, and she carried only a few passengers. The Captain was reputed to be a most agreeable man.

Our baggage had gone down the day before, and we only carried our hand-bags, in which we had put all that we thought necessary for a night's travel. We were to go on board the steamer as soon as we arrived at New York, which would be at six o'clock in the morning. The Carnival was to sail at seven sharp, taking advantage of the out-going tide.

I have said that we carried only our hand-bags; but I should have added that we had also a package containing a can of deviled ham, a can of crystallized lemonade, a can opener, a knife and a loaf of bread. had occurred to us that we might be too late for breakfast on the Carnival, and that, by this means, whatever might be the accidents of travel, we had at hand a plentiful supply of food in the most compact form. As my wife remarked, we had sandwiches and lemonade reduced to their original principles.

After a very good dinner at the hotel, we took a French lesson in our room, to pass away the time, packed our hand-bags neatly, and, as it was a fine summer night, began to stroll leisurely down toward the steamer-dock, which lay at some distance from the quiet hostelry which we had chosen. But before we had gone a block, my wife stopped sud-

denly, and I saw that she was agitated. I am sure I left it on the bed," she said, as though to herself.

I asked her what she meant, and she told me hastily that she had just remembered leaving our slip on the bed, where she had thrown it at the close of the French lesson.

"Very well," I said: "let us leave it there. We probably would not use it much on the steamer, and you can make a new one when we get to Liverpool."

"Oh, no," she replied, excitedly, "that would never do. We would not get used to a new one. And, besides, what will people think if they

find it?"

I offered to go for it; but she preferred to

"I should attract attention if I stood here in the street with these two satchels," she explained, "and there is no reason why both of us should go back to the hotel. Now I can slip back and get the chamber-maid to open the door for me, and I can be back here in a few moments."

She hurried off, and returned in even less time than I had expected, carrying the slip rolled

up in a newspaper.
"It was lucky I went back," she said. "Do you know that we left the room door open? And just as I got there a man was walking down the corridor, and trying all the doors. corridor, and trying all the doors. I suppose he was what they call a hotel sneak thief."
"Very likely," said I; "and if this had

been a diamond necklace instead of a cotton slip, he would have stolen it."
"I'm glad I have not a diamond necklace," said my wife.

We were the first people on board the steamer, and we amused ourselves, after putting our baggage in our stateroom, by leaning over the rail and watching the other passengers come over the gang-plank. Most of them came very late, giving themselves just time to catch the boat, and

arriving very hot and uncomfortable. Indeed, two men came rushing down the dock together just as the gang-plank was drawn in, and had to jump to reach the deck. My wife and I agreed that we would make it a rule to be ahead of time in our traveling, rather than behind.

Later in the evening, when my wife had retired to our stateroom, and I was smoking a cigar on the upper deck, a man came leisurely up and took his position close by me. I was leaning on the rail, and looking at

the gray hills past which we were rapidly slipping.

I recognized the stranger as one of the two men who had almost lost the boat. He was a large man, with a heavy black moustache. I could not see very well in the moonlight; but I thought the moustache was dyed. He wore a flashy watch-chain and a bright-colored necktie, and his clothes were somewhat extravagant in their cut. I thought he looked like a theatrical man, or perhaps an auctioneer.

After a little while, the stranger addressed me with some remark about the beauty of the scenery, and then began to tell me the names of the mountains we were passing, and of the towns whose lights we could

see along the water's edge.
"You see," he said, "I know about these things, for my business requires me to travel a great deal. I am in the show business.

I did not know what to say to this, so I merely remarked that it must be a very interesting business.

"It is a very interesting business," he said, "and my branch of it is especially interesting. I am a purveyor of freaks."

My curiosity was now aroused, and I asked him to tell me exactly

what was the business of a purveyor of freaks.
"A freak," he said, "is a curiosity, a live curiosity of any sort, such as a bearded lady, a five-legged cow or a living skeleton. They are so called because they are frequently referred to as freaks of nature, in the lectures that are delivered about them. Some of my freaks are happy discoveries; but most of them, such as fat women, living skeletons and bearded ladies, I manufacture. I select likely subjects, and put them through a strictly scientific course of training, calculated to make them perfect specialties. As there are a great many dime museums and as the number is increasing, I am kept pretty busy.'

I thought that it must be a profitable business, as well as an interesting one, and I said so to the stranger, who turned and looked me sharply,

and I thought suspiciously, in the face.
"It is a profitable business," he said, "when I am not troubled with thieves. But when a man's freaks are stolen from him-yes, stolen-you can not call his business profitable, can you?"

I said I thought that under such circumstances a business might be

called anything but profitable.

"I have just lost," he said in a somewhat loud and excited tone of voice, "one of the most valuable freaks I have ever had—a natural freak -a fat child, weighing two hundred and forty-nine pounds.

He seemed very much moved by emotion, and I said I was sure it

must have been a heavy loss to him.

He looked at me as if he had some doubt as to whether I was speak-

ing seriously, and continued:

"That theft was not only dishonest, but it was cruel. She was stolen from the hotel in my absence. Her name is Amanda Belasco. She is only three years old, and she weighs two hundred and forty-nine pounds. She lives on the bottle exclusively, and she has to have her milk mixed at a certain strength-one part of milk to four of water. She can not stir hand or foot to help herself. Think of taking that child away from her natural parents and guardians, whom I have under salary, and exposing her to the chance of indigestion and death. She needs, when in a normal state of health, three gallons and a half a day. The man who abducted that child is a villain, sir. Think of it!"

I thought of it, and it seemed to me that he must be a very great vil-

lain indeed. A man who steals an ordinary small baby, weighing perhaps ten or eleven pounds, is generally considered a villain, and I felt that a man who would steal two hundred and fortynine pounds of infant must proportionately surpass him in iniquity. I told the stranger so; but he paid no attention to me.

"If there is a law in the land," he said, "I will punish that man." He paused a moment and then added, very mysteriously, it seemed to me:

"I will leave you to think of that." He turned away and walked toward the cabin door; but as he reached it, he looked over his shoulder and said sternly:

"My name is Dockshaw."

I did not care what his name was, and I was greatly puzzled by his manner, and as I could make nothing of it, I thought it best to go to bed, which I did.

We arose early the next morning, in order to be on board of the tival of Venice in good season. As soon as we were dressed, we Carnival of Venice in good season. went on deck, and I was surprised to see my acquaintance of the night before standing by the gang-plank that led from the steamboat to the wharf, engaged in earnest conversation with his friend, who also had a



black moustache and a bright-colored necktie. I was surprised, because it was only seven o'clock, and breakfast was not yet ready on board the steamboat.

I was still more surprised, however, when the friend approached me and asked permission to speak to me privately. When I stepped aside with him he said to me in a low tone:

"I am a detective from Albany, and you are my prisoner. Will you come quietly with me, or shall I call a New York policeman and give you in charge? I have one waiting on the wharf."

"But for what—" I stammered—"for what am I arrested?"

"For the theft," he replied, sternly, "of Mr. Dockshaw's fat infant."

I saw it all, with mortification and annoyance. It was that wretched slip which Mr. Dockshaw had noticed in our room at the hotel, and which he had supposed must belong to the mammoth infant. Mr. Dockshaw, then, was my wife's sneak thief. I explained, as briefly as I could, the situation; but when I had finished, the detective and Mr. Dockshaw,

who had joined us, shook their heads.

"It is a very good story," said Mr. Dockshaw; "but it is too much like what I hear in my own line of business."

"Very well," I answered, for I was now provoked, "you may arrest me; but if you cause me to lose my ship, I shall recover damages from you for my passage-money and the loss of my holiday, as I can easily prove my innocence. But if you will go with me to the New York office of my company, I can at once establish my respectability."

After some discussion, Mr. Dockshaw accepted this proposition, and I informed my wife of what had happened, and told her to wait on the steamboat until I should return. At first she was alarmed, but presently

took a more hopeful view of the matter.
"Think how much worse it would be," she observed, "if you were

really guilty."

I remembered that Mr. Weatherwick, the manager of our New York branch, whom I knew quite well, was a methodical and assiduous business-man, and was always at his desk by eight o'clock, and often earlier, so I proceeded at once, with my two companions, to the company's office. were evidently much impressed by the place, for it was a large

The porter was sweeping out the office, and none of the clerks were on hand; but he told us that Mr. Weatherwick would soon be in. It was nearly eight, however, before he

Mr. Weatherwick was accustomed to command many subordinates, and he had, although a small man, a tone of precision and determination, which evidently had a great effect upon Mr. Dockshaw and the detective. He was not long, with the help of the general reports of the Albany branch, (which were always transmitted in duplicate to the sister establishment,) in convincing them that I was not the sort of man to

filch a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound baby, even if I had ever desired so large and so voracious an addition to my family.

When this was made clear to Mr. Dockshaw, he murmured a hasty

apology, and started for the door.
"Hold on," I said, "this will not do. It is now ten minutes past eight and the Carnival of Venice has certainly sailed. My tickets, which are return-tickets for two, are of no use to me. Even if the steamer people would allow me to use them now, there is no boat on their line for a month, which would give me only two weeks in Europe."

It should be remembered that this was a number of years ago, when only the fastest steamers made the passage in fourteen days, and three

weeks was a good trip for a boat like the Carnival of Venice.

"You must," I continued, "pay for tickets for my wife and myself by some other line, or I shall remain in New York and sue you."

Upon this a discussion ensued, which was conducted with consider-

able acrimony, until Mr. Weatherwick interposed.
"The arrest was a mistake," he said to Mr. Dockshaw, "but you must do what you can to save this gentleman from any consequent annoyance. Now you would have to pay several hundred dollars for the tickets; but you can hire a tug to overtake the steamer for twenty-five or thirty dollars. The Carnival of Venice is a slow boat, and may easily be caught by a lively tug before she reaches Sandy Hook."

This suggestion was gratefully received by Mr. Dockshaw, and after I had signed a promise not to hold him further responsible for any detention, we started for the river-side. Before I left, however, Mr. Weather-

wick drew me to one side, and said:

"I do not wish to interfere in your private affairs; but, as an officer of the company, I would advise you to prosecute any further studies of foreign languages you may intend to make without the aid of underwear."

I remembered that Mr. Weatherwick was not a family man; so I did not correct him; but thanked him, and set off for the river.

When we got to the wharf, we inquired of the policeman where we could find a tug.

"You are in luck," he answered: "there is a steam-tug lying along-side now, which will start in a few minutes for Fire Island, to assist in getting a wreck off the sands. She is one of the fastest tugs in the bay, and I will introduce you to her captain, who is a friend of mine."

While Mr. Dockshaw was making a bargain with the captain, I went on the steamboat, and found my wife, who was delighted at my return; and in a short time we were both seated, with our handbags in our laps,

on the deck of the John B. Smiler.

We saw several ocean-steamers as we puffed swiftly down the Bay; but nothing resembling the Carnival of Venice. We were sure of this, for they were all going the other way. After an hour or two, and while we were looking at a long, low strip of sand, with a lighthouse at the end, which we had just passed, Captain Smiler came up to us and told us that we had reached Sandy Hook, and that the Carnival of Venice was no-

where to be seen.

When we had got over our first disappointment, we observed that the Captain had gone below, and that the John B. Smiler was still steaming on, with the land on one side, and the open sea on the other. I sought out the Captain, and suggested that he should take us back to New York; but to this he roughly demurred.

It was not his fault, he said, that he had failed to catch the steamer; and he had his engagement at Fire Island, and was going there. most he would do to accommodate us was to set us down at Kilper's, Kilper, he said, kept a sportsmen's tavern at the end of Jamaica Bay.

I consulted with my wife, and we agreed that there was no better course to pursue. Our European trip was a failure even before it began, as my wife remarked. Fate had decreed that we should get no further than Kilper's, and when the Captain put us ashore, and we saw Kilper himself sitting in the doorway of a tumble-down frame inn on a bare sandbank, we concluded that if the discomforts of our journey were to increase

in the proportion already established. as we got further and further out into the world, it was well that our outing should terminate at Kilper's.

Kilper was not at all glad to see us. I do not think he had ever been glad to see any body. This disinclination to sociability and hospitality was quite strongly marked, and it seemed to us that it qualified Kilper rather for a hermit than for an innkeeper, whose profession is generally supposed to be of a genial character.

Kilper told us that his inn was not open for the season, and that he had no bed for us, and no food in the house. We believed this last statement, for from Kilper's appearance we judged that food was a secondary consideration to him, so long as he had whiskey in the house; and it was evident that there was whiskey.

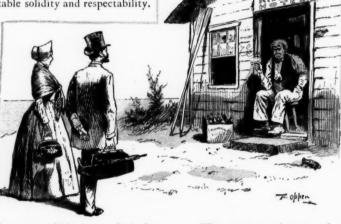
The next question was: how to get back to New York? At first Kilper seemed to think that the only way was for us to walk; and he did not know how far it was, or what road to take. At last he remembered, when my wife took him in hand, that he had a brother who lived on the inland side of Jamaica Bay, and who also kept an inn. This inn differed from the inn of the first Kilper in being open all the year around. If we wanted to row ourselves across the bay, in one of the boats of the first Kilper, of which he had a number, the second Kilper would probably let us have a team to take us to the railroad. It would cost us one dollar to hire a boat, and we might leave the boat with the fraternal Kilper.

We accepted this offer, for the reason that no other course was open to us; and my wife thought that it would be delightful to anchor our boat in the shadow of the first clump of trees we came to, and make our luncheon on sandwiches and lemonade. We were ravenously hungry, having had no breakfast, and having been in the open air since seven o'clock. It was now past one. Perhaps, my wife further suggested, we might find a cooling spring near the shore, with the waters of which we might make our lemonade. I had not much faith in the opportune appearance of the cooling spring, and so I prevailed upon Kilper to lend us a stone jug of water.

Kilper gave us elaborate directions as to the course to pursue to reach the abode of the other Kilper, and then he took us down to the shore, and established us in a large flat-bottomed boat, such as is used by sportsmen.

When we shoved off, and put out into the water, we found ourselves somewhat puzzled, for Kilper had spoken of our crossing the bay; but we could see no bay. There was a multitude of islands, and there was water between them; but that, according to the school geographies, does not constitute a bay. If the islands had been in the middle of an ocean, they would have been an archipelago; but as they were, so to speak, inland, we felt at a loss where to consider ourselves, in a geographical sense.

Kilper's directions, however, were specific, and as I pulled steadily along we looked for a convenient place to land, for we were hungry.



It was necessary, in following the directions we had received, to row nearly half-way around one of the larger islands, which did not seem to be so much an island as a sort of thick swamp, with clumps of brush here and there. Between two of these clumps my wife noticed a peculiar opening into the marsh, as if a small canal had been made through the marsh-grass. Into this she

proposed that we should turn.
"Who knows?" she said, "perhaps it may lead to some pleasant place where we may sit down and eat a comfortable meal."

I turned the boat in, although I had not much faith in my wife's theory; but after rowing a hundred yards or so, we came upon a real island, covered with grass and bushes. We had not seen it from outside, because the tall reeds and brush hid it from sight. We landed at once, and, after pulling the boat safely up on the beach, we walked through the bushes toward the interior of the island, carrying our satchels with us.

In a short time we came in sight of a small hut or cabin, evidently very recently built; but apparently empty. We peeped in at the door, which was open, and saw that it was composed

of two rooms, a kitchen and a sleeping room, and that it was inhabited, for there was a bunk in which the bed was made up, and there was a fire in the kitchen stove. It all looked very neat and cosy, and we decided that we would search at once for the owners, and ask them if they could not give us something to eat and drink more satisfying than sandwiches and lemonade in their original principles. My wife was greatly delighted at the prospect. "Perhaps," she said, "they will even take us to board. Since our European trip must be given up, we might as well be here, where it is cool and pretty; and you would have a good chance to finish your novel."

I had been writing a novel for some years; but I had never got it near enough to completion to send to a publisher; and I had understood that publishers had a prejudice against accepting an unfinished work.

As my wife was speaking, we turned the corner of the hut, and came upon a man busily at work upon a boat. He was at work; but he was not building the boat, which was already built, nor repairing her. In fact, he seemed to be trying to put her in need of repairs. He had a wooden mallet, with which he was beating the paint off her, and hammering dents in her sides. When he saw us, he appeared a good deal startled, and somewhat angrily inquired what we wanted.

"We want," I said, in a dignified manner, "to know if we can have

some luncheon at your house."

"Well, you can't," he replied, "now you know."

"But we have brought our luncheon with us," I returned, falling

back upon the lemonade and sandwiches.
"Well," he said, "take it away with you," and he turned his back on us and went on hammering at the boat.

Discouraged by this rude reception of a perfectly proper inquiry, we

Discouraged by this rude reception of a perfectly proper inquiry, we moved away; but before we had got very far my wife stopped me.

"Don't you know who he is?" she asked.

"No," I replied, severely, "I do not know who he is, and, from what I have seen of his manners, I shall not cultivate his acquaintance."

"Why," she went on, without noticing my tone, "I remember him perfectly. He is Captain James Pringleberry, the Great International Sea-Voyager, who left Albany last month to cross the Atlantic in a boat fourteen feet long. He has shaved off his big beard, and he is not in sailor-clothes; but I know it is he. Don't you recollect how we went down to see him off and how they gave him a celebration on the wharf?"

see him off, and how they gave him a celebration on the wharf?"

As soon as my wife said this, a great flood of light burst upon me,

and I went back promptly to the man.
"You are Pringleberry," I said, "and I am going to New York to expose you.

He turned as white as a ghost, and looked thoroughly discomfited. "Don't be too hard on me, Captain," he began; and, seeing perhaps that I looked pleased at being called Captain, he went on hurriedly:

"I will tell you the whole truth, and throw myself upon your mercy. This whole affair is got up for exhibition purposes. I left Albany in this little boat, sailed around here, and put in. I shall stay here the whole summer, hammering paint off my boat, and washing her with sulphuric acid and walnut juice to make her look weather-beaten. Arrangements have been made with my brother, who is captain of a brig bound for Oporto, to have me reported spoken in mid-ocean. At the time when I ought to arrive on the other side, a man answering to my description, with a boat like this, will sail into Southampton from a hiding-place near by, and will exhibit himself through England. Then a return-trip will be arranged in the same way, and I will sail out from here in my weather-beaten boat, and enter New York as a hero. Then I shall show myself all through the country, and lecture on the dangers of the trip."

"Then you do not really cross the ocean?" I inquired.

"I would n't go on them waves, sir," he replied, "for two hundred and fifty dollars a wave."

"Do you want to take us to board here for the summer?" I asked, in a suggestive manner.

Captain Pringleberry looked at me very carefully, and finally concluded that he did.

We had a good luncheon, prepared by Pringleberry, and also a good dinner; and we slept very comfortably in the hut; Pringleberry, who was something of a carpenter, having put up a bunk for himself in the kitchen.

The next day he sent Kilper's brother, who, he said, "stood in" with him, to New York for our trunks, which thought might have been left behind by the Carnival of Venice. They had been left behind; the passenger-list of the Carnival being small, our absence had been observed, and the steamer had waited an hour for us. In fact, she had gone down the Bay some time after we left on the John B. Smiler, which probably accounted for our not having seen her. We were not, however, so sorry

for this mishap as we might have been.

The steamship company gave us back the price of our tickets, less ten per cent., and we had a very pleasant time on the island. The mosquitos bothered us somewhat; but we had excellent bathing and fishing. My wife found enough to occupy her in taking care of the house, or hut, and in helping me with my novel, on which I made great progress, for the place was really retired and quiet.

I gave my afternoons to my novel, and I noticed that Pringleberry was also busy with writing. He worked hard; but did not seem to cover many pages. One afternoon he came to me and said, in a deferential way: "I judge you are a literary man."

I could not say that I was; but I had not moral courage enough to deny the imputation. Pringleberry went on:

"I am writing my lecture, to be delivered on my return trip. I am not a literary man and I find are at difficulty in a literary man and I find are at difficulty in a literary man. not a literary man, and I find great difficulty in making it sound right. wish you would go over it and give me the benefit of your suggestions. am to lecture in the principal dime museums, and Mr. Dockshaw, who employs me, is very particular. He will be here shortly, to see how I am getting on."
"I know Mr. Dockshaw," I said, "and I shall be happy to revise

vour lecture."

I soon found that Pringleberry's lecture could be improved by various grammatical corrections, and by the addition of certain imaginative details. In the end, I threw his manuscript away, and wrote a wholly new lecture for him, with which he seemed to be greatly pleased.

When Mr. Dockshaw arrived, he did not appear over-joyed at secing me; but as soon as he had read my lecture he changed his mind.
"This is what I have been looking for," he said: "I will pay hundred dollars for every lecture you will write like this." "I will pay one

As I had a great deal of time to spare from my novel, I accepted this liberal offer, and wrote a number of lectures for Mr. Dockshaw, for which he paid promptly. I went further than this, and invented a number of freaks to fit lectures which I had in my mind. Some of my new freaks were great popular successes. The Red-Headed Albino and the Mildewed Hairy Man from the Mines of Siberia were among my great successes.

Thus the summer passed away. When we went back to Albany, at

the expiration of my leave of absence, I presented myself to the Secretary of the Insurance Company, who asked me, very kindly, if I had had a I answered that I had had a pleasant trip. pleasant trip to Europe. remarked that England was a great country.

I replied that it was a great country; and offered him my resignation, explaining that I had found a line of business which paid me better than being a clerk in an insurance office. He accepted my resignation with much politeness, and expressed the hope that I would be more successful in my new business than I had been as a clerk in an insurance office,

My novel, which I had completed on the island, was published in the spring. It was accepted by the first publisher to whom I sent it. It was received, as I may say without immodesty, with a whirlwind of approbation. The press-notices, of which there were many, spoke of it as a wonderfully witty and sharply satirical travesty on the old-fashioned conventional fiction, and praised it highly as a delicately humorous burlesque, the irony of which excused its extravagant caricature of exaggerated senti-It was hailed as a masterpiece of caustic humor.

This was very gratifying, especially as the book sold so well that it enabled us to buy a nice house in the suburbs of Albany. Only one thing clouded our pleasure in these expressions of favorable opinion. The book, when I wrote it, was intended to be serious. My wife and I had both been deeply moved by the pathetic passages, when we read

them over.

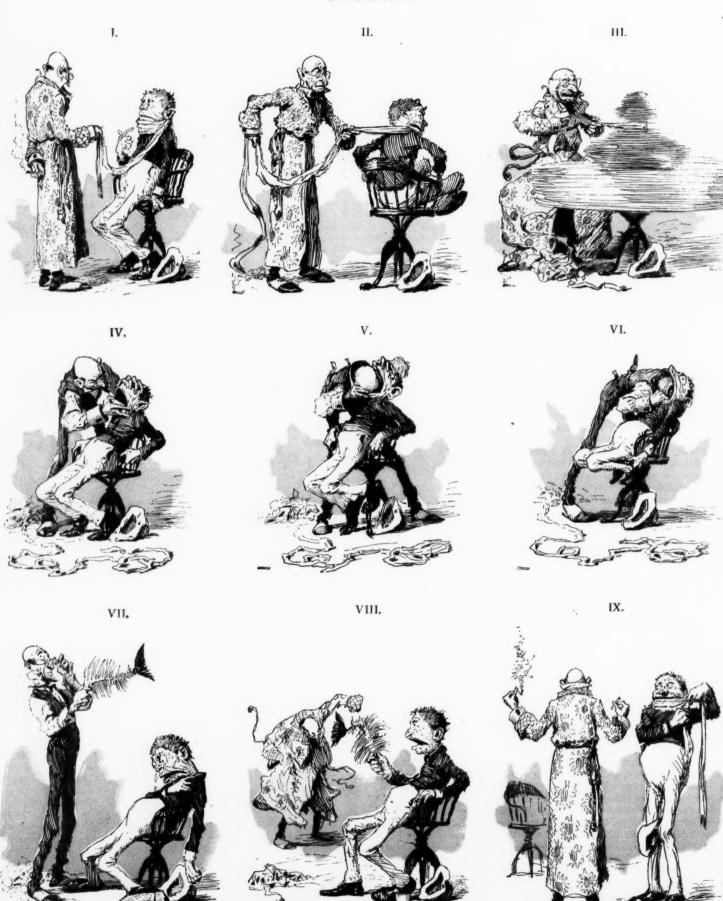
But then, as my wife said, perhaps it was as well that it was mis-understood, after all. "For you see," she said, "if you were a serious writer, you would have to write a better book next time, whereas a funny man can do anything he wants to. I should call it a very successful failure."

NEW YORK, June 12th, 1887.

#### HE HAD A TICKLING IN HIS THROAT.

An Agony of the Fish Season.

BY A. B. FROST.



#### THE MIDSUMMER PUCK.



#### AFTER MANY YEARS.

USTY AND COBWEBBED is the old garret-so dusty and so cobwebbed that the light can just steal through the small window at the end. And it is somewhat unsafe to carry a lighted candle around, for one might set on fire the dry sage and pop-corn, of which many bunches are hanging from the beams.

Along the floor it is almost impossible to walk in safety. If you watch the roof to escape bumping your head, you fly headlong over a box of junk, and if you watch the box of junk to escape falling, you are pretty sure to part your hair on a projecting nail.

She is not up there looking Old Aunt Abigail is up there just now. for anything in particular; but it is a dark rainy day—just the kind of day to rummage round a garret by way of a change. It makes her smile to see the old cradle that her grandchildren have outgrown; and the ancient flint-lock musket, carried by her grandfather in the Revolution, is sticking up stock-first, out of a barrel filled with gate-hinges, bolts, curtain-cord, sunbonnets, nails, broken china, odd suspenders, and all other conceivable things used about a house.

All about are lying discarded toys; and the hobby-horse, with the mane hanging by a single brass-headed nail, stands between what is left of an old bedstead and a couple of hair-covered trunks. And the hair-covered sofa, with broken springs and three maimed legs, is there also; it is just as solemn and slippery as ever, in spite of the fact that a lot of bedslats are piled on it.

From one object to another Aunt Abigail goes, turning over first this and then that, and humming old-fashioned songs, as she is reminded of the past. Finally she comes to the box containing the Keepsake, the Opal, the Repository of Gems, and other popular annuals of thirty-five years ago, and she opens one after the other, and reads the dedications on the fly-leaves, and in running over the pages discovers violets and roses dry enough to smoke. Her eyes are full of tears, for poor old Aunt Abigail's was paved with tender memories.

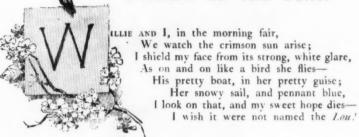
After she lays aside these books, and the illustrated papers of the war, she opens one of the old trunks, and weeps afresh as she discovers some of the garments worn by her husband, who lies in the little churchyard in the dell. Finally, poor old Aunt Abigail alarms the entire household. Her daughters and granddaughters come rushing up.
"What is it? what is it?" they cry excitedly.

And Aunt Abigail arises, holding two letters in her hand which she

found in the inside pocket of the coat.

"These letters," she said, "I gave my husband to post in October, 1850, and I suppose if he had lived, he would be carrying them around yet." R. K. M.

#### BALLADE OF THE BOAT.

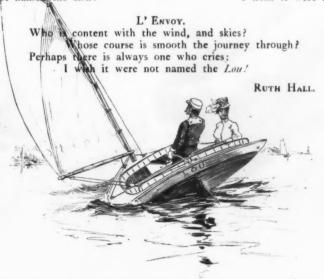


If I could think-but, then, I am Claire, And she-is Lou; and about her lies The charm that a mystery must wear, And all the fret of a vague surmise. And even my heart—it stirs and sighs,

To count his eyes and his words untrue, While yet her image aught else denies—
I wish it were not named the Lou!

Through all our speech runs a thread of care: Is her hair like mine, to match her eyes? (He told me once that he liked my hair.) Is she small and gay? or tall and wise? I jest, and smile at his low replies; Shall I trust my heart?—or his canoe? That thought comes back with a fresh surprise—

I wish it were not named the Lou!





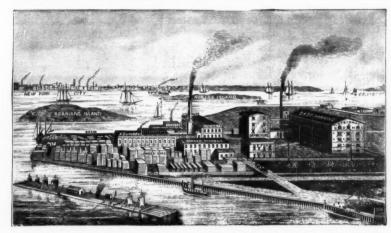
AN EPISODE IN AN ADIRONDACK HOTEL DINING-ROOM.

It was only the little pet bear from the stables; but it was enough for the bear-hunting tourists, all the same.

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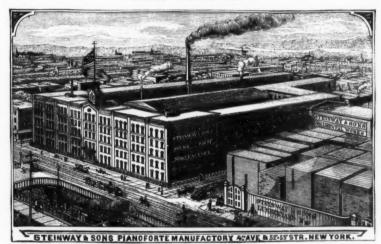
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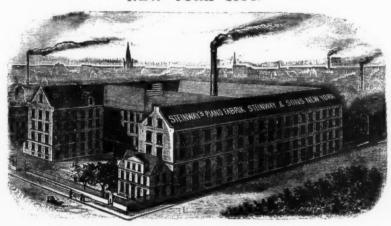
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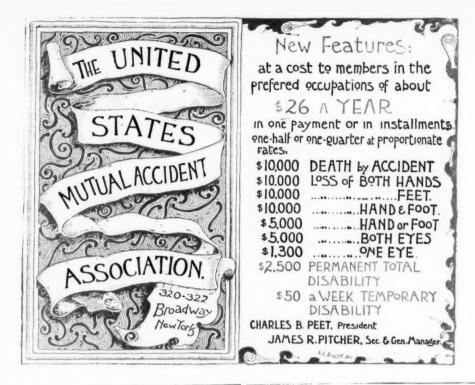
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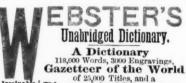
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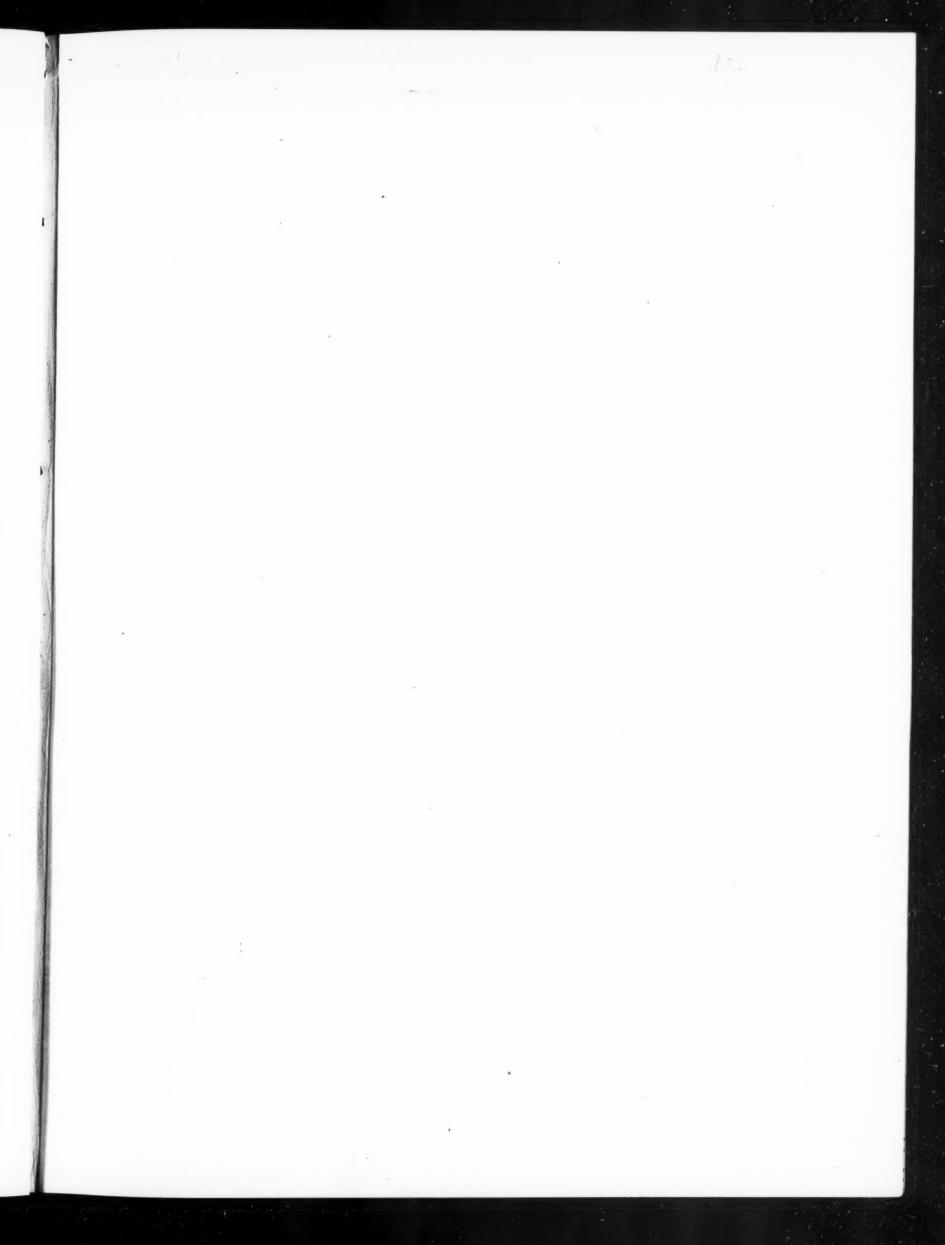


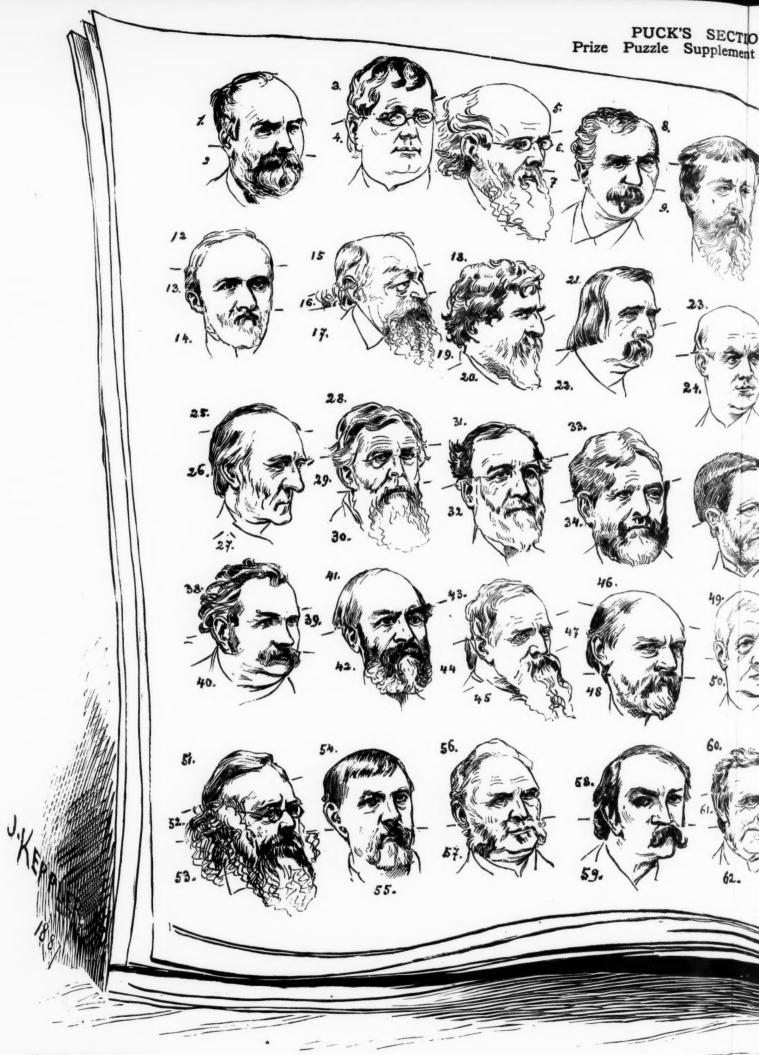
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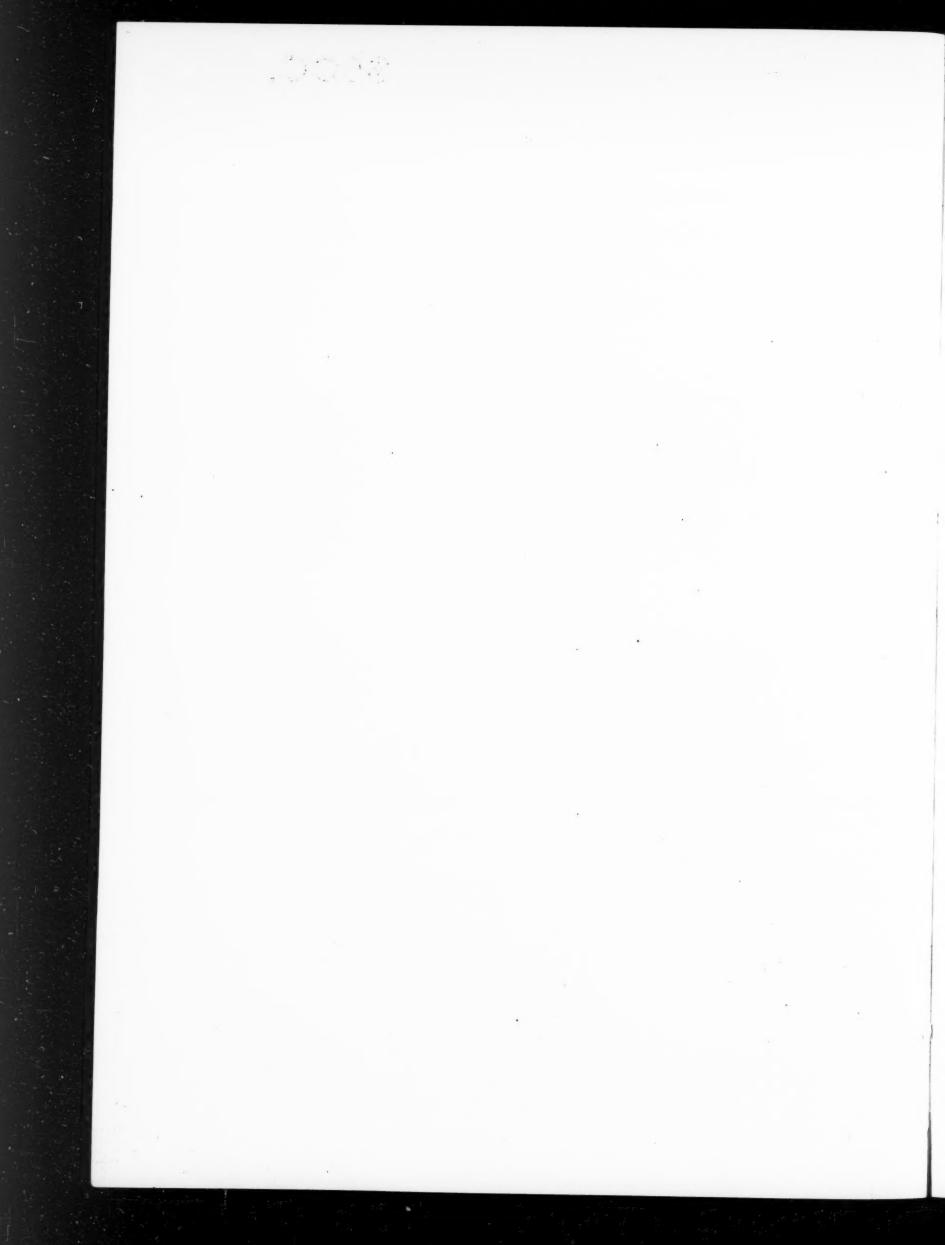
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Cleveland, Senator John Sherman, Stanley Matthews (Supreme Court), C. O. D. Conger, William Walter Phelps, J. G. Blaine, Charles A. Dana Clemens ("Mark Twain"), Henry Watterson, Thomas Nast, Jay Gould, then cut them up, each into two or three pieces, and has combined these pi three different faces. The cuttings are indicated by the marks on the outlin dications, sort them out, and see if you can paste the bits together a as to



Charles A. Dana, Sec'y L. Q. C. Lamar, Congressman R. P. Bland, S. L. Nast, Jay Gould, Senator Henry W. Blair, Jefferson Davis. Mr. Keppler has combined these pieces as you see above—where each face is made-up of two or marks on the outlines. Now, you may cut them up again, according to these instages of as to make the original portraits. If you can send us in the whole

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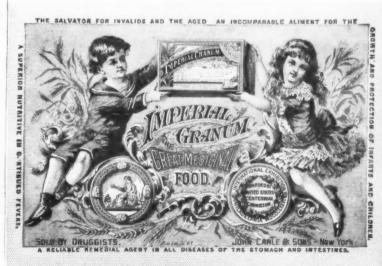
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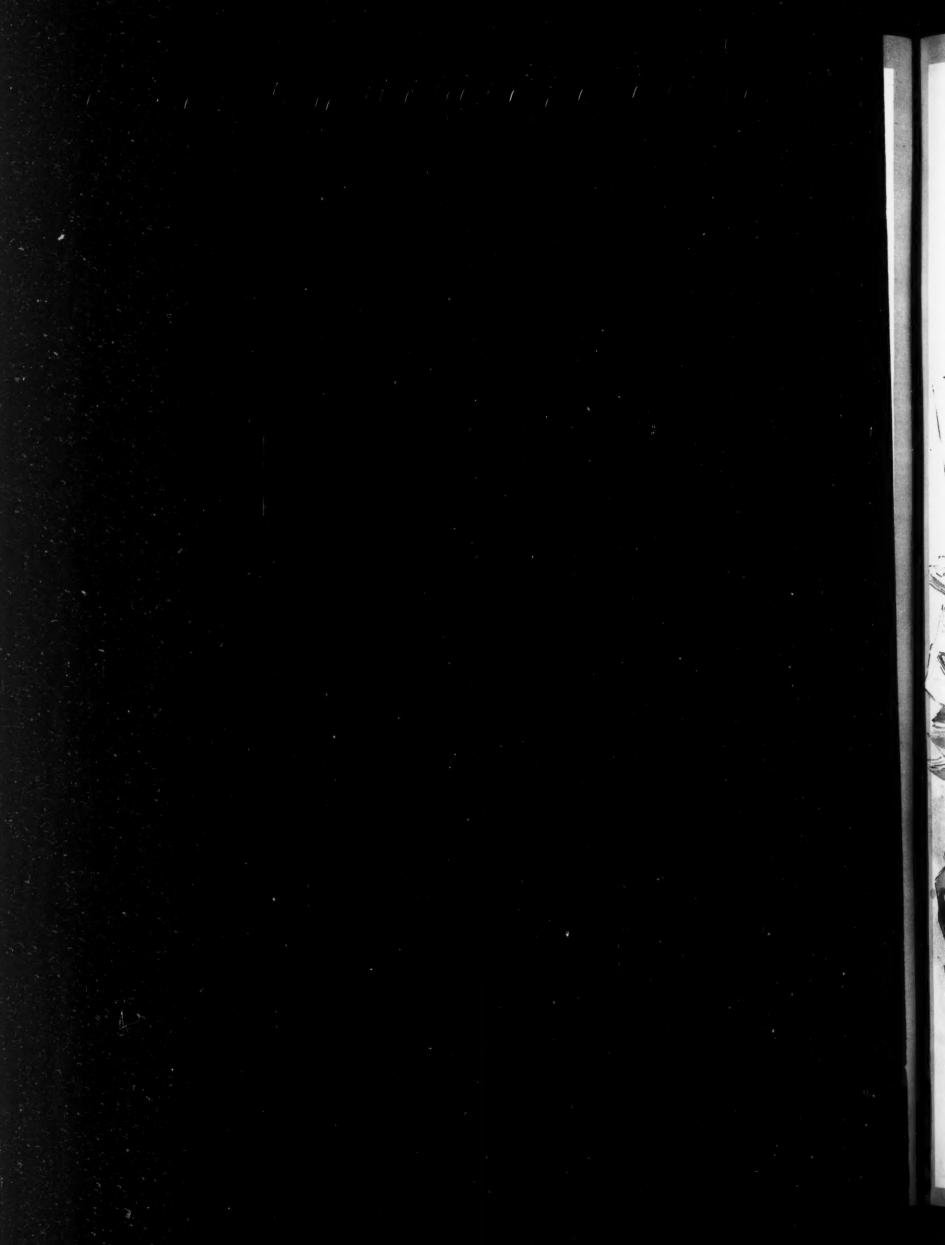
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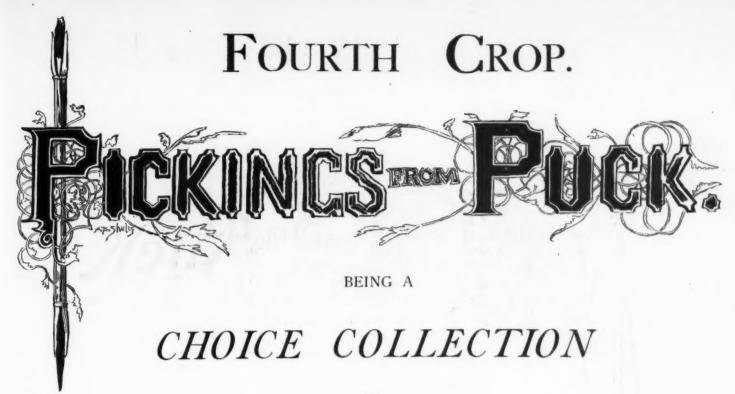




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Dear Reader:

Here's Pickings from Puck, Number Four,
A volume to make you feel happy and roar.
There are sixty-four pages, all blooming with fun,
And the cuts are the finest that Puck's ever done.
Oh, this is a Pickings brand-new! As you'll see
It contains not a thing that's in "One," "Two" or "Three."

It's as bright as the dew on the creamy tea-rose,
And as fresh as an infant's uncolicked repose.

If your mind is depressed, and your feelings are blue,
And you feel as worn-out as an old broken shoe,
Why, here's the collection of jokes and cuts that
Will set you a-laughing and make you grow fat.

Oh, we know you'll be grateful, if, just for good luck,
You purchase the Fourth Crop of Pickings from Puck!





#### CURRENT COMMENTS.

"Slowly THE summer sun is setting," observes a novel-writer descriptively. Well, what of it? You would n't have the summer sun set violently, like an impatient hen in an egg laying tournament, and run the chance of smashing itself into small pieces and bringing the summer hotel season to an abrupt and untimely end, would you? We trow not. It will be an extremely dark day for novel-writers when the summer sun sets that hard.

A HAIR RENEWER has for an illustrated advertisement a beautiful feminine arm with a snake wound about it. A love of propriety compels us to say that we think this would be a much better form of advertisement for the kind of beverages that are dearest to chronic elbowcrookers.

IN THE bright lexicon of the book-agent there is no such thing as second-wind. The book-agent has only a first-wind, and that is so firstclass that he never loses it.

THE REASON that tramps are so poverty-stricken and wretched is because they don't advertise.

#### RANDOM REMARKS.

IN A RECENT marine accident many persons were "injured by life-preservers," according to a reporter. We always thought these things were intended strictly for ornament. That is probably the reason they are usually hung up in the steamboat ceiling, or nailed to the floor under the seats.

IF THERE is one thing more than another that has the weird funereal flavor of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven," it is an undertaker sitting in his store on a rainy night reading the death notices by the light of a smoky kerosene lamp.

Spring lamb is the only bird that has seven quarters. After taking away a fore-quarter, there are three quarters left. To make this kind of wit palatable, use plenty of mint-sauce.

THE PEN may be mightier than the sword; but the man who drops into any cheap restaurant in this city between the hours of twelve and one will soon learn that the table-knife is mightier than both put together.

#### THE LIFE OF A MINSTREL JOKE.



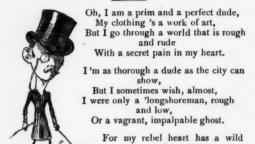
He heard it first in childhood's happy hour-

Again in age his mirth that quip awoke, In all its primal, perfect, deathless power-

The good old Minstrel Joke.

#### AN AGONY OF AFFINITY.

A Dude's Plaint of Misplaced Passion.



desire,
And in dreams it unceasingly calls

For the girl in the circus who swallows fire And juggles the cannon-balls.

If I were not a dude I could woo and wed That maid with the cannon-ball; But I know, in my agonized heart and head, That it could n't be dude at all.

#### THE SPEAKER KNOWS.

A MAN WHO claims to be an authority on the subject says that when an orator is talking to a full house he has no idea of the way his remarks are being taken by his hearers. The authority we speak of says that an orator is so much engrossed with his subject that very often he does n't hear the applause with which he is being greeted.

Having been told that the above is a positive fact, we, being a little incredulous ourselves, went and interviewed a public speaker on the

subject. He said:

"The speaker does n't know what is going on, eh? Well, now, if you ever get there, you will soon learn the fallacy of that statement. I tell you, the man on the platform knows what is going on better than any one else in the house. If he is talking on shares, he can stand there and figure on how much he is likely to get, and what he will do with it after he gets it, while he is instructing his hearers on the sub-

ject of trade-winds, or something of that kind.

"He can tell just how many people are half asleep, and how many are sitting it out because they are afraid of leaving for fear of being put down for boors. He can tell the man who is laughing out of courtesy from the boy who is laughing from his heart. He can also discover the number of people who appear to be pleased and will continue to be pleased while their peanuts hold out; and he can count the people who pretend to understand and appreciate his scientific remarks for the sake of being considered profound and well-informed.

"A man does n't know what is going on in the audience, eh? Then how does he dodge



THE REPORTER.—The Alderman was not at home.

#### \* PICKINGS FROM PUCK. \*

the eggs? Did you ever stand on the rostrum and have a flock of omelettes flying toward you like so many wild birds, and not know anything about it until some one in the audience stepped up and told you about it? Yes, sir, the man on the platform knows just what is going on. He knows when he is regarded as a Demosthenes as well as he knows when he is making an imperial nickel-plated ass of himself. And no one has to tell him when it is time to put up an umbrella to keep the miscellaneous fruit off."

THE LATEST boarding-house sport is called "Hunting the Clam." About fifty fritters are placed on the floor, and the boarders proceed to tread for the clam, and the person who finds it receives the chromo.

#### PUCK'S JOURNALISTIC STUDIES.



THE PERSONAL EDITOR.—Colonel Dodge called at our office yesterday, and gave a complete and satisfactory answer to the charges against him published in our last week's issue.



THE MUSICAL CRITIC. — The performance at the Academy last night was excellent. The audience was soon in an unusually good humor, and appreciated to its full the many beauties of the rendering.



THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.--I met the other day my old friend Ducats, the eminent merchant. Said I: "How is business?" Said he: "So brisk that we scarcely have time for a word of ordinary conversation."

#### PUCK'S RURAL LOCALETTES.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF PATENT-INSIDES.

[These notices will be found thoroughly trustworthy, and may be safely used by any country weekly.]

Apple-blossoms tell us that spring is here.

Elder Peck has purchased a lawn-mower.

The Blanket Mill is now running on full time.

Gauze undershirts, forty cents each, at Ely's.

A new fence is spoken of for the grave yard.

Now is the time to go off in the woods for trailing arbutus.

Next week 'Squire Jones will put brass tips on his steers' horns.

Bluebirds are beginning to build in the Swan Street maples.

Five dollars reward for any one caught cutting sods on the Green.

J. A. Larkins, of Philadelphia, spent last Sunday with friends in Edgecomb.

A dancing-school will be opened next month by Professor Dunlee, of Baltimore.

Mrs. Lynn and daughter are stopping with relatives on Barrow Street for a few days.

The wind blew so hard last Tuesday that the clock stopped in the Presbyterian steeple.

Yesterday morning, while on the way to Belvidere to a horse-trade, Judge Ruggles lost his collar-button.

Ezra Willoughby is spoken of for Selectman. Ezra is a genial old gentleman, and just the man for the place.

Miss Lulu Jenkins sprained her ankle, one day last week, while jumping on a chair to get away from a mouse.

While Deacon Smith's goslings were swimming, the other day, several of them were pulled under by muskrats.

There is to be a meeting next week, to raise money to purchase a new flag for Town Hall. It will be money well invested.



THE PUBLISHER.—Sworn circulation, 100,000; proved by affidavits of our pressmen.

A. D. Noves.

VIEW NO. I.



The Anarchist at the Club-A Lion.

#### A TOUCHING TALE.

THIS is an uncouth imitation of the chaste manner of the comic warbler of the Chi-

cago Tribune:
It was on one of those lovely autumn afternoons, when the poet's soul is filled with an insatiable yearning for raw oysters, that a fine, handsomely-attired lady floated like an enchanting sylph through the chaste crepuscular glamour which lay on the quiet street like the purply panoply on the hurricane-deck of the biggest

elephant in the circus pageant.

As she moved gracefully along, all eyes were turned upon her. She seemed like one reared in the imperious luxury of an oriental palace, and fed only on virtuous confectionery. any one, gazing on those lips, warmer than virgin rosebuds dipped in wine, ever fancy they had been sullied by cod-fish balls? Perish the unholy thought!

And the elegant creature walked quickly on until she reached a park. Behind a tree stood a man shabbily attired. He looked as though he had n't eaten for two weeks.

When she passed the spot where he was standing, he sneaked behind her unobserved, and, catching her suddenly with one hand, grabbed her gold châtelaine and diamond-studded watch with the other, and at-tempted to fly. But hun-ger had been foreclosing on him so effectually that he had n't the requisite strength, and his fair captor held him, while she yelled a series of yells that a l m o s t turned the flagstones

In another instant, the dastard villain was embraced by a policeman, and the party proceeded to the station-house. The lady's great beauty gained her unusual atten-tion, and the reporters of the various papers took her statement and made a big sensational article of it, putting in all the names, and throwing a spirit of poetic sentiment around it to make it

over.

"go." The poor thief said his family was starving, and that he was driven to the rash act by actual despair. The handsome lady refused to prosecute him, on hearing the sad history of his condition, and he was immediately discharged with a reprimand. On the following day the papers had about two columns each on it, and on the night of that very day the queenly beauty and the dastard villain played "Romeo and Juliet" to a full house.—From "How I Won Mary Anderson," by B. F. Butler. M.

#### THE BULLFROG ON THE BANK.

BULLFROG, envying the lordly bulk of a neighboring Cow, of whom he was enamored, tried to gain a like size by inflating his Green backs. While so doing, he took a posi-tion in the Bank, where his efforts to be a Swell attracted the attention of an observant and famishing Stork, of French education and habits of diet, who at once withdrew the Greenback from circulation.

MORAL.-Hard Dimes come again once more.

One Case of Happy Childhood.



But the Neighborhood is Not So Everlastingly Happy.



VIEW NO. II.

AND YET.

You would not think her cheeks were blooming roses; No line of pearls her beaming smile discloses; No delicate perfumes around her hover; And yet I love her!

She rivals not the sun in dazzling brightness; She steps not like the fawn with fairy lightness; Her eyes resemble not the stars above her; And yet I love her!

No waving tresses fall in rich profusion; No classic form, half hidden by illusion-No brilliant fancy could I e'er discover; And yet I love her!

For she is truly sensible and good; And all the charms that make true womanhood Unite in her; and she loves me moreover; And so I love her!

> Besides that, she's my muvver. WM. CULLEN LONGFELLOW.

#### A GREAT REVIVAL OF INTEREST IN RELIGION.



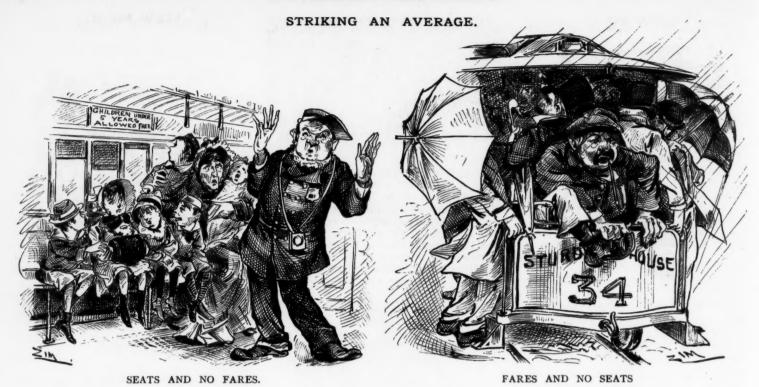
Yes, this is the Congregation of the Wayup Church; but the Congregation is not going to the Wayup Church. The Congregation is going to Attend the Trial of its Beloved Pastor.

#### IN SEARCH OF A MAN.

"Do you know a man by the name of Legion?" inquired Dumley of a friend,
"Legion? No!"

"Jenkins told me last night that I had been called the biggest fooljackass on earth, and when I demanded the man's name he said it was Legion. I'm looking for him."

IN BANKS, we have been told, it is customary for clerks to remain until they make the books balance every day. Sometimes they have to re-main there until three o'clock in the morning to account for a single cent. But when the books won't balance because the president has departed with a hundred thousand dollars, the clerks go home at the regular hour.



#### REV. MR. HALLELUJAH'S HOSS.



HERE ARE a good many difficult things to ride, I find, beside the bicycle and the bucking Mexican Those who have tried to mount and successfully ride a wheelbarrow in the darkness of the stilly night will agree with me.
You come on a wheelbarrow sud-

denly when it is in a brown study, and you undertake to straddle it, so to speak, and all at once you find the wheelbarrow on top. I may say, I think, safely, that the wheelbarrow is, as a rule, phlegmatic and cool; but when a total stranger startles it, it spreads desolation and destruction on every hand.

This is also true of the perambulator or baby-carriage. I undertook to evade a child's phaeton, three

subject of Special Salvation, and then he went up and leaned against the truck. Finally he somehow got his arms under the handles of the truck as it stood up between his back and the wall. He still continued to think of the plan of Special Salvation, and you could have seen his lips move if you had been there.

Pretty soon some young ladies came along, rosy in the wintry air, beautiful beyond compare, frosty crystals in their hair; smiled they on the preacher there.

He returned the smile and bowed low. As he did so, as near as I can figure it out, he stepped back on the iron edge of the truck that the baggage-man generally jabs under the rim of an iron-bound sample-trunk when

he goes to load it. Anyhow, Mr. Hallelu-jah's feet flew out toward next spring. The truck started across the plat-form with him and spilled him over the edge on the track ten feet below. So rapid was the movement that the eye with difficulty followed his evolutions. His valise was carried onward by the same wild avalanche and "busted" open before it struck the track below.

I was surprised to see some of the articles that shot forth into the broad light of day. Among the rest there was a fine brand-new set of ready-made teeth, to be used in case of accident. Up to that moment I didn't know that Mr. Hallelujah used the common tooth of commerce.

These teeth slipped out of the valise with a Sabbath smile and vulcanized rubber gums.

-The small boy who smiled .-

In striking the iron track below, the every-day set which the Rev. Mr. Hallelujah had in use became loosened, and smiled across the road-bed and right of way at the fine-brand new array of incisors, cuspids, bicuspids and molars that flew out of the valise. Mr. Hallelujah got up and tried to look merry, but he could not smile without his teeth. The back seams of his Newmarket coat were more successful, however.

Mr. Hallelujah's wardrobe and a small boy were the only objects that dared to smile.

BILL NYE.

years ago last spring, as it stood in the entrance to a hall in Main Street. The child was not injured because it was not in the carriage at the time: but I was not so fortunate. I pulled pieces of perambulator out of myself for two weeks with the hand that was not disabled.

How a sedentary man could fall through a child's carriage in such a manner as to stab himself with the awning and knock every spoke out of three wheels is still a mystery to me; but I did it. I can show you the doctor's bill now.

The other day, however, I discovered a new style of riding animal. The Rev. Mr. Hallelujah was at the station when I arrived, and was evidently waiting for the same Chicago train that I was in search of. Rev. Mr. Hallelujah had put his valise down near an ordinary baggage-truck which leaned up against the wall of the sta-

tion building.

He strolled along the platform a few moments, communing with himself and agitating his mind over the



-The truck started across the platform with him.-

#### RANDOM REMARKS.

A pog shows a nice sense of discrimination in the matter of scents. For instance, the animal may revel in the smell arising from a piece of tainted meat, but he dislikes the flavor of a cheap cigar, and exudes a sniff of disgust at the common "Jockey Club" with which a young lady saturates her handkerchief.

ISIDOR COHEN (to Lemuel Cohen, who has fallen during the last quadrille):
Wot you be so clumsy for and disgrace der family? You are der laughin'-stock of der

LEMUEL.—Sh-h-h! You vas n't half fly, Isidor. I vanted to feel if dot carpet vas a real Agsminister.

EVERY MAN knows, unless he is not cognizant of the fact, that if two balloons are filled, one with hydrogen gas and the other with carbonic acid gas, and let go from an eminence of a hundred feet from the solid earth, the man in the balloon that explodes at a height of a couple of hundred feet labors under the singular hallucination, for a brief period, that the solid earth flew up and hit him a paralyzing thwack.

#### PICTORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

A GIVE AND-TAKE AFFAIR:







A MAN WITH A CALLING:



The Temperance Crank. A Chicken in the Pot is

A WELCOME FUNERAL





#### ÆSOP REVISED.

The Nose and the Moustache.

A weak and Struggling Moustache was upbraided by the nose that gave it Shelter in the following Terms:

"What a miserable Affair you are, anyhow! You have neither strength nor color. I am ashamed of you. Why don't you go to a Barber-shop and Spruce up a Little?"

"Well, I never thought of that before," replied the Moustache: "it's a very good sug-

And then it went and Doctored itself so with loud-smelling Pomatum that the Nose turned itself up as far as ever it could and like to have died of Disgust.

MORAL, -Don't hit a Moustache when it is

A MAN SEEING a corpulent black dog etched against the sawdust in front of a restaurant, asked the proprietor when he was going to serve it up, under the impression that the animal was on exhibition, like the placarded turtle, for a few days previous to being cooked to make men's souls glad.

ALWAYS WILLING TO TAKE A HAND IN-The Buzz-Saw.

#### THE WAIL OF THE SEAL.

A LAMENTATION WITH AN EXPLANATION ATTACHED.



Why do I weep and wail, and rend the air with my wailing? Why do I weep and wan, and rend the air with my walling?

Splitting the icebergs in two with the roar of my baritone thunder?

Why do I whoop it up to the lonely and sorrowful walrus?

Why do I bore the gulls with persistent and pitiful moaning?

Why do I make these solitudes still more unpleasant and mournful?

Why do I toot away like a fog-horn afflicted with colic?

Why do my hapless eyes with constant and lachrynose currents Fill the o'erflowing sea with wholly superfluous saline? Why do I snivel and snort with never a handkerchief near me? Why do I fill with gloom an atmosphere never too cheerful?

Is it because I wail for the frozen Arctic explorers,

Crushed in contractors' ships in the jaws of the terrible ice-floes?

Is it because I grieve that the flicker of yonder aurora

Is not so bright as it was in the days of my youth now departed?

Is it because I am pained to hear that the great Matthew Arnold Does n't consider Emerson any especial potatos? No; it is not for this, nor for any of these things mentioned-Strange is the source of my grief, and very much deeper-seated—
Little I cared when my pelt was taken for genuine seal skin,
Decking the lovely frame of dear and adorable woman—
But I arise and kick—kick with the kick of the kickful—
At seeing a bogus article sold upon my reputation.
Yes; I arise and kick when a counterfeit ulster is peddled— Peddled at half-a-thou-for people will think I am bogus.



A STARTLED SPECULATOR. WRITERS ON gravitation state that if two balls

of lead, one a pound and the other ten pounds in weight, are let fall one hundred feet through the air, they both fall with about the same velocity and strike the ground at about the same time; but the ten-pound ball strikes with ten times the greater weight—though if the lighter missile were to strike a man on the head, his funeral would be just as expensive as if he had been struck with the ten-pound ball.

THE COMET of 1812, which recently returned. is tailless, as far as the divested optic can dis-cern. Prof. Swift, who has an extended reputation as a comet sharp, rejects with scorn the hypothesis that the comet has worn off its tail by brushing flies off its back, during the recurring fly seasons between the years 1812 and 1883. Prof. Smythe, on the other hand, accepts the theory as being more plausible than the ridiculous supposition that its tail was amputated in a 500-horse-power hay-cutter.



"Got jest two good seats here in the orchestra, sir!" "Glad to hear it, dear boy. God bless you-take your girl and enjoy yourself."

ALL GAS.

In the rosy plush chair I sit and conjure up the heaven of the imagination—treading on alabaster, gold and diamonds, roaming about with wings of silvery down, flying here, now there, bathing in a blaze of ruby, emerald and sapphire, then floating on a sea of molten gold in a bark of snowy sun-kissed roses, while the heavenly aurora borealis tinges the opal and azure of the Elysian hills with flashes of fire, revealing the gods, surrounded by their heavenly followers, imbued in the bliss that knows no end.

Your tooth is out, sir.

A. H. OAKES.

THE STRAWBERRY-VENDER is an expert in algebra, because he deals in unknown quantities; that is, when he sells you a quart of strawberries you don't know anything like the exact quantity you have on your hands.

#### CROWNS AND CROWNED HEADS.



URING the hot weather very few crowns are worn this season, and a few hints as to the care of the crown itself may not be out of place.

The crown should not be carelessly hung on the hatrack in the royal hall for the flies to roost upon; but it should be thoroughly cleaned and put away as soon as the weather becomes too hot to wear it comfortably.

Great care should be used in cleaning a gold-plated crown, to avoid wearing out the plating. Take a good stiff tooth-brush, with a little soapsuds, and clean the crown thoroughly at first, drying it on a clean towel and taking care not to drop it on the floor and thus knock the moss-agate diadem loose. Next, get a sleeve of the royal undershirt, or, in case you can not procure one readily, the sleeve of a duke or right-bower may be used. Soak this in vinegar, and with a coat of whiting polish the crown thoroughly, wrap it in cotton-flannel and put it in the

bureau. Sometimes the lining of the crown becomes saturated with hair-oil from constant use and needs cleaning. In such cases the lining may be removed, boiled in concentrated lye two hours, or until tender, and then placed on the grass to bleach in the sun.

Most crowns are size six-and-seveneighths, and they are therefore frequently too large for the number six head of royalty. In such cases a newspaper may be folded lengthwise and laid inside the sweat-band of the crown, thus reducing the size and preventing any accident by which his or her majesty might lose the crown in the coalbin while doing the chores.

After the Fourth of July and other royal holidays, this newspaper may be removed, and the crown will be found none too large for the imperial dome of thought.

Sceptres may be cleaned and wrapped in woolen goods during the hot

summer months. The leg of an old pair of pantaloons makes a good retort to run a sceptre into while not in use. Never try to kill flies or drive carpet - tacks with the sceptre. It is an awkward tool at best, and you might easily knock a thumb-nail loose, which you would bitterly regret. Great care should also be taken of the royal robe. Do not use it for a lap-robe while dining, nor sleep in it at night. Nothing looks more repugnant than a king on

his throne, with little—After white feathers all over his robe.

-After the Fourth of July and other royal holidays.—
robe. It is in equally bad taste to govern a

kingdom in a maroon robe with white horse-hairs all over it.

I once knew a king who invariably curried his horses in his royal robes; and if the steeds did n't stand around to suit him he would ever and anon welt them in the pit of the stomach with his cast-iron sceptre. It was greatly to the interest of his horses not to incur the royal displeasure, as the reader has no doubt already surmised.

The robe of the king should only be worn while his majesty is on the throne. When he comes down at night after his day's work, and goes out after his coal and kindling-wood, he may take off his robe, roll it up carefully, and stick it in under the throne, where it will be out of sight. Nothing looks more untidy than a fat king milking a bob-tail cow in a Mother Hubbard robe trimmed with imitation ermine.

BILL NYE.



-Never drive carpet-tacks with a sceptre.

## ANOTHER SAD BLOW TO THE "LIGHTNING MESSENGER."



"Sonny, go to the undertaker's and tell him my wife just died, and to come right away. Now, premise me that you will deliver this before the funeral takes place."

#### POPULAR VERDICTS.

"WHAT is a parson, papa?"
Asked Tommy, in blue knee-breeches.
"The parson's a man—ha, ha!—
Who believes not what he preaches."
That's what the people believe
Of the so-called moral teacher;
But when at the point of death,
Somehow, they send for the preacher.

"What is a lawyer, papa?"
A smile on his features kindles:
"A lawyer is—ha, ha, ha!—
A man who every one swindles."
That's what the people believe,
From the merchant to the sawyer;
But when they're guilty of theft,
Somehow, they believe in the lawyer.

"What is a doctor, papa?"
And the answer quickly giving:
"A doctor is—ha, ha, ha!—
A man who kills folks for a living."
That's what the people believe;
But when they are down with sickness,
They send for the old M. D.,
And send with wonderful quickness.

"What's a humorist, papa?"
With a face all bright and sunny:
"He's a—ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
A man who is never funny."
That's what the people believe,
They think it beyond conjecture—
But they buy Puck every week,
And howl at a comic lecture.

#### ANIMAL INSTINCT.



COLORED BOY.—Colored man at the door.

MISTRESS.—How do you know it 's a colored man '
C. B.—Cos I jist seed der chickens fly fur der coop.

#### UNCLE SAM TRIES TO CIVILIZE THE INDIAN.



Billiards.-The Indian likes the Music of the Spheres.



He communes joyfully with Tom and Jerry.



He rather likes the idea of Woman's using Paint.

#### THE LIFE OF JOHN SMITH.

Being a Compendious Account of the Principal Events of his Romantic Career; his Origin and Farentage; his Father's Death; his Thrilling Adventures on Land and at Sea, at Home and Abroad; and his Melancholy End.

CAREFULLY COMPILED FROM THE MOST TRUSTWORTHY SOURCES BY THE EDITOR.

> CHAP. I.
> [Pawnticket (R. I.) Ev'g Clarinet.] BORN.

SMITH.—At sea, Apr. 1st, 1840, of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas Smith, a son.

CHAP. II. [Tiffin (O.) Gong.] MARRIED.

SMITH — JONES. — In this city, Aug. 10th, 1860, by the Rev. Si-meon Sypher, John Smith, Jr., of Pawnicket, R. I., to Mary Jones, of this city.

CHAP. III. [Pawnticket (R. I.) Ev'g Clarinet.] DIED.

SMITH. - At Hong Kong, Jan. 10th, 1380, John Smith, 39 yrs., 2 mos., 20 days. Tiffin (O.) papers please copy.

[Edited by] F. E. Chase.

THE WHITEHALL Times prints an article enti-tled "The Barber's Secret." The only barber's secret we ever heard of outside of his recipe for the tonic that he guarantees will make hair grow on anything, is the light and airy manner in which he deals out ossified information. The barber always tells you something you know; and it is strange that a man feels grateful in spite of himself for being informed of the fact that it is snowing, that the weather is cold, that that was a sad fire at Milwaukee, that the river is full of ice, that his face is tender, and that his hair is thin. If the barber could secure as strong a grip on the day before yesterday or the day after to-morrow as he has on to-day, he would simply be an oracle, in comparison with his present self.



The great chief takes kindly to the White Squaws.



Uncle Sam thinks he is ripe for the Boarding-House; but the Indian does not think so.

MRS. WILSON (reading from paper) .- "Agnes de Jones, the actress, has secured an engage-ment at the Globe." Is she married?

MR. WILSON (absent-mindedly).—Ah! I—er guess not. I never heard anything against the

#### TO AN OLD DRESS-COAT.

I LOOK at thee dolefully, dear old dress-coat,
For numbered, I fear, are thy days—
Or rather thy nights—and no more canst thou float
On waves of the waltzers' wild maze. The presser's best skill can not make thee appear A newly-bought garment again. So here 's for our follies a smile, and a tear For hours too bright far to remain.

Dost think of the night when I first put thee on-How proudly we went to the dance!—

Of her whom perfidious another hath won?

We then saw but truth in her glance.

Ah, well! Many friends have we made since that night;

I hope that they all will prove true,

And curing my doubting will lessen her blight

When thou and my life were both new.

Years five have we frolicked together, old friend, At afternoon teas we 've been bored, At evening balls done our best to pretend Each girl, who was pretty, adored. But fun in full plenty we often have found, Met maids who have almost taught love, And thus shall I strive while the world wags around Cruel care from my heart to remove.

Rememberest when first we replied to a toast-Our speech, I suspect, was quite tame—
The night that our "full" beat the "flush" of our host, And won the best jack of the game? Will'st ever forget that a Patti oft raised Us out of our orchestra chair,

And how we fell back at a note that amazed

And shocked? Nicolini was there!

But, dear old dress-coat, after all these good times, Farewell I must bid thee at last; An end I must make to these rude rambling rhymes Recalling the fun of the past.

One day—oh, not "some day"!—when comrades tell me,
I hope with some sorrow, good-by,
Oh, then may they say, as I now say to thee,
We part from thee, friend, with a sigh! E. D. H.

A PARTY OF men never so deeply sympathize with another person as they do with a companion while he is telling a story which they all know by heart, but which he thinks they have never heard—and they pretend they have n't.

#### THE CAT AND THE BIRD.

A CAT having noticed a newly-stuffed Bird, which had just been brought Home, Pounced upon and Swallowed it in a Jiffy, and that very Night the Cat was made so deathly sick by the Chemical contents of the departed Minstrel that she was obliged to Cancel an Engagement to accompany her Intended to a Concert that evening.

MORAL.—Investigate before you Swallow, for pretty much everything is full of Chemicals.

THIT HAVE

#### A "NEW ARRIVAL."



"Ach, mein Gott in Himmel! Don't I vas glad I vas porn palt-headed!"

#### HOW TO GO.

So, dear Linda, you and Adolphus Hiram want to know how to go to the Liederkranz Masquerade Ball, do you? And you wish that Puck would suggest to you a few nice costumes, so that you may take your choice? Well, sweet little enchantress of our convoluted brain, we will electrify the gray matter sloshing around within our cranium, and we will try to think up something that will settle your surging doubts as an injunction settles a receiver.

Linda, you don't want to go as a Gitana. You have no use for a Queen of Night costume. Columbine does n't suit your style. You don't care to trail around in a Watteau Shepherdess dress with a main-sail reef down your back.

Of course not. We can suggest one or two things better. Why don't you powder yourself with granulated sugar and go as a gumdrop? Why don't you pepper yourself with peanuts and go as a hunk of taffy? Dye your hair green and be a mermaid. Put your feet in Saratoga trunks and pass yourself off for a Chicago girl. Flute your arms and represent a hairpin. Put yourself on springs and personate a yeast-cake. Put on a life-preserver and be a daisy. Dress

yourself up in the new code and go as the Genius of Liberty. Put a key in your ear and go as a clock. Curl your hair and go as a moss-bank.

Now, Linda, there are a few suggestions for you. You may have them at cost price, and give us your note for the remainder. We hope some of them will suit you. If no particular one does fill the bill, suppose you mix them all up together, and go as an agglomeration?

If that won't work, send to us once again, sweet child of lavish loveliness, or as many times as you want to. We are always here when beauty calls. Just try us and see.

As for you, Adolphus Hiram, we don't quite know what to do with you. Of course, you might get into a fight with John L. Sullivan and go as a blood-pudding. That is n't nice, is n't it?

Well, you are right, Adolphus, it is n't nice. But if that idea had come into your cerebral cavity, you could n't have helped ex-pressing it, either. But then, probably, your intellectual vacu-um would n't generate a conception of that sort.

We're sorry; but that is the best we can do for you, Adolphus Hiram. Somehow, we don't take as much interest in your costume as we do in Linda's, bless her soul! We are afraid we'll have to let it go at that.

Stay-a thought strikes us. How would it be for you to put on a pair of tight trousers, a wasp-waisted ulster, a low Derby with a verandah brim, toothpick shoes, your watch-chain outside your coat, half-a-dozen seal rings, a giddy scarf and a small moustache, and go to the Liederkranz Ball as a parody on the present

day? Nobody will recognize you as a gentleman.

"THOSE SHOES look rather in-

congruous."
"Yes," responded the individual with the clumsy shoes: "they are incongruous gaiters."

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.

Acquaintance.—I am astonished to see you in such an outlandish costume, Mr. Bigsafe.

Bank President.—You see, there are so many gangs around where I live that I would n't be safe a moment in any other clothes.

#### AT LONG BRANCH.

A morn, when the tide is low, And full of potato-skins, And you have to wade a mile or so To get in over your shins, That's the time the people run Right down to the ocean's rim And plunge right in, in the scorching sun,
To have a jolly swim.

But in the afternoon,
When all is cool and clear,
And the salt sea seems a wondrous boon,
And unto the bather dear, The people wet no toe
In the glorious green high tide;
For then it is out on the Bluff they go
To have a dusty ride,

#### PUCK'S RURAL LOCALETTES.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF PATENT-INSIDES.

[ These notices will be found thoroughly trustworthy, and may be safely used by any country weekly.]

Griffin Harris has sold two of his dry cows.

Comical Brown at the school-house, next Monday night,

Silas Deuzenbury, of Wilbraham Centre, has sawed ten cords of wood since the last day of April. Silas is eighty-four years of age, and is as hale and hearty as they

The South Framingham folks are holding a fair in the school-house this week.

The West Dalton folks are slow in paying up their sub-scriptions this year. Best settle up before we publish

There has been trouble in the choir of the Centreville Methodist Church lately. Too much of the Perkins family, some say.

Don't forget to take in Comical Brown's entertainment at the school-house next Monday night. It will be a rare treat for every one.

Chester Woodruff says he can chop more hickory-wood in a day than any man in the county. Let's hear from the county. Let's Larrabee boys!

'Lisha Perkins, who gradu-ated from the Academy last Fall, is schooling it in Centre-ville Hollow. 'Lisha is a chip of the old block.

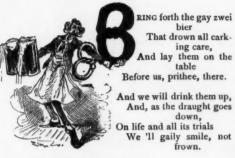
Comical Brown has a lot of brand-new jokes this season. The tickets for his entertainment at the school-house on Monday night are going off like hot cakes.

#### WE 'VE GOT IT RIGHT HERE.



WHY NEED WE GO TO THE FAR WEST TO ENJOY THE PICTURESQUENESS OF FRONTIER LIFE WHEN WE SEE IT EVERY DAY IN OUR OWN CITY?

#### BEER VISIONS.



We 'll think about the past, And smile at blasted hopes, And think about the Summer Upon the mountain slopes.

We 'll think about the sea, And flirting on the beach, And o'er the white topgallants We 'll hear the sea-gull screech.

We 'll think of lemonade,
Drawn up through golden straws,
And, drifting o'er the billows,
Of possible mother-in-laws.

Bring forth the gay zwei bier, Before us place it there, And likewise bring the pretzel, To drown all woe and care.

And when the festive glass Upon the table rings, We'll quite forget all trouble And fancy we are kings.

#### AN INDORSEMENT.

Dr. Leonidas Q. J. Bitterpill, Inventor, Proprietor and Manufacturer of the Everlasting Life Elixir and Youth Renewer.

None Genuine without the Name Blown in the Bottle.

#### GRIDDLEVILLE, N. J.

Dear Sir—I have no hesitancy in indorsing the Everlasting Life Elixir and Youth Renewer, two bottles of which you left at my Office for trial last month. In every instance where I have tried it, and given it anything like a fair chance to get in its work, it has had the most wonderful effect. As a recuperator of timid forces and latent energies I do not shrink to say it stands at the head of the procession. My mother-in-law, who has been a frail person from the cradle, when she was not excited, was able, after taking one dose, to give directions and lead the line of march while I carried the parlor stove down-stairs; and when my foot slipped, and I rolled down ten steps to the bottom, and the stove came after me and sat upon me in a careless and indifferent sort of way, she, single-handed, and without apparent exection, "hollered" for help and sounded the fire-alarm.

My landlord, who called the other day, was induced to take a small dose of the Everlasting Life Elixir for loss of strength, of which he grievously complained. The effect was almost magical. In less than half-an-hour he was able to raise my rent without the slightest help on my part. He has called for another dose, but I have put him off with an excuse. I think he is quite strong enough for the present.

One of my most intimate neighbors, who has long suffered with exceeding lassitude, ennui, and a great repugnance to exercise between meals, was induced by my wife to take a teaspoonful of your Everlasting Life Elixir, and the next morning I casually noticed that more than half of a fresh load of fire-wood had disappeared from my premises. I readily traced it

to the yard of my neighbor who had taken your unparalleled Elixir, and being anxious to test the powers of the medicine more fully, I called him in and gave him another spoonful. I sat up and watched the wood that night, and at about the hour of one my neighbor came out, and with the greatest ease and most perfect sang froid carried away the remainder of the pile. He left us so destitute that we were compelled to borrow enough wood from him to cook breakfast with. My neighbor has asked about the price of the Elixir and your address, but I have withheld the information he desires. I do not want him to buy a bottle until I can get a wood-house built, and have a strong lock put upon the door.

A stranger, who called recently and complained of feeling ill, was given a small dose of your magical Elixir, and went away seemingly much strengthened and in excellent spirits. I learned later that the visitor was the county assessor, and that he has raised the valuation of my personal property and a vacant swamp lot I happen to own from two hundred to eleven hundred dollars.



I can furnish any quantity of similar instances of the remarkable strengthening and invigorating powers of the Everlasting Life Elixir and Youth Renewer, at reasonable rates per instance, cash invariably in advance.



I am not indorsing patent - medicines for amusement this spring, as the work is wearing to the system and requires a great deal of wild, varied and original thought. Wild, varied and original thought comes high, and I am carrying such a small stock of it this season that I cannot afford to sacrifice it. You will, therefore, when you want other indorsements of the Everlasting Life Elixir, inclose twenty dollars for each indorse, not necessarily for publication, but as a mere evidence that you appreciate talent when you find it lying around loose.

P. S.—No objection to small bills.
Yours for health,

SCOTT WAY.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH once remarked or wrote, we have forgotten which, that none but the guilty can be long and completely miserable. But Oliver was wrong. We know a man who is not guilty of anything, and yet he is completely miserable. This is how he came to be miserable. The other day he went out in the garden with a long pole to knock a hornets' nest out of a tree-crotch, in order to put a birdhouse in its stead. If Goldsmith had met him about three-quarters of a second after he probed that hornets' nest, he would never have said to the world: "None but the guilty can be long and completely miserable."

#### TWO OF A KIND.



HOSTESS.—Mr. Dudington, this is Professor Strong, the famous inventor of the new steam brick-laying machine. Professor, this is Mr. Littleneck Dudington, the inventor of the new figure in the german that is so popular. You inventors must know each other better.

#### BALLAD OF PRIMITIVE WOMAN.

She lived in a primitive way,
She lived in a hut made of trees,
With never a moving in May,
Unless when invaded by bees.
Her husband had never night-keys—
Lodge nights were not then to deceive;
Nor was he addicted to sprees—
What a life led our relative, Eve!



111.

Her stew-pans she wrought out of clay,
Her knives were the shells of the seas,
And she dined on a spicy entrée
Of grapes and some ape-fricassées.
To sleep with the toes to the breeze
Was considered the cheese, I believe,
Which was health, no one but agrees—
What a life led our relative, Eve!

Envoy.

Cast off fashion's gay panoplies,

"Sassiety" maiden, retrieve;

Learn, while aping our "first familees,"

What a life led our relative, Eve!

ERNEST DELANCEY PIERSON.



II.

He had n't for bonnets to pay,
Which accounts for his efforts to please;
Nor did he growl round every day,
O'er his trousers that bagged at the knees.
Unheard of were fashion's decrees;
Her dolmans she knew how to weave
From grape-leaves with greatest of ease—
What a life led our relative, Eve!



"I HAD BREAKFAST late this morning, and don't feel at all hungry," she said, looking up timidly at the waiter: "so you had better bring me two plates of ice-cream."

"THE FUTURE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY" was the subject of a recent address by a college president. We don't know which university was mentioned, as we are not posted in the base-ball record up to date.

A GUMDROP—Reduction in the Price of Arctic Overshoes.

MOTTO FOR THE POSTAGE-STAMP—A Penny for Your Thoughts.

#### A SURE CURE.



MEMBER OF THE FINEST.—Paraloyzed, is it? Wait till I apply the Captain Williams Plasther to the sowls of him!

CHESTNUTS ARE the only article of diet that are sold out of human habiliments. You buy ham off a plate, and oysters off the shell; but chestnuts are always wrapped in cloth to keep them warm, as though they were as tender as young ducks. Yes, the smart Tuscan always sells you chestnuts out of some defunct garment; and he always has a faraway, poetic, twilight expression when he deals the seductive chestnut out of a remnant of the dress vest of the Duke de Montebello, or the army overcoat of Count de Chianti.

CLOTH OF GOLD—The Gambler's Table.

#### THE LAST BOARDING-HOUSE DODGE.



THOSE CURSED WITH MORE APPETITE THAN IMAGINATION SUFFER MOST.

#### BROKEN OFF.

THE young man had been spending a few weeks at Old Point Comfort, to bridge him over the horrible winter months.

Of course, it is a very delightful spot, and the young man who had succeeded in securing a leave of absence for the benefit of his health enjoyed the change immensely.

He sat on the piazza, and watched the old ocean as her myriad ripples danced in the sun, and looked like a blue enameled jeweler's tray, flowered with gold and sprayed with coefficients.

flowered with gold and sprayed with costly

And in one of these day-dreams this view was suddenly shut from his vision by a lovely girl who paused between him and the shore.

Before night they were acquainted and promenading about the hotel. In short, the promenading quickly ripened into love until it got dead ripe.

After their return to New York, it became necessary for the young man to make known to the young lady's father the state of affairs, and ask for the royal consent.

The young man was, of course, ignorant of the fact that the young lady had herself told her mother and sisters all about it, and they had told their cousins, who had circulated it among all their personal friends under bond of secrecy, until probably it was not known by more than five or six hundred persons.

This is what made it such easy business for the young man. Because he had no ice to break. As soon as he laid his hat on the office-

break. As soon as he laid his hat on the office-desk and opened his mouth, the old gentleman, in the delirium of delight at getting rid of his eldest daughter, lost his head and said:

"It's all right, it's all right; take her, my boy; take her and be happy. I know all about it. Mrs. Guff told me everything. You need n't tell me how much you are worth, or what your prospects are. I know all about your habits, prospects, salary and family. You are a good catch, my boy, a mighty good catch."

This rather staggered the young man.

"I came to see how I can break off the match."

match."

"What, break off the match!" repeated the would-be father-in-law.
"Yes, break it off."

"Why do you wish to do it?" asked the old

"Because," he said: "I have been working your record up, just as you have been working up mine. Your daughter wants a rich husband; I also want a rich wife. I find that all your property on Fifth Avenue is mortgaged to the chimney-tops, and you are worth nothing. If you paid what you owe, you would be carrying an advertising-banner on the public thorough-

The old man was dazed.

"I like your impertinence!"

"I suppose you do," said the young man:
"and I like yours. If you old coons who speculate with your daughters, and hope eventually to be taken care of by their husbands, would put off your record-hunting until you are asked for them, you would make out better in the end. Just paste that in your wife's springbonnet where she can see it occasionally

And now that young man has a diamond ring which he does not know whether to raffle R. K. M. off or keep for the next girl.

DISASTER.



Under her bonnet I kissed her, Under her bonnet of straw—
It would not have been strange had I missed her, For but half of her visage I saw.

A glimpse of her chin and her dimple— And her nose showed its exquisite tip; And it seemed so remarkably simple To carom right there on her lip.

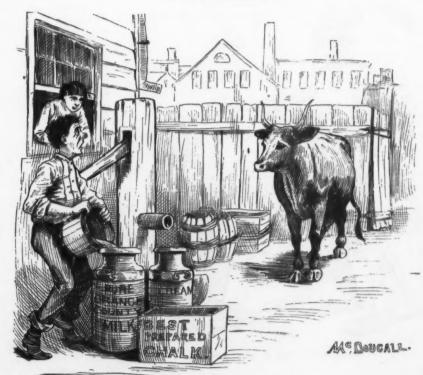
And under that mighty poke-bonnet I dived for a moment of bliss— You may wager your wardrobe upon it, I delivered a lightning-speed kiss.

Ves. under her honnet I kissed her-And somehow—the bonnet shows how-I found 'twas her Boston-bred sister.

There are two girls don't speak to me now.

THE Commercial Advertiser prints an article on the "Wrong Uses of the Bible." One of the wrong uses of the Bible that our esteemed grandaunt doesn't mention, is the pernicious habit of thrusting it under the corner of a bureau where a leg is off, so that the bureau may be a quadruped.

#### NO WONDER.



TERRIFIED CITY MILKMAN .- Great Scott! What 's that? Mary, bring the gun, quick, there 's a wild beast in the yard!

MARY (who was once in the country).—Why, you old fool, that 's a cow!

T. C. MILKMAN.—You don't say so!

#### A TRADITION.

MORE LIGHT ON THE HISTORY OF G. W.



his royalty, pride, pomp and cir-cumstance, was not proud. He did not vaunt himself, neither was he

puffed up. He hunted the aromatic polecat with the other papooses of his tribe, and at night returned hungry, happy and redolent of their ferocious game.

When George was seven years of age, his father gave him a bright new tomahawk that had never been used, and told him to wield it like a true warrior, and never to tell a lie. George was greatly pleased with his beautiful tomahawk, and had all he could do to keep from hacking something with its bright new blade. He remembered, however, that his father had warned him to take care of it and not to use it ignobly, so he controlled himself and obeyed.

One day he was tempted to cut some kindling with it for his royal mother; but he remembered that it would be unworthy a warrior of the royal wigwam of the Bulls to cut kindling, and he resisted.

Toward Fall, little George W. Sitting Bull walked over into the neighboring agency, with his glittering tomahawk in his belt. The morning was magnificent, and the air full of ozone. He was very fond of ozone, and frequently went forth in the crisp air to gather in ozone

Near the huckleberry-patch was the agency potato-vineyard, and through its clustering underbrush George could see the agent bugging potatos. George's little black eyes gleamed and his mouth watered. He slid through the grass on the pit of his stomach as quietly as a rattle-snake toward the potato-patch. He felt at his belt to see if his tomahawk was still there. It was.



-" Bravely done!" said the aged chieftain.-

George knew that the agent was a great favorite with his father, and yet he felt a strong desire to crawl through the fence and dedicate the new tomahawk while the agent stooped over his task. He struggled to throw off the spell; but it was useless. He took a fresh chew of to-bacco, hesitated a moment, to spit on his hands, then he clutched the HONEST IAGO.



FIRST TRAMP. - Was yer affected by the late failures? SECOND TRAMP.—Not pussonally; but a lot o' me wealthy friends suffered.

weapon, slid noiselessly through the brush behind the agent, and as he stooped to mash the never-dying soul out of a large black-and-yellow potato-bug, George jumped upon him like a panther, and clove the skull of the white man with the flashing blade. The agent fell with a sickening thud among the potato-vines, his new chip hat beside him, with a hole chopped in it where George's murderous weapon had sped.

Hastily abstracting a partially-used plug of Climax tobacco and a pocket-book from the agent's clothing, George Washington Sitting Bull, with his gory hatchet at his belt, fled into the forest like a frightened

All day he wandered through the woods; but at night he had resolved to go to his father and meet his fate. When he came to the royal tepee, old man Sit called the lad to him, and said:

"I know what you have done. You have cut down my favorite

"Ah, sir," said George: "as you seem to have the bulge on me and know all about it, I can not tell a lie. He came after me with a grub-hoe to take my life, and I had to do it in self-defense."

"Bravely done!" said the aged chieftain: "I hate to lose my pet Indian-agent, it is true; but I'd rather see all the Indian-agents in Christendom hacked up till their skins would n't hold their honest convictions than that my little George should tell a clumsy and improbable false-

#### A HE-ARIADNE.

HE MOANS FOR IMMEDIATE DEATH.

"Ta ta!" you said: "I will meet you At Mount Desert." And you looked remarkably sweet, you Did, you flirt!

And I turn to my dull old ledger,
To delve away;
And I wish I were running a dredger
Far down the bay.

I would hoist a sail on the derrick, And head her north,
And wild with a joy hysteric
I'd sally forth.

I would leave old Navesink Highland Far, far behind, And steer for your blessed island Before the wind.

And there I should probably find you Beneath a tree, With a shawl rolled up behind you, A-flirting free.

With an athlete bronzed and brawny Stretched at your feet, And a cheek for blushes too tawny— O, false and sweet!



Oh, give me a drink of poison, And death's repose; And a good Norse poet like Boyesen To sing my

#### THE BLUEST MONDAY.



STANDS for Monday,
The day the boys hate;
For then they move schoolward
With speller and slate.

They move to the school house So greatly abhorred, And see the old teacher Beside the blackboard,

"Vacation is over!"
Each vagabond cries,
And sadly the spit-ball
Across the room flies.

The pedagogue dodges
The grim missiles all,
Including the plaster
Pulled down from the wall.

He's met, through those urchins, With many a mishap; He views his chair-cushion As a fox does a trap.

And thinking about them— His troubles—he frets; This man in the school-house Earns all that he gets.

He dreams of vacation And all its sweet joys, And feels, now it 's over More sad than the boys.

#### THE BAGMAN'S STORY.

ADAPTED FROM ANY ENGLISH MAGAZINE.

It was a cold winter's night in the latter

No, on second thoughts—

The biting wind came howling across the downs, and—

Well—at any rate, it was a nasty night. And as the door of the cosy Red Lion closed behind me, and shut out the blessed vision of purl and dog's-nose and flip and other beverages of English Fiction that sound a great deal better than they taste, the night seemed to take on a blacker cast in contrast to the comfort within.

All Bagmen have noticed this peculiarity of nights.

I had a long journey before me, and in the pockets of my trousers was concealed the sum of £4,999.17.6—say four thousand nine hundred and ninetynine pun, seventeen and six. I had received this sum from mine host of the Red Lion in change for a £5,000 note which I had been

obliged to tender him in payment for my last round, as I had nothing smaller.

Hence it was that, notwithstanding the amount of fluid cour age I had concealed beneath my waistcoat, I felt a trifle timid. However, I buttoned my great-coat closely about me, and pushed deviously out into the night.

My way lay through Sheepscot Street and Pie Lane to High Horsebarn and the Hennery, a lonely walk at all times, as the reader knows, or will pretend to, rather than own to never having been in Lunnon, and absolutely deserted at this late hour.

I had gone perhaps half-a-mile when I became conscious that I was being followed. I stopped and peered into the darkness. An

stopped and peered into the darkness. An opportune flash of lightning revealed the dark and sinister features of a man whom I remembered to have seen in the coffee-room of the Red Lion.

[We have taken the liberty of eliminating at this point thirty-seven sheets of MS., solely designed by the writer to increase the amount of our check, at regular column rates.—Ed.]
. I had reached the loneliest part of the Hen-

. I had reached the loneliest part of the Hennery, and was congratulating myself upon having eluded my pursuer, when I suddenly beheld him standing directly in my path. He held a large pistol in each hand, and through the darkness I could see his fierce eyes glaving into mine. I had not time to speak or move

A RICH FIND.



"Hi, Tommy, run home an' fetch Tilly an' the baby; these ashes is chuck full er ice-cream!"

before he said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but can you direct me to a gunsmith's? I am a stranger in town."

I gave him the desired information; but my hair, which had been of raven blackness when I left the Red Lion, has become white as snow during the fifty years that have elapsed since that night.

F. E. CHASE.

THAT WHICH is called heat is simply and only an indicator of the rate and quantity of the chemical change going on among any of the different elements of matter that are chang-

ing their different densities and conductive powers and motions. And this vital scientific fact never occurs to a man with such overwhelming force as when he grasps the wrong end of the poker which his wife has heated to solder a tin fruit-can—though it must be confessed that the words he employs in explaining the theory are more profane than scientific.

LADY ANNE LIND-SAY wrote a poem when she was twentyone, but she did not acknowledge the authorship until after she was seventy years old, which may have been one of the causes contributing to a happy and advanced life.

COINS BECOME so antiquated that they are perfectly smooth and you cannot read the dates on them. It is the same with jokes.

Another Exposure.-The Antique Rug Business Shown Up.



DEALER.—About half an hour's more work, I think, Michael, will put the hundred-year touch on it.



THE CIRCUS.

Hear the drum. Hear the fife, Full of life, Hear the band Playing grand Melodies Sure to please. Hear the boy In his joy
Loudly shout
And jump about.
Hear the steam Whistle scream:

See the tiger, full of rage, Prancing up and down his cage; See the lion foam and pant, See the burly elephant. Then, oh, come, oh, come to-night, When the stars shining bright!

Come, oh, come in fine array, When the band begins to play, And the painted clown invokes Laughter with his ancient jokes: And the boy in blue arrayed Ladles out the lemonade; And the people ridicule Him who'd try to ride the mule. Be light-hearted, be as gay As a butterfly in May; All your care and sorrow drown, When the circus comes to town.

#### HE DID N'T KNOW.

The other day, as a train on the Pennsylvania road was whirling out of Grinder, a man stop-ped the conductor, who had just entered the car, and said:

"Can you tell me who started the story of

Washington and his little hatchet?"

"I cannot," replied the conductor, who made an effort to walk away.

"Hey!" said the traveler.

The conductor turned and came back. "Sit down for a minute; I want to talk to

you." The conductor sat down.

"Who was the man in the iron mask?"
"I don't know," said the conductor.

"Who wrote the Junius letters?"
"Never heard of them," replied the con-

"Do you know the cognomen of the individual who gained fame and notoriety by car-

oming upon the pic-turesque dial of the late-lamented W. Patterson?"

"I do not."

"Who is going to be our next Presi-dent?"

"I do n't know." "Will he be a Democrat or a Republican?"

inquired the traveler. "That I am unable to say," replied the

conductor.
"If a Congressman goes to Congress only with a view to making money, how much can he make if he has average good luck !"

The conductor shook his head nega-

"Who invented the 'thirteen puzzle'?

"Never heard," re-

plied the conductor, as he worked his punch on the air.

"Why are brewers always so fat and rosy?"

The conductor

again shook his head in a manner to indicate that that was a subject upon which he was not posted.
"Then why is a poet

always pale and thin?"

"Don't know anything about poets," responded the commander-in-chief of the snail-train, as he rubbed a lustre on one of his brass sleeve - buttons after almost blow-

ing his life out on it.
"Why is pie unwholesome?"

"I ain't Dr. Hammond!" responded the railroad official,

haughtily.
"What's good for chilblains?" inquired the traveler.

"I ain't an M. D., sir!"

"What are the best rules to be observed in fattening turkeys for the table?"

"Don't know any-

thing about agriculture," responded the railroad official, as he took off his cap and brushed his hair back out of his eyes with his hand.

"Now, suppose you owned a farm."
"Yes," smiled the R. R. official.

"And suppose there was a big swamp in it." " Yes."

"And suppose that fenugreek should get into that swamp.

"Then how would you get the fenugreek out ?"

Then the railroad man got mad and said: "Why do you ask me all these questions?" And the traveler replied:

"Because I have always heard that railroad men never know anything about a railroad. They never know where the train stops for dinner, or the time when the train leaves one place or arrives at another. And as they never

A CLOSE QUESTION.

THE NEW LAW US. THE POOR.



"An' is it puttin' thim wires undtherground they 're afther doin'? Faith, if Oi hang me claus up undtherground the divil 'll be afther 'em."

know anything about railroads, I thought I would ascertain if they know anything on any other subject. That's why I have questioned

And as the conductor left, he looked as though he would like to grab the traveler by the ear and punch that useful member like a ticket

#### PET PHRASES

WHICH WE HOPE NEVER TO SEE AGAIN IN THE COLUMNS OF OUR ESTERMED CONTEMPORARIES.

The extreme penalty of the law.

SARATORA

A revolting spectacle was witnessed.

Wielded the ash. Fiendish delight.

Sacred precincts.

To the bitter end.

The old war-horse.

Music by the band. A new lease of life.

Generous to a fault.

Unfortunate wretch.

Widow of the late-

Passionately fond of.

Tempest in a tea-pot. A stormy scene ensued.

"Say, wife, had n't we better put your clothes in the house and live in the trunk? Get more space,

#### AN OLD FRIEND.

This is the season of the year This is the season of the jurnalistic tradition to the appearant of the Wild Man. There is no more stable American institution than the Wild Man. That year should be marked with a black page in our history that fails to witness the advent of the Wild Man. No such year has yet arrived. The question of the Presidential succession has trembled in the balance; we have had years of alienation, active and un-healthy, from our Southern brothers; strange periods of change and disturbance have come to our young republic; but never yet has the season for the Wild Man come around without the Wild Man, Always prompt, always on hand at the proper time, he would be a valuable addition to any District Telegraph Messenger

Corps.

The Wild Man's favorite habitat is the woods of Tennessee; but some of him has been found in West Virginia, and a few have been known to affect Pennsylvania. Our own dear Empire State has made a praiseworthy though futile attempt at the production of a Wild Man. Cold and unimaginative New England has failed in her duty in the matter of Wild men, although the Concord School of Philosophy has raised some hopes in the breasts of those

who would fain see the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts show up a specimen that would outshine the best that the fertile South could do. The Wild Man is usually discovered by berry-

The Wild Man is usually discovered by berrypickers. When they see him, they drop their tin cans, their jug of switchel and their selfpossession and rush madly from the berried field, leaving behind them a broad swath of hair-pins and sun-bonnets.

Then the men of the neighborhood arm themselves with shot-guns of the pattern of 1813 and several jugs of whiskey, and start out in pursuit of the monster. The only fruit of their chase, if it may be spoken of as fruit, is usually

A COLD DAY.



"Chillun, owin' to de inclammacy ob de snow-storm, hit bein' now on de stroke ob ten, and de consekent inability ob de studen's to reach dis academy, I hev conclusened to dispense you to yer seberal domicles."

a neat collection of reptilia, most of the kind that are known to frequent the human boot,

Then comes a lull, during which the public mind remains in a state of gloomy suspense, mixed with feverish anticipation and punctuated with incredulity. Then two men who feel that they have a special and sacred call for the miraculous go out into the woods after chipmunks and casually encounter the Wild Man, who drives them from his sylvan lair with a fence-rail.

After this, the Wild Man is generally wrapped in obscurity, and right-minded people, as a rule, approve of this endeavor to supply the deficien-

cies of his toilette. But of late it has been held the proper thing to capture your Wild Man. This is a difficult and dangerous undertaking. Not because of any injuries which the Wild Man might inflict upon his pursuers during the process of capture; but because of the extreme awkwardness of disposing of your Wild Man after you have caught him.
Obviously, the proper thing is to sell him to a museum; but it is equally obvious that this is impossible. The sale can not be consummated without the delivery of the Wild Man. No museum yet recorded in the returns will accept the newspaper account of the capture of a Wild Man for the Wild Man himself. The patrons of a first-class museum would not like the substitution. You can not poke a newspaper account in the ribs with umbrellas, or test its linguistic powers with scraps of bad French.

The latest Wild Man caught this season spoke German. From this it was inferred that he was originally a misguided musician who lost his interest in the world through an unwise attempt to work out a theory reconciling Wagner and the Bible.

THE BOSTON Globe tells us how a turkey should be dressed. This is what the Globe has to say:

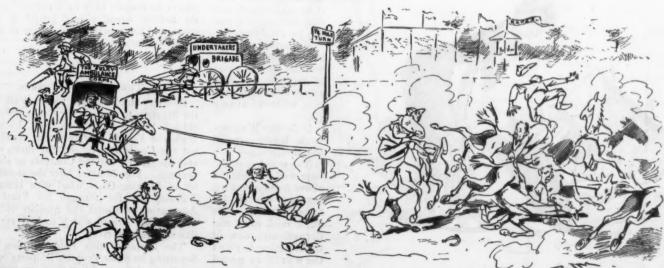
"How should a turkey be dressed?"

A turkey, in order to be well dressed, should first be wholly undressed. The fewer feathers a turkey has when it comes on the table the more angelic it will appear.

This is, no doubt, true; but we always thought a turkey—that is a society turkey—should be dressed in silk, and wear a light polonaise, a pink turban, a pair of high-heeled shoes, a seal-skin sacque and an ostrich feather. But the Globe is right when it says a cooked turkey is more angelic without feathers. Any one who has eaten feathers to any extent will tell you this.

An Appropriate epitaph for Ananias—" Hic jacet a jaceter."

"SPORT."



VIEW OF AN AMERICAN RACE-COURSE AFTER A FEW MORE YEARS OF JOCKEY-KILLING,

#### A FAN-SONG.

Fan me to rest, for sleep-time sweet is coming,
And oh! so tired I, and oh! so restless,
The grateful opiate of thy sereneful smiling
Only can charm me into thoughts distressless.
Fan me, love, fan me, love, daylight is dead, loveDead its dark sorrow, dead its wild jest;
Into the land of old bygones 'tis fled, love:
Fan me to rest!



Love, do you hear the last lone bird-born solo
Drifting this-way-ward from the grim great beeches? Render it o'er to me, and sing it low—low— Low as a lisp of wind o'er dark wood-reaches

Fan me, love, fan me, love, gone is the day's love. Gone its weird hatreds—yet I'm distressed! To-morrow I've got fifteen dollars to raise, love: F-f-f-fan me to res!!

EDWARD WICK.

#### THE WORLD.

Some people are always complaining that the world is not good enough, and that it ought to be better. We are very well contented with the world as it is. It is a good enough world as it stands, or rather as it rolls, and we are not disposed to find fault with it. However, we might make a few remarks on the subject, to let people know how we think the world could be improved, if there is any room for improve-An improvement might be brought about:

If every baker's pie hadn't a dyspeptic lin-

ing—
If humorists would let up on the stove-pipe and shaking the carpet-

If square meals and level, unlumpy beds were dispensed in boarding-houses—

If cigar-dealers would keep more than one

brand, and not give you the same cigar for fifteen cents that they give some one else for

If tailors would only have your clothes done

on the day they are promised for-

If one shoe would not wear out before its mate begins to run

over at the heel—
If people would only stop writing to editors telling them how to run their papers-

If men in theatres would not walk out over ladies' feet every time the curtain

If the trousers of the impecunious would not bag at the knees before they are a month old-

If all cornet, accordeon and autographalbum fiends could be impounded like cows and dogs-

If the milkman would not yell like an Indian in the morning, and wake people out of a sound sleep —

If country postmasters would not make a point of reading all the postal cards before delivering them-

If "Fair Play,"
"Veritas" and
"Honesty" would
only stop writing let-

ters to editors who have use for their space—
If there was only a game-law which would enable people to go out and shoot street-musicians at certain seasons of the year-

If the oldest inhabitant would not tell us how the Hudson River came to freeze over in the. summer of 1763, or something of that kind-

If the button-hole in the back of one's shirt would not always stretch itself out of shape in order to get sufficiently large to throw out the collar-button at will-

If the man who wants to know of an editor whether or not Buchanan preferred raw clams to chicken fricassée would stop prefacing his letter by stating that he has been a constant reader of the valuable paper for over sixteen

years-especially when the paper is not eight years old—

If every woman would not think her children the best children in the world, and that her son will one day be President-

If barbers would only remain silent, and not ask you a host of questions, and give you a lot of information, while shaving you-

If George Washing-ton's body-servant would only die-

The world might be improved a little if the above nuisances and outrages could be remedied; but, after all, a cool, calm and dispassionate view of the situation is that the world is good enough as it is.

R. K. M.

#### MARVELOUS!



FORTUNE-TELLER.—My friend, this here book tells me that you've just got over a terrible sickness—small-pox, I think; an' you've also had an accident—broken your arm, or something; an' you've recently lost a near and dear relative, an' you'll come into over sixty thousand dollars in about a couple o' months! One dollar 'n' a quarter, please.

SEVENTY-SEVEN BUCKETS FULL OF GORE:

OR, THE DEADLY TRAPPER OF THE HARLEM.

By FOXART G. LYNX.

Author of: "The Irish Scout;" "Aunt Maria's Terrible Adventure;" "Red-Handed Tim;" "The Knock-Kneed Detective;" "Old Slogan, the Indian Slayer;" etc., etc., etc.

### CHAPTER I. A HORRIBLE CRIME.

Murder! Murder!! Murder!!!

[The continuation of this thrilling romance will be found only in the July number of The Boys' Oun Fiend-Killer, which may be secured at any respectable news-

WHEN THE muezzin calls the faithful to prayer he doesn't blow on a cornet. If he did, the faithful would regard prayer as ineffica-cious, and the muezzin would have to work on a railroad for a dollar a day.

#### THE ANTERIOR TURKEY.

One day an old Turkey took a Walk through the Meadow to see how the Crops were getting along. Seeing a Hornets' Nest by a Stone Wall, she Fondly Imagined she could Hatch out the Contents. So she Sat down upon It, and did Hatch out the Contents in about two Seconds. Five Minutes later she stood upon a bit of Looking-Glass, filled with Humiliation, Running her Bill through her Feathers and Attempting to Count the number of Perforations in her Breast, which looked very Much like a Nutmeg-Grater.

The Moral of this Fable teaches us that Squatting on other People's Property is a Perilous Proceeding; and that there are some Humble Institutions which can not be Sat Upon.

#### "THE TRUNK HE LEFT BEHIND HIM."



HERE IS A CHANCE FOR A GENIUS WHO CAN ADAPT A TOUCHING OLD AIR TO THE USE OF BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPERS.

#### "HEAP BRAIN."



CH HARM has been done by a long-haired phrenologist in the West who has, during his life, felt of over a hundred thousand heads. A comparison of a large number of the charts given in these cases shows that, so far, no head examined would indicate anything less than a member of the Lower House of Congress, Artists, orators, prima-donnas and statesmen are plenty, but there are no charts showing the natural-born farmer, carpenter, shoemaker, or chambermaid

That is the reason butter is so high west of the Missouri River to-day,

while genius actually runs riot.
What this day and age of the world needs is a phrenologist who will paw around among the intellectual domes of free-born American citizens and search out a few men who can milk a cow in a cool and unimpassioned tone of voice.

It is true that every man in America is a sovereign, but he had better not overdo it. The man who sits up nights to be a sovereign, and allows the calves to eat his brown-eyed beans, is not leading his fellow-man up to a higher and nobler life. This sovereign business can be run in the ground if we are not careful.

Very likely the white-eyed boy with the hickory dado along the base of his overalls is the boy who in future years is to be the President of the United States. But do not, oh, do not trow, fair young reader, that every Albino youth in our whole broad land who wears an isosceles triangle in navy-blue flannel athwart his system is going to be the Chier Magistrate of this mighty republic.

We need statesmen and orators and artists very much; but the world at this moment also needs several athletic parties with the horsesense adequate to produce flour and other vegetables necessary to feed

the aforesaid statesmen, orators, etc., etc.

Let me say a word to the bright-eyed youth of America. Let me murmur in your ear this never-dying truth: When a long-haired crank asks you a dollar to tell you that you are a young Demosthenes, stand up and look yourself over at a distance before you swallow it all.

There is no use talking, we have got to procure provisions in some manner, and in order to do so the naturalborn bone and sinew of the country must go at it and promote the growth of such things, or else we artists, poets and statesmen will have to take off our standing collars and do it ourselves.

Phrenology is a good thing, no doubt, if we can purify it. So long as it does not become the slave of capital, there is nothing about phrenology that is going to do harm; but when it becomes the creature of the silver dollar, it looks as though the country would be filled up with wild-eyed genius that has n't had a square meal for two weeks. The time will surely come when America will demand less statesmanship and more flour; when less statistics and a purer, nobler and more progressive style of beef-steak will demand our attention.

I had hoped that phrenology would step in and start this reform; but so far it has not, within the range of my observation. It may be, how-ever, that the mental giant bump-translator with whom I came in contact was not a fair representative. Still, he has been in the business for over thirty years, and some of our most polished criminals have passed under his hands.



An erroneous phrenologist once told me that I would shine as a revivalist, and said that I ought to marry a tall blonde with a nervous, sanguinary temperament. Then he said, "One dollar, please," and I said, "All right, gentle scientist with the tawny mane, I will give you the dollar and marry the tall blonde with the bank-account and bilious temperament when you give me a chart showing me how to dispose of a brown-eyed brunette with a thoughtful cast of countenance, who married me in an unguarded moment two years ago."

He looked at me in a reproachful kind of way, struck at me with

a chair in an absent-minded manner, and stole away.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER-Sausage-Meat.

#### A DOMESTIC ALLEGORY.

WANTED .- A COOK.



PATERFAMILIAS.—NEXT!!!

ALL THE SAME IN DUTCH - Beer.

UNDER THE ROSE - The Scratching Hen.

A MINOR SINGER - The Baby.

GOT THE DROP-The Recent Murderer.

PUTTING UP THE STOVE-PIPE—Adjusting an Election Bet.

HEAD - WORK-Shampooing.

A FOOTPAD - The Cork

JUST LIKE CLOCKWORK-The Works in a Watch.

THE ACTOR'S FUND-Five Cents for a Beer.

DESPERATE MEASURES — The Licensed Vendei's.

"HAVE YOU had your pic-

tures taken?"
"Never," he replied.

"And why not?" she in-

quired.

'I suppose, because I never could get on the Hanging Committee."

He was an artist.

#### THE OLD MINSTREL JOKE.

What's not destroyed by Time's devouring hand?

—Bramston's "Art of Politics"

The minstrel joke, I'd have you understand.

We know when it's coming—the performers all sit With a look on their faces of "Get ready to split," And then for the millionth time down comes the stroke, And you laugh yourself hoarse at the old minstrel joke.

Or, at least, you're expected to laugh yourself hoarse, Though most people feel sad regret and remorse For the man who in evident kindness awoke From its antediluvian grave that old joke.

From the almanac printed in the year B. C. One Was extracted this bon mot of wit and of fun: Perhaps when you see it it wears a new cloak; But wait till you hear it, that old minstrel joke.

And yet, can't you fancy the time long ago
When Shem, Ham and Japheth sat in the front row?
How exceedingly funny to those country-folk
Must have been this same thrice-encored old minstrel joke!

Can't you fancy Cain's wife—you certainly can— As to hide her broad laughter she holds up her fan, And Cain going out for a clove and a smoke, Laughing all the way at the old minstrel joke?

How old Zedekiah, berobed and becrowned, Must have sent his vest-buttons a-rolling around, And forgotten the hard Babylonian yoke, As he hawed and haw-hawed at the old minstrel joke!

But now, when from out "The Editor's Drawer" We can get jokes not *quite* so moss-covered and hoar, O, Sambo, forgive if we murmur and croak When you try to amuse with that old minstrel joke.

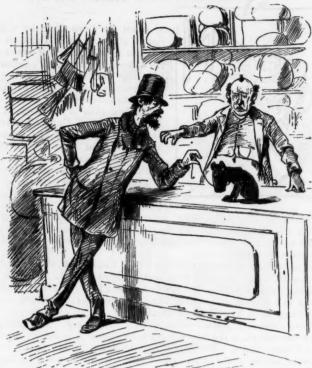
Chacun á son goût! (though it give him the gout,)
Some listener still may perhaps sit it out,
Laugh in the right place, and encourage the moke
Who continues to get off that old minstrel joke.

But 'tis weary, I know, let us finish its race, Kill it, stuff it, and mount it within a glass case, Or else in some alcohol put it a-soak, And label it "Poison!"—that old minstrel joke. CLARENCE URMY.



IT is the man with the basket of eggs who always manages to establish the most disastrous connection with the pavement banana-peel.

#### WORTH THE HAVING.



"I tell you, Levi, if yer don't wanter advance anything on the pup, well and good; but I tell you he's a daisy. He comes o' such good fightin'stock that fleas dars n't settle on him!"

#### THE VISIONARY ROBIN.

A HAPPY Robin was one day Chanting a Requiem over the Deceased Summer in the Forest. Having finished, it said:

"And now I'll away to the Balmy Land, where all the year the Magnolias are full of Humming Birds, where—"

In Response to the Bang of a Gun in a Small Boy's hand, the Robin concluded not to go South, and two days after it was Sold for a Quail on a Railroad Lunch Counter for a dollar.

MORAL. - Don't Sing too loud until you are out of the Woods.

#### NEEDED



A SOCIETY FOR CLOTHING . THE POORLY CLAD FEMALES OF THE UPPER CIRCLES.

## WHEN THE YEAR'S AT ITS BEST.



Oh, now's the time when the year 's at its best,
And my heart is fu!! of joy,
With copper-toed shoes and a nankeen vest
I could think me once more a boy. For my heart grows young as the days grow long,
And the summer is fair and kind,
And the pickaninny crunches all day long
On the watermelon rind.

There 's the sound in the air of the singing birds, And the breeze that fans my cheek
Is soft as the music of tender words
That a maid will blush to speak.
Oh, the joy of living grows keen and strong,
As in days left far behind, When the pickaninny crunches all day long On the watermelon rind.

For the summer-time is the sweetest time
For a man with an old-fashioned heart;
And his thoughts go jogging into rhyme,
When memory takes a start.

New loves and hopes are in his song,
With the dear old dreams entwined— When the pickaninny crunches all day long On the watermelon rind.

#### MR. DENNIS TELLS A DREAM.

"I had a terrible dream last night," observed Mr. Dennis to his wife the other morning.
"I should think you did."
"What did I do?" inquired Mr. Dennis.

"You flourished your arms around the bed like a threshing-machine, and yelled for help at the top of your voice."

"I'll never eat any more lobster salad before I go to bed," said Mr. Dennis, thoughtfully.
"I should advise you

not to. What was your dream?"

"I dreamed," continued Mr. Dennis: "that I went out rowing with your brother Tom. It was Sun-

day."
"Of course," interrupted Mrs. Dennis, impressively: "you can't expect good dreams when you dream of going boating on Sunday."

"As I was saying," resumed Mr. Dennis, without noticing the interruption: "we started out Sunday morning to have a row. We rowed down the Bay and round Coney

Island Point "'Let's go in swim-ming,' said Tom,"

"It couldn't have been Tom," again interposed Mrs. Dennis: "He doesn't know how to swim." "Who had this dream,

you or 1?" said Mr. Dennis warmly: "I guess a man can dream what he likes to, without being contradicted every few minutes. As I was remarking, Tom asked me to go in swimming. I said I was willing, and we pulled off our clothes."

"That was simply dis-usting," interrupted Mrs. Dennis for a third time: "It was not enough for you to go rowing on Sunday, but you must go in swim-ming at Coney Island without any bathing-clothes. I am surprised."

To this interruption Mr. Dennis made no response, save a look of deep disgust. After a pause he resumed: "As I was saying, I dreamed that we went in swimming right off the Point. The water was colder than our soup last night at dinner, and I felt chilly."

"Of course you did. You ought to have known better. You never could stand a cold-water bath,"

interposed Mrs. Dennis.
"When you have finished your sage observa-tions about my dream, I will go on," replied Mr. Dennis, with dignity: "As I was saying, we

jumped in the water and started out to swim

for the beach, which was two miles away.
"I didn't know you could swim that far,"
observed Mrs. Dennis, with a look of incredulity. "I can't," responded Mr. Dennis: "neither

can I tell you this dream, unless you let me go on without interrupting me forever. As I was saying, we started out. Before we got half a-mile I felt a cramp in my arm and began to kick."

"Yes," interposed Mrs. Dennis: "I remember that part of it."

"As I was saying," resumed Mr. Dennis, after

STOPPING THE DRAFT.



MOTHER .- Where does all this smoke come from? Boy .- Why, pop went up ter fix ter chimbly, and I guess he's tumbled down. MOTHER.-Well, I declare! He might stop smoking for a few minutes!

a long and pointed pause: "The cramp then

left my arms and went into my legs; then I struck out and hit the water with my hands."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Dennis. It was not the water you hit," contradicted Mrs. Dennis.

"Have it your own way," replied Mr. Dennis,

wearily. "As I was saying, I began to drown, and no one came to my rescue, although I shouted as loud as I could. I finally began to sink. I went down twice, and was just going down the third time when you waked me up."

"Yes," observed Mrs. Dennis, with enthusiasm: "and it was a very good thing for you

that I did."

"How so?" inquired Mr. Dennis.

"You would certainly have drowned if you had gone down the third time."

THE INDIANS of Montana have given up burying their dead on elevated graves. This is not due so much to the influence of the missionaries as to the scarcity of wood.

A CROCK OF BUTTER fifty years old was recently found in an old well in Illinois. It is believed that the butter dug the well. The men who dug it out say it was strong enough.

"WHAT IS so rare as a day in June?" Oh, that's what you want to know, is it? Well, Delia, we know of something much rarer
—broiled steak in a friedsteak boarding-house.

So you want to know why a Turkish rug is like Gould, eh? Why, because the older it gets the more it is worth; or because it is only fit to be used under foot, or something of that

UNAPPRECIATED NATIVE TALENT.



FOND MOTHER.—I think Violet's voice ought to be cultivated abroad. SENSIBLE FATHER, -- Anywhere would suit me, except at home.

#### \* PICKINGS FROM PUCK. \*

#### THE LAST DROP.



WHEN A MAN is drinking soup, he never for a moment knows how delicious it is until he has swallowed all in the plate except a spoonful. While the plate is almost full, or nearly half-full, the diner doesn't seem to enjoy or appreciate it. He stirs it brusquely around, and goes on talking without paying any attention to it, or treating it with anything like polite consideration. Soup is very much like money:

when you have plenty, you set no value on it; but when it begins to decrease, you place upon it a price that is simply outside the pale of reason.

When there is only a spoonful of soup left in your plate, it, of course, obeys the laws of philosophy and spreads itself all over the bottom of the plate, and you almost wear the spoon out trying to scoop it up. After you have made about fifty scoops, there seems to be just as much soup as there was at the start. Then you run the point of the spoon dexterously around the plate, and secure a little in that way. But all the while you wish you could go back about three minutes in your life, and have that plate of soup before you again. Then you would try to appreciate it.

It becomes maddening to think that you cannot get that spoonful of soup, and you make up your mind that you will get it, even if you have to tip the plate up. You can remember perfectly well that during your childhood you were several times severely reprimanded for tipping your soup plate up, and that at the time you thought it as proper

to tip your plate as to tip your tumbler when you drink water. You know now, however, that it is highly improper to tip your soup-plate up, but you also take into considera-tion the fact that your parents are not at the table to knock you senseless as soon as you perform the deed, and this fact strengthens your determination.

You think some one may see you and circulate a report that you were raised on the plains, and know nothing of the requirements of good society; but this argument you offset by one which you consider equally strong. The latter is that if any one sees you tip your plate, that person may simply regard you as a man of quick impulse. Or he may think you are absent-minded.

And, anyhow, you argue to yourself that it is no worse for you to tip your plate than for Smith to drink his soup from the end of his spoon, or for Jones to eat off his knife, or for Brown to eat pie with a spoon, or for Robinson to open his mouth until he seems an uncouth travesty on a gaping greyhound, and proceed to pick his teeth with his fork.

While these thoughts are surging through you, the waiter stretches forth his hand to seize

the plate, but you notice the movement and take hold of the plate yourself, and as the waiter retires, filled with consternation and curiosity, you proceed to tip the plate as covertly as possible. After you have raised it about the fiftieth of an inch some one speaks, and you put that plate down as though it is red hot. remark totally irrelevant to soup, soup-plates and table etiquette generally will cause you to stop tipping your plate and try to look unconcerned in the hundredth part of a second.

But you want that soup in the worst way, and the more you look at it, the more you want it. It is like the solitary rosy apple that hangs at the top of the tree late in the autumn. When the apples were gathered, this one was allowed to remain undiscovered until a small boy espied it as he walked along the road one day. He whistled and went on his way; but the next day he saw it again, and he threw a stone at it, missed it, and went on to school. On the way home from school he saw it again, threw

SERVANTS' SUAVITY.

spoonful of soup defied you to successfully se-

There were barrels and barrels of apples at home, but the boy wanted that one, just as you want that identical spoonful of soup, when there is a tureen full within a few feet of you. And the boy was willing to submit to the rudeness of the dog in order to secure it, just as you are willing to run the risk of being disgraced to get that soup.

Your efforts are noticed at their most maddening period by the lady at the end of the table, who asks, as she stirs it up with the ladle:

"Won't you have some more soup?"

Her kind request seems to you a scorching satire. There is nothing in the world that you would rather have than another plate of soup. But you know that when the lady asked you she did it simply out of politeness, and that she would be frightened half to death by a reply in the affirmative. You think all this in the smallest part of a second, and reply, as though

startled out of a dream: "No, thanks; I have had plenty!"

And as the waiter takes your plate away, you try to smile, while your heart is almost

breaking.

There is only one way to get the spoonful of soup that remains in the plate successfully, without tiring yourself out, thrashing the air, and the bottom of the plate with your spoon, and that is this: Wait until you are sure no one is looking, and then sponge it up in a piece of bread.

"HELLO, SMITH!" said one

RK.M.



MISTRESS.—Bridget, I don't like the idea of having all these men down-stairs.

BRIDGET.—Divil a man here, mum; they all be gintlemin; but I will ax thim up-shtairs if ye loikes.

two stones at it, missed with both, and then he

wanted that apple.

If he had knocked it down with the stone the first day, he would not, in all probability, have gone over the fence after it. He had plenty of apples at home; but the apple he wanted was the identical one that had defied his efforts to bring it down. That apple had defied his efforts to bring it down, just as the

"Emptied three flasks of powder? By Jove!" "No, not powder-whiskey." DURING THE fishing season the way of the grasshopper is

IF A man is nothing at the start, and by hard work and perseverance amounts to something, every man stands up and tries to belittle him by telling him what he was at the start. On the contrary, if he continues to amount to nothing, and dies under the auspices of a rope, the public stands up and says what he ought to have been and what he might have been had he only been stimulated by ambition.

hard.

#### SHE MEANT WELL.



Our Landlady Bought a Spring-Bed for the Fat Boarder.

This Shows How He and the Bed Were Out, at the First Try.

## \* PICKINGS FROM PUCK. \*

## OFFICE INSPIRATION.



LOOK AT the dangling curls, And look at the mellow eyes That peep from beneath her tresses In childish and glad surprise.

And look at the stunning hat, And its airy, flowerful charm, And the nicely rounded shoulder, And the bit of snowy arm.

I think I should like to be
With her in a garden fair,
And watch the breezes wanton
With those strands of ribboned hair,

I'd like to take her out
A-rowing upon the lake,
And have her smile upon me,
And address me as 'Pete' or 'Jake.'

But this can never be,
And I think it a perfect shame
That I know not the pretty maiden—
I know not even her name.

I met her not by the sea,
Or the mountain water-fall,
Or at a swell reception—
I have met her not at all.

It's dreadfully sad to say it:
Ne'er by her side I'll strut;
She dwells on a shelf in the office,
And she's only a fancy cut.

A RED SETTER-The Sun.

INDIAN TERRITORY—A Square Yard in Front of Every Tobac-conist's.

THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE—Your Mother-in-Law.

ADVANCED THOUGHT—Figuring on Next Year's Salary.

It is not positively necessary to wear knee-breeches and a polo-hat to become a proficient tennis-player. You can fall down, get in the players' way, and deserve the cordial hatred of all concerned just the same in trousers that bag at the knee, and a last year's Derby with a weary lining.

FRESH EGGS now have the date of their birth stamped on the shell, which obviates the necessity of resorting to the ancient methods of determining whether they have lived over the allotted time. Now, if the man who originated this idea will start a chicken department on the same principle, he will receive the blessings of countless thousands who, in spite of the tearingunder-the-wing business, have been basely deceived.

A STORY IS TOLD of a Western woman who prevented a crowd of thirteen men from getting through a doorway to lynch her husband. We know that Western women are plucky. But New York can beat that. Not long since a woman kept back an angry crowd of fifty on the Elevated station, while endeavoring to fish a nickel for her fare out of a satchel crammed full of dress-samples and buttons.

An exchange tells of a boy who was frightened so that he has not been able to talk since. It would n't be a bad idea to find out the nature of the fright, and spring it on the barber just when he commences to soap you.

ON THE LINE-The Clothes-Pin.

#### A LARGE CONTRACT.



"LOOK AT THE MAN, POP-AIN'T HE JUST SASSY, A-TRYING TO STRANGLE A HOSS!"

### A LITTLE ALLEGORY.



PORTRAYING TEMPTATION LEADING CONCEIT.

#### TUMBLE-BUGS.

ooks, like magicians, are weird, mysterious mortals. They dress differently, to be sure, but the mission of both is to deceive people, which they do with grace and ease. The cook, like the conjurer, always has

his sleeves rolled up, to convince you that there is no deception. He gracefully drops a piece of cold roast-beef that was left over from the day before into the sauce-pan, which is followed by some peas, parsley, carrots, and a little water. The pan is then placed daintily on the stove, and, after making two or three lunges at it with his wand, in the shape of an iron spoon, the trick is ready to be presented to his audience, which is made up of waiters. He then asks

what particular dish they desire. After they have given their orders for beef à la mode, Irish stew, lamb pot-pie, roulade of beef à la Jardinière, he holds the pan up high, where all can see that there is no secret mechanical appliance used, and, after making a few pleasant remarks, he gracefully fills all the orders from the one sauce-pan, in the same manner that the wizard Heller used to pour any desired liquor out of his magic bottle. The cook can also do an endless number of tricks with soups. But he can't monkey with boiled eggs.

Miss—well, we won't mention the lady's name, with her face wreathed in a great big self-satisfied smile, had just taken a pan of smoking biscuits from the oven, which was her first attempt at baking, when her youngest brother came in the kitchen, and made some exasperating remark about the appearance of her first effort, and she, chafing under his criticism, tossed one of the dainty morsels at him, striking the back of his head. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of accidental death. She did n't know it was loaded.

A NATIONAL food council is to be held in the autumn in London, One was held here the other day. Three tramps held a conference in

front of a grocery-store, the subject of debate being the quickest and best means to adopt to get away with a West-phalia ham that was hanging near the door. Just as they had elected an executive committee of one to do the grabbing, a lady came along and bought the ham. The meeting then adjourned.

THERE IS a poem going the rounds entitled, "Under the Chestnuts." We did not read more than the heading, but should judge it was something about the end men's chairs in the minstrels'. W. C. G.

# MR. MARDIGRAS O'MALLEY.

DIGRAS O'MALLEY, the foreman of the night-shift in the Golden Goose Mine, was a great practical joker. He was passionately fond of little April Fool surprises and sells and gags and guys by which he could make some one feel silly, and then join in the laugh with much merriment. He was the kind of man to pull your chair away while you made a response to a toast, and then he would ripple forth into merry laughter when you drove your spine into the floor and pulled

the table-cloth, with \$987 worth of Mumm's Extra Dry and cut glass,

into your lap.

Mardigras O'Malley worked nights, and thought of deviltry day-times. He worked twelve hours, and his mental relaxation during the other twelve was to ponder on some scheme by which he could induce a warm personal friend to swallow a can of what he called "consecrated or "joint powder," or break his neck for the enjoyment of the careless throng. We had one gosling named Harrison. He worked nights at the mine, and the boys called him Malignant Measles because he was always doing something rash. You know how a crew of men will get to calling a man some kind of a nom de plume or other, and it will stick to him a hundred years.

Mr. Malignant Measles was all the time bragging about his tough feet. He said he could run a mile through the snow barefoot, and never even get up a glow on the soles of his feet. He allowed that he would run a half-mile and back for a purse of ten dollars any night between Christmas and New Year's Day, Marquis of Queensberry rules.

Finally Mardigras O'Malley saw a chance to have some fun, and so he raised the purse, and held the money in his hands as referee.

O'Malley got appointed one of the judges, and a friend of his named Truman J. Wise was the other. Mr. Wise was a kind of poker

partner of O'Malley's.

Well, they picked out a regular old stinger of a night, when the mercury begged to be brought in and cared for. We all nearly froze. They were afraid that Measles would n't get the full benefit of the cool and bracing air, so the judges sprinkled salt on the snow, and got him out there ready for the start. Measles said:

"Now you must get me started right away, bekuz, you must rikol-lect, I'm in my bare feet, rikollect, and you fellers has got your over-

O'Malley said that was all right, and asked Wise whether Measles was to start on the word, or at the drop of the handkerchief, or on

the firing of a revolver.

Wise thought a revolver-shot was the most abrupt and spontaneous sound with which to start a fleetfooted flyer from Flytown. O'Malley thought that "One, two, three —go!" would be just as good; but Wise mildly suggested that he could not possibly agree to that old, played-out process. O'Malley gave his reasons why it was just as well, and urged the inconvenience of finding a revolver in a mining camp. Nineteen, all loaded, flashed forth in answer to this argument.

Malignant Measles began to get restless. He stood on one foot and then on the other. His feet began to look like those of the November gander. He did n't see why either way would n't do. Still the two judges were stubborn. They stood there and argued the matter up and down. It seemed to me like an hour that those two men labored with each other, while Measles paddled around over the salted snow.

Once he started to go into the camp, and said he'd come out when they got the thing settled; but Wise said they'd agree in a minute, so they got Measles back and commenced the parley again.



-He knocked O' Malley clear over a tall man .-

All at once it began to bore its way into the place where Measles's brain should have been that O'Malley was working off one of his prac out. He knocked O'Malley clear over a tall man, and before the judge could recover had secured the ten-dollar purse. Then he put his cold feet in the pit of O'Malley's stomach, warmed his icy hands in Mr. O'Malley's clustering hair, and kneaded him up generally.

I do not remember when I ever saw such a spontaneous retribution.

or the frosty air so full of whiskers and other débris.

Mardigras O'Malley had to introduce himself to all his old friends after he got well. Pulling a man's nose out about six inches, like a concertina, and tying a knot in it, will change the expression of most any

man's face.

That's the way it was with O'Malley. When his nose got well enough, so that he could wipe it with a steam-derrick and a bed-quilt, he went to work; but you could n't make him touch a practical joke with a ten-foot pole. He hated to give any one needless pain, he said. BILL NYE.

SYMPATHY.



MR. A. (who has come out for a day's pleasure on his friend's yacht). - Say, Jack, what 's all the racket overhead?

JACK.—There's a vessel to windward making signs of distress. MR. A. (very faintly) .- Signs of distress? Send 'em some basins.

A HORNET in the bush is worth two in the neck.

A SEDENTARY PURSUIT? Why, we don't know what it is. You might apply to a messenger-boy for information.

THE REASON that many newspapers known as blanket-sheets have such a circulation is because of their very size, which makes them available for cutting patterns out of.

A YOUNG LADY of Chicago, when recently asked to sing at a party, took a dose of poison to avoid the performance. When she recovers the company propose to present her with a handsome sum of money. Such examples should be encouraged.

THE MAN who will sit half the day in a country grocery-store, and talk about the rascals who are in office, and rail loudly of the way in which the people are defrauded, and speak about the necessity of purity and honesty in politics, and lament the death of the old Jackson style of Democrats, is just the man who will steal out at night, and wait two hours for the moon to slip behind a hill or a cloud, that he may have a good chance to help himself to his neighbor's wood-pile without being observed.

#### THOSE HORRID SUNDAY PAPERS.



"Why, Josiah—not ready for church!"
"Can't think of church to-day, my dear; am not half through with the papers."

#### THE MESSENGERS OF FATE.

THERE ARE still a few people treading the crust of this hemisphere who honestly believe that peacock-feathers are harbingers of ill-luck. Mr. Bungerly, a believer in this superstition, called on his friend, Mr. Plunk, the other evening. Mr. Plunk had his house profusely decorated with the alleged trouble-breeders, and Mr. Bungerly talked so long and earnestly about the terrible misfortune that must certainly fall upon the household if it continued to harbor the fatal plumage of Satan, that Plunk actually imagined he saw before him one of the most realistic panoramas of ruin and desolation that the brain of man could conceive.

He vividly saw himself going from door to door selling lead pencils. He heard his little ones, gaunt and pale, crying piteously for bread. He saw his wife with a pail and scrubbing-brush, asking for work. The cold perspiration was standing out on his forehead like glass agates, and chills of a Baffin's Bay temperature were playing up and down his back like kittens. He was aroused from his harrowing reverie by Mr. Bungerly's remark that "The future happiness of yourself and your family depends on it."

After a lapse of ten minutes Bungerly took his departure. Mr. Plunk proceeded at once to divest the house of its prismatic plumage, and after tying the feathers into a bundle, he hurled the bundle into the furnace. He retired feeling that he was on the verge of a new life, and slept as peacefully as a child.

In the bright A. M. he was rudely awakened by the lady he promised to love and protect, picturesquely arrayed in one of his coats and a pair of rubber boots. At first he imagined he was in Venice, as the bed was floating dreamily about the room. After the Venetian hallucination had flitted away, which was in about the millionth part of a second, he discovered that a pipe had burst in the bath-room overhead. He yelled for the hired-girl; but she was too busy bailing the water out of her trunk in the

basement to hear anything. This wild scene of devastation was punctuated by the plaster of the ceiling below falling in installments on the piano and bric-à-brac with the regularity of a minute-sun

minute-gun. He hastily drew on his trousers and a pair of arctics, and waded up to the headwaters of the deluge. The room looked like the Geyser Springs of Colorado. He tried in vain to plug the hole with soap, but it refused to be plugged. The stream had now increased in size, and was energetically playing at an angle of forty-five degrees on the wall-paper, the colors of which were fast melting into each other, resembling very much a painting by one of the old masters, As the water rushed through the aperture in the pipe, it made a loud, hissing noise, as if laughing through its teeth at his misfortune. Seeing that this dallying meant ruin, he rushed down stairs

and quickly donned a black-and-yellow-striped smoking-jacket and the first hat that came to his hand, which hopelessly failed to add the least atom of dignity to his appearance, as it happened to be his daughter's red "Tam," which in the hurry had assumed a very rakish attitude. But when a man is going for a plumber, under these circumstances, he rarely stops to consider whether an opera-hat or a derby would be the more appropriate.

He ran wildly down the street, performing as he went the functions of a sprinkling-cart, as the water that had collected in his boots and trousers was pumped out into a very substantial Scotch mist, through which his radiant costume shone like a summer rainbow. He returned shortly with the plumber, and the flow of water was quickly staunched.

After Mr. Plunk had changed his personal appearance from that of a Spanish pirate to that of an ordinary business-man, he hurried out, without a word, into the roar of the cold, busy metropolis. In about eight minutes he returned with four large bunches of peacock-feathers, which he distributed with a lavish hand from cellar to garret, not so much to produce an artistic effect as to be thoroughly aware that they were on the premises. He then told the servant that when that old bald-headed fool with the hair growing out of his ears called again, to tell him that Mr. Plunk was out, and that she didn't know when he would be back; and also to tell him to request his wife to return that silk basque with the lace sleeves and ruching she borrowed when she had her picture taken.

W. C. GIBSON.

THE SEA-SERPENT recently made his appearance near Ocean Grove. They don't sell any liquor at Ocean Grove, but they have a brand of sermons down there that answers the purpose.

# FRIENDSHIP'S CO-OPERATIVE SCHEME.

There were once Three Young Men who Started Out in Life Together. And they Made an Agreement that None of them Should go into any Business that would Interfere with the others. They Kept the Agreement. Here they are, following their Respective Professions.





## A BARGAIN.

A STREET-TINKER, surrounded by a bevy of children, was industriously working on a demoralized tea-kettle, when a very soiled tramp approached him, and cautiously drew from under his coat a tin can, and in a confidential way said:

"My friend, 1'm in hard luck; I dropped this can yesterday, and now every time I drink it leaks down on my coat and looks very untidy. I'm broke—I spent the last cent I had for a Charlotte Russe.

cent I had for a Charlotte Russe. But won't you just put a drop of solder over that hole?"

The tinsmith was very prompt in informing him, in plain, unalloyed English, that he did n't walk around all day, yelling up alleyways, with a furnace in his hand and a twenty - five - pound box of tools hanging on his shoulder, for pleasure. After the tramp had reflected as only a tramp can reflect. flected as only a tramp can reflect, he said:

"I'll tell you what I'll do if you solder that hole; I'll inform you where there's lots of tinkering, and

it pays first-rate, too."

The tinsmith encertained the proposition, and it was a bargain. The can was once more beer-tight. "Now where's all that tinkering

you were talking about?"

The tramp hobbled off a few yards, and informed him it was over in the U. S. Navy-yard. Before the tinker could gather himself together, the tramp jumped on behind a passing ice-cart and was gently wafted out of sight.

As OLD AS THE HILLS - The Valleys.

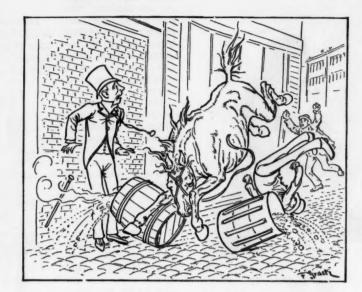
No SLOUCH-A Silk Hat.

THE BOSS GAS COMPANY-The Lecture Bureau.

GIFT OF THE GAB-The Lecturer's Fee.

A COUNTERSIGN-"No Trust."

# THE POLITE MAN.



Won't pass in front of even an animal.



Never sits down in the presence of ladies-when there are no chairs.

#### PUCK'S RURAL LOCALETTES.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF PATENT-INSIDES.

[These notices will be found thoroughly trustworthy, and may be safely used by any country weekly.]

Tom Wilson has purchased a shot-gun.

Elder Johnson's ox is fond of homœopathic pills.

While ploughing, the other day, Farmer Jones killed a black snake four feet long.

Crowds begin to congregate in front of the Mansion House. This looks like summer.

Engine Company No. 6 will attempt to squirt over the Liberty Pole on Decoration Day.

While little Tommy Snooks was sailing on a log in Green's Pond, last week, the log rolled over and tumbled Tommy in the water.

Deacon Stiles returned from Lynn, last week, very much im-proved in health, and presented his little boy, Tommy, with a magic-lantern.

While painting the side of his house, last Thursday afternoon, Brother Meeks slipped off the lad-der and knocked off one of his boot-heels.

Ezra Pulsifer walked across the Brooklyn Bridge when in New York last, and he will tell the Sabbath-school children all about it next Sabbath.

Leonard, Switchback & Noyes's Minstrels will be here next week. It is the greatest minstrel troupe ever seen in these parts, and now is the time to secure seats.

While Deacon Smith's white horse was at pasture, the other day, some naughty boys painted him green. When the Deacon made the discovery he was very angry.



His hat is taken off at every possible opportunity—it makes no difference that the person is a laborer.



Doesn't keep his seat when he sees a lady standing—especially when it 's his "wash-lady."



With a proud, proud air She hands up her fare,

# THE GIRL THAT I MEET IN THE CARS.

#### A BOB-TAIL SKETCH.

We met-You bet-And yet or other I can not forget. -R. Browning.

E is a charm I can describe About a girl I do not know-It 's her golden hair, And her lofty air, And her teeth as white as snow,

In which I ride 'cross-town, And haughtily sits she down.

III. She boards every day the bob-tail car, She never will let me pass the cash, And sternly she looks me o'er, And I know by her gaze, And her proud, proud ways, She 's a clerk in a candy-store.

## FASHIONS FOR TRAMPS.

ROUSERS are worn in almost any style, generally with one suspender;

but some prefer two yards of rope.

—The latest hat has the brim turned down and the band removed. The color is an off-gray tinge, but that is purely a matter of taste. Ven-

tilation is provided for by perforations at the top.

—The hair is worn à la Oscar Wilde. It is allowed to drop on the shoulders. Some affect a bang, but this is hardly good style. It is quite chic to hide the ears.

—Shoes, where any are worn, have thin soles, and are without strings. This imparts a Byronic appearance to the uppers, which is very effective.

-Many gentlemen who like to go à l' extrème wear one boot and

one shoe; but this depends entirely on their opportunities.

—Stockings have been entirely discarded by the crême de la chiffonnièrie, and the feet are kept au naturel. This is very convenient, as it saves much time.

—Shirts are made almost entirely of flannel material. It is immaterial whether they will wash or not. Un-

dershirts sometimes are worn instead, but are too close-fitting for cold weather; the flannel shirt gives greater freedom to the arm in raising "le growler."

-Coats are of almost any color, and cord is used in place of buttons. Ventilation is the main object aimed at, and this is generally secured. It is quite fashionable to have the garment torn in places, as it gives a negligé ap-pearance which is greatly to be desired.

A DETROIT PAPER tells of a Minnesota Indian being found in a bath-tub. We suggest that our contemporary send his information to Washington. The government pensions original discoveries.

THE NEAREST a milkman gets to the cow is when he sends in his bill on cream-laid paper.

## INCONSIDERATE SCIENCE.



"I wish the inventor of this cussed electric light had never been born. Why, I'm actually losing flesh from loss of sleep!"

# FRAGMENTS.

[FROM A FRACTURED BRAIN.]

IARS are the greatest sticklers for truth—in others.

—No man of honor will steal a kiss from a girl when he can

just as well give her one. There should be no limit to the size of a keyhole after midnight.

It is impossible to make up with hat-rim what you lack in brains. It is, indeed, laughable to see a pumpkin-pie pass itself off in society for a cream-puff.

-Too many young men of the day need guardians and not wives.

-No matter how full the ear, it is human nature to want a few more grains on the cob.

-It is apparently useless to tell the truth, when you know you won't be

believed, anyhow.

—The hiss of a goose and the words of a fool never pass for more than their par or face value.

-It is difficult to know where to look for dignity when one sees a Senator run a block to hear a circus-band.

—It always makes one feel painfully honest when another picks up a fat pocket-book a few steps pocket-too... ahead of you. WILLILL.

EVERY HOUSE-KEEPER NEEDS ONE.



THE INFALLIBLE ÆOLIAN COOK AND CHAMBER-MAID AWAKER. A PRICELESS BLESSING IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

AN ARTICLE in a New England paper is headed, "How to Reach Young Men." The fathers of several marriageable daughters in this city have adopted the plan of reaching them with their boots.

## \* PICKINGS FROM PUCK. \*

#### UNPROTECTED INDUSTRIES.







LEFT OUT IN THE COLD BY THE REFORMERS.

# THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

I.

# A BURGLAR'S SECRET.

T was night-midnight. This indicates that there is I going to be something goreful about this story.
But there is n't. Wait.

The soft murmur of a sou'-sou'west zephyr was audible in the interstices of the darkness. Mr. Bucephalus K. Smock did not hear it. He was wrapped in the arms of Slumber.

Beside the bed stood a solemn figure. It was a man clad in mystery, a paper mask, and a ten-dollar suit of clothes.

The man was a burglar.

He had entered the palatial residence of B. K. Smock by means of a skeleton-key, and he carried in

his hand a glittering stiletto.

While he was preparing to toss up a cent to see whether he should murder B. K. Smock or not, B. K.

"What do you want?" he said.
"Your money or your life!" replied the burglar, in a ghastly, corpse-like, Tombstone, Arizona, whisper.
"Well," said B. K. Smock: "this is where you

don't get either."

And he drew a forty-four calibre navy revolver from beneath his pillow and pointed it at the burglar's

"Hold on!" exclaimed the burglar: "I don't want all your money. I'll take three dollars, and let it go at that."

"No three," said Smock.

"Make it two-fifty."
"No."

"I'll take thirty-seven cents," said the burglar,

desperately.

"Not a thirty-seven," said Smock.

"Now, see here," said the burglar, persuasively:

"you are n't going to send me away without anything,

DOROTHY has golden hair, - (Natural, too, at that,) Like a lily she is fair, And a rose could not compare To the bloom that lingers there; But, alas, she 's fat!

I don't mean, by that, in purse, But in weight, which is much worse.



II. She is tall as a dragoon, While I'm rather short: So it 's difficult to spoon, When we wander neath the moon. I have found out but too soon

That it's little sport; For I always miss her face, When I try a fond embrace. "Yes, sir, I am."

"Well, hold on; let's talk this thing over. I've come all the way down here from Saratoga County to get something or other, and I don't want to go back empty-handed. I should die of mortification. My mother and sister would blush at my want of success, and my little brother would call me a blamed big chump. I've got a girl up there, and she'd marry the other fellow, sure, if I went back without any-thing. Don't send me away like that. Think of my future. I'm new in this business. I want to get a fair start. There's no hope of success for a man in any calling if he does n't get a fair start. You don't want to ruin my prospects now, do you?"

B. K. Smock was touched. He disliked to admit

it, but his sympathy was aroused.

"What will you take?" he asked.

"I'll take a sheet of paper with your autograph on it," said the burglar.

"All right," said B. K.: "but tell me first how it is that you can begin by demanding so much, and then go away contented with so little."

"Well," said the burglar, wiping away a warm, salt tear: "I began life as an office-seeker."

"FROM THE HOUSE TOPS"-The Snow-Slide.

"A young man married is a man that's marred." Yes, Mr. Shakspere, you are quite correct; but you should n't spell "ma" with an r on the end.

An exchange tells how watermelons may be saved until Christmas-time, but neglects to explain why any one wants to keep a watermelon that long.

"I've Found My Queen" is the title of a new song. It must have been written by a man who held two already.



m. Her dear lips I could not taste Till some stilts I bought, And I never yet have placed My fond arm around her waist. It's too short, though she is laced Very, very taut; And I only catch the crook. When I try, of some sharp hook.

On the sofa I can't get, When she's sitting there; There's no inch of room to let That my adiposal pet Does not cover. So I fret By her on a chair, Till I curse my meagre shape, And regret I'm not an ape.

When we're walking out at night, Then her arm I take. And she skips along so light, With me swinging out of sight, That I feel like some strange kite Flying in her wake; And my blood begins to seethe Till I can not see or breathe.

There's a line which I recal! In a poet's song, Where he says: "Twere better all Loved and lost and found their fall, Than have never loved a tall." But I think he's wrong; If he'd been through it, like me, I am sure we would agree. ERNEST DELANCEY PIERSON.



#### IT WAS BUSINESS.



Smith met Jones just as the latter was entering the railroad station with a value in his hand.

"Hello, Jones, old man, where are you going?"
"To Canada."

"Good heavens! why, what on earth have you been doing?"
"What do you mean?"

"What have you stolen—or is it a defalcation?"
"Hang your impudence! I'm going on business."
"Yes, that's what I supposed," said Smith, suspiciously. And now they do not speak as they pass by.

# PURIFYING THE VERNACULAR.

"S HUT OFF your word-mill and take a tumble!"

The speaker evidently meant business, as

The speaker evidently meant business, as she energetically ejected the order through the sweetest of sweet red lips. Twenty pairs of exquisite pink ears gathered in the sounds, while a corresponding number of tympanums transmitted the vibrations to the con-

necting brains.

Each interpreted the message, when translated into English, as meaning "Come to order."

With as little delay as is compatible with the femi-

nine character, they came.

The luxurious apartment, an ornate modern drawing room, refined in all its appointments to the ultimate verge of æstheticism, fairly swooned with the heavy odors of zephyr-kissed tropic blooms. A clever artist could have carved Cupids and Venuses and Pucks and other works of art out of the perfumed at-

"The ice-cream is on you!" merrily shouted a musical voice that had the genuine tinkle of the Swiss Bell-Ringers when their bells were new and without

crack or flaw.

"I cave!" good-naturedly responded the first speaker.
"By the Sacred Gum of Vassar," said a petite bru-

nette: "that makes me feel yum-yum all over!"
"What shall its flavor be?" sang a budding prima
donna, to the air of "What shall the harvest be?"

"Chocolate!" was the prompt response of a statu-

esque beauty.

"By the toney tip of my latest love of a bonnet, I say strawberry!" ejaculated a silvery voice from under a tip-tilted nose.

"Hash of an old maid's heart-vanilla!" asserted

she of the love-lit eyes.

"Give me pineapple or give me death!" thundered the Queen of Tragedy.

"Oh, that's just too doggy for anything," approv-

ingly remarked a radiant maiden.
"Cheese the dude!" said another: "Lemon is good enough for me."

"By the corset of my much-unmarried aunt, I vote no!" Half-hidden by the graceful folds of the embracing curtain, the words came with the solemn weight of the inevitable.
"You are just too utterly flip," was the irreverent

rejoinder.

"Warmed-over love of an old man's heart—"
"Jumping bicycle of the boss beau," interrupted the prima donna, before the radiant maiden could finish: "let's compromise on lem-

onade with a straw."
"Holy Baked Beans!" moaned the Boston - bred girl, like a lost soul in agony: "Why can't we try 'em all?"

"You're the stuff!" shouted they all with one accord. All except the first speaker, who shaded her

eyes.
"A chromo for your thoughts.'

It was the modest banana-cream-loving creature, who had not spoken before.

"I order it up," said the first speaker, resuming her normal air of care-free bonhomie.

And the Cleveland (Ohio) "Young Ladies' Anti-Slang Club" adjourned to the nearest ice-cream saloon, where the President stood treat. WINTHROP.

No matter whether bonnets have little birds on them or not, the amount of bill is always the same.

NEVER JUDGE the toast by its quail.

A CONTEMPORARY inquires: "What is a perfect nose?" A nose that keeps itself out of other people's business about answers the description.

## PAINFUL PERPLEXITY.



I 'VE A TELEGRAM sent by "Harry,"
It asks me to go to the Beach,
And the eloquent lines before me
Flatter and urge and beseech.

To the Beach!—with its bright buoyant breakers, With its stretch of smooth marble-like sands, With its murmur and rustle of romance
That the heart hears and quick understands!

To the Beach!-where the fluctuant waters Throb in time to the beat of our hearts, Where the tender-keyed music of ocean Shall seem of our being a part!

To the Beach!-where we'll gather the seaweed And sit on the sand in the sun, Beneath my red parasol shaded,
Till the glory of daylight is done!

To the Beach!-where we'll watch o'er the heaving And tremulous breast of the sea, The moon as she rises in beauty, And lights up my Harry and me!

To the Beach!—oh, the note is suggestive
Of dinner and Pommery fizz—
But his first name is all that he 's signed here,
And I don't know which Harry it is!

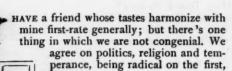
#### AT THE BATTERY.



"What's that comin' along, Pop?"

"From its size an' gineral appearance, I reckon it 's a man-o'-war, Jeremiah."
"An' the little thing draggin' it is a woman-o'-war, I s'pose."

"Why so, Jeremiah?"
"Cause I heard you say that men was always dragged inter war by the wimmin."



temperate as to the second, and in a state of armed neutrality as to the

But we do not fraternize on the subject of music. Music has been nearer to breaking up our little Da-mon and Pythias business than any-thing else. He is all soul and song. I am sordid and plebeian in my tastes. He would willingly pay five dollars to get a glimpse of the tonsils of a great prima-donna, while I steal away to revel in the common song of the negro-minstrel.
This, he claims, constitutes one

of the great distinguishing characteristics between the man whose blood is a deep navy-blue and one who is constructed of common clay. Mayhap. I use the word mayhap here in its broadest sense.

A few weeks ago my friend and I had one of these discussions, in which he tried to make me believe that Theodore Thomas was musical director when the morning stars sang together, and I replied with one of my most scathing epigrams, after which he curled up like a retroussé Summer squash. I then invited him to accompany me to a minstrelperformance which took place that evening. He disguised himself and went. It was not a troupe of great prominence; but the show-bills were very well done, and the whole company wore plug-hats. So I judged it would be a pretty good performance. My friend, myself and another

quest of the management. After the olio had been half rendered, the audience decided that it would be nothing more than right to jump on the stage and kill the entire company. On second thought, however, we gave it up, as they outnumbered us three to one. So we had to sit there and stand it.

leading citizen suffered through it together.

There were only two of the company who were at all facetious, and they were drunk. They were drunk by special retype of music which requires a cultivated ear to interpret; but I feel intuitively that I did not succeed. Neither of us has

-They Outnumbered Us Three to One .-

I suppress the names of the leading citizen and my friend, as they are highly

connected. So am I, for that matter; but I have been a justice of the peace and postmaster for eight years; and a man who has been on the bench and in public life off and on glories in his shame; he cultivates a cuticle like the rind of a fire-proof peni-tentiary. So I come be-fore my constituents to-day and admit that I was present at this grand farewell performance. It was what might be termed an involuntary farewell per-formance, for the sheriff acted as property - man after that, and the company disbanded, some going into Minnesota harvest fields, and the rest adopting other specialties.



Distributing Paris-green on Some Potato-bugs.

I saw the clog-dancer last week distributing Paris-green on some potato-bugs on a small farm, wearing a plug-hat and singing "Empty is the Cradle, Baby's Gone."

One of the end-men is driving an ice-wagon in a neighboring town, and the clarionet-swallower of the orchestra is holding down a free

claim in Dakota.

I took my friend to the minstrels to convince him that there is more genuine enjoyment in a simple melody than there is in the higher

mentioned it, however. In fact, I was about to say we never speak as we pass by. If he would only recognize me on the street and give me a chance, I would apologize; but he main-tains a cold and haughty reserve, which is slowly but surely crushing out my young life.

BILL NYE.

THE MERIDIAN BALL-A Beer.

A MODERN NEWSPAPER fable states that a bear once fell in love with a setting hen. This proves conclusively that the bear never lived at a fashionable boarding-house.

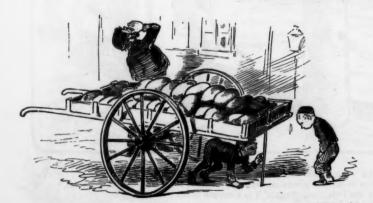
"IN 1770 PIES were made of flaky dough and sweet apples; now they are made of sole-leather and sawdust. And yet this is a world of progress." Yes, but recollect how many dyspepsia cures we have nowadays. We don't need as good pie as they used to make.

WHILE PEOPLE are off in the rural retreats, The gas meter does mathematical feats.

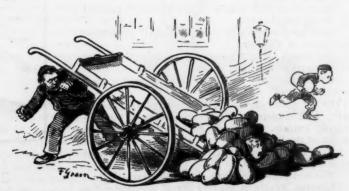
THE LIGHT of a petroleum lamp travels 186,700 miles a second. When the cook lights the fire with petroleum it has been known to double that time

"TOBACCO kills sheep-ticks," according to an agricultural exchange. Then by all means provide your sheep with tobacco. It is true that it is a filthy habit, but it must be preferable to ticks.

## A CHANGE IN THE PROGRAMME.



"HEY, JIMMY, WHEN I PUSH THIS STICK, YOU COLLAR ONE AND RUN."



HE DID.

#### AN IMPORTED PASTIME.-No. 1.



THE YOUNG CITIZENS OF UPPER NEW YORK ARRANGING A BULL-FIGHT ON THEIR OWN ACCOUNT.

#### FOUR ACES.

Now.

To-DAY I'M a penniless outcast, With the sorrows that poverty brings.

THEN.

I grieve in my sad retrospection That yesterday I sat down with kings. WILL J. LAMPTON.

A PATENT-MEDICINE advertiser writes: "No lady of refinement likes to resort to superficial devices to supply a becoming semblance of her former beauty." This shows what he knows about ladies of refinement.

Job had a great deal of patience, but he never tried to climb over an osage-orange hedge in a new ulster that came down to his heels.

FINGER-BOWLS will be made smaller than usual this winter, as it is expected that guests will bathe before going to dinner.

THE BACK STOOP-Bending the Crab.

# THE HUMORIST'S WILL.

THE will of Everard Tennyson Maguire, No.

—, Fifth Avenue, Literary Acrobat:
I.—I give and devise to Gladys Bridget, my beloved wife, the use for her life of the palatial mansion and all lands connected therewith occupied by us as a residence.

II.—I further give and bequeath to my said wife all the ebony furniture, *bric-à-brac*, Smyrna rugs, horses and carriages belonging to me and being about said premises at my death, and not herein otherwise given.

III.—I further give to my said wife the sum of ten million dollars, to be paid immediately after my death.

IV.—I give to my son Robert Browning Maguire, who desires to continue my acrobatic business, my "sit" on the New York —, which I may occupy at the time of my death, together with my drab duster and straw hat worn by me while in action; also, all my fixtures, to wit: One Bent Pin; one Goat; one Tall Thin Man; one Cake of Soap and Stairway; one Hat with Brick under it; one Set of Stove-Pipes; one Custard-Pie; one Pair of Lavender "Pants;" one Small Boy; one Slippery Walk; one Banana-Skin; one Woman Fighting Fire with Kerosene; one Dog with Kettle on his Tail; one Set of Ardent Lovers, with Moonlight Scene and Ice-Cream; one Iceman; one Plumber; and one Cat on Back Yard Fence. And also the good will, right and title to each and every sign, label or trade-mark connected with same.

V.—I give to the United Presbyterian Church one Oyster—the celebrated oyster used in my solitaire church-fair oyster-stew articles.

VI.—I appoint Marlowe Bradkins, advertising agent of the New York ——, to be executor of this my will. And I direct that he shall be required to give security for the performance of the trust.

In witness whereof, I, Everard Tennyson Maguire, have to this my will subscribed my name, this 14th day of January, 1887. EVERARD TENNYSON MAGUIRE.

Subscribed by the testator in our presence, and declared by him to us to be his last will and testament, whereupon we, at his request, have signed our names as witnesses, this 14th day of January,

JONES McManus, 24 Baxter Street. STUYVESANT LE ROY, 44 Madison Ave.

# AN IMPORTED PASTIME.-No. 2.



BUT WITH FAR MORE DISASTROUS CONSEQUENCES THAN A BULL-FIGHT UNDER MR. BERGH'S SUPERVISION.

What shall you name the baby, Ethelrida? Ah, that's what's troubling you, is it, dear? You don't know whether to call him Jabez, after his rich old uncle, or whether to dower him with something in the Clarence or Eustace or Ronald line, eh? Well, now, dear child, don't fret about it. You may sit down with a catalogue of the Blankside Library and pick out the most lady-like name that the novel-readers ever reveled in; but it won't help him out much. For just as soon as that dear little auburn head gets high enough from the ground to go to school and be punched by its fellow-boy, that name question will be settled by a unanimous vote of the whole educational establishment, and he may be Sydney Fitzherbert Marmaduke right up to the handle, but he will go through his boyhood as "Carrots" or "Red-top" or "Strawberry Pete," and he will have to settle down to liking it, too, Ethelrida.

A PITTSBURGH WOMAN shot and killed a man in that town last week because she "loved him." This is all right. A man whom a Pittsburgh woman could love is probably better dead than alive.

#### A CITY PASTORAL.

MY name is Moses Isaacs, I strike it rich and fail. You see this little turnip I'm holding by the tail?

Ah, would you know the reason
I hold it up, and roar
Its virtues? Then I'll tell you
In half an hour or more,

I am a licensed vender, All sorts of things I sell, Solomon drives the wagon, And I sit still and yell:

"Here you are, ripe tomatos
Fresh from the blooming tree;
Here you are, shad, all boneless,
Fresh from the raging sea."

Solomon blows the bugle,
And I stand off and whoop.
He blows, and I with the samples
Of fruit fly up the stoop.

Each night we divide the shekels, And we are the best of friends-Just at this point the Jewish Legend abruptly ends.



#### PICKINGS FROM PUCK. \*

#### THE POOR MAN'S DELMONICO.

THE reed-birds, the wine and the turkey That groan on Delmonico's board, he cigar-smoke that makes the air murky, The diners that always are

floored-

Is life any more worth the living,
Or death any worse for their
sakes,
When only a dime I 've been giving

For coffee and cakes?

Must even a man be the poorer For want of the jingle of "scads" Is happiness any the surer use of the coin of our dads? Should life be unceasing repining For gaudier banqueting scenes, When a man can defy death by dining On lean ham and beans?

No man need be dead for a ducat, When coffee and cake shops abound; He need n't have one bit of luck at Poker while beans still abound

A man need n't care for the "clinkers," While Fate so divinely relents,
And gives beef, beans, pie, coffee and sinkers
At twenty-five cents.

## THE HENCEFORTHNESS OF THE SUBSEQUENTLY.

BY A CONCORD SCHOOL PHILOSOPHER.

WE all know, or profess to know, and it is even patent to those who are not cognizant of the fact, that in all ages, from the very remotest to the æons in the misty future, man has, or has not, according to his inalienable

rights and prerogatives in the premises, through the organ-ism of the mind—which connects the understandableness with the intelligibility of the dynamic energy of the body an underlying, inherent, inclination, on multifarious oc-casions, as if propelled by an unseen force, to seek the magnetism and stimulation that is co-existent with, and analogous to, a fermentous extraction of the plant of the genus humulus.

This hypothesis may appear novel to many, and excite a sensation of Notness in the thinkableness of the skeptical; and yet, if the whereforeness of the howevermuch governs the gravitating force proportionate to its elementary constituentism, and equally repels the whereasness of the sophistry whereon is based its comprehensiveness - always admitting that its sublimest possibilities are not negatived by its ungetatableness—the de-duction is irresistible that the organic structure of man is so complex and revolutionary that his individuality becomes absorbed—that is to say, the humulus fluidness acting on the cephalic extremity of the nervous system induces the individual thus affected to experience a degree of hilarity, not always disassociated with pugnacity, entirely foreign to his normal condition otherwisely.

Having thus clearly demonstrated the whichness of this incontrovertible fact, let

us proceed to the equally lucid hypothetic proposition that the magnituda-bility of the theory of man's immutability, poisoned, as it has been, by the miasma of Evolutionism - disregarding the substantial entities emanating from the equilibriumosity of the connection of the Hereness-is it, we ask, under these differentiations which permeate the upper strata of Socialism, phenomenal that man wrestling with the awful tangibility of the fauces for that lubricating humulus extraction, should strike a friend for the wherewithal to acquire the maltic lubricant so essential to his self-existingness ?

Thus we have, with quite as much force as lucidness, dissected the vital principle of the Subsequently in its relation

to the Henceforthness, and shown that man is no ignorant bioplast—no mere conglomeration of a heterogeneous Atomic Nothingness, nor an invisible invisibility, animated by a Whyness antipodal to the existing laws of Materialism; but a sentient Something audacious in his audaciousness, and at times as adamantine in his facial area as the Rock of Gibraltar-if not

A STRIKING MINOR.

"See here, Pop, I ain't takin' no more o' yer chin now. formed official. That settles it!"

EMERSON SAID: "Every artist was once an amateur." This is not calculated to make art popular with the public, we fear.

In a BILLIARD-ROOM up-town they have pails of milk standing about for players to dip their cues into when they require chalking.

AN IRASCIBLE young man in Connecticut who had a divorce suit, a suit for false imprisonment and a suit for obtaining money under false pretenses on his hands, recently killed a man who ventured to ask him "how he was suited with things."

> "WHAT WONDERFUL power has a poet!" says an exchange. If it refers to a newspaper poet, we should call "judge-ment" a better word. The judgement consists in mailing his poems instead of carrying them in person.

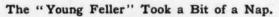
> THEY USED to say a man had sand when he was known to be a man of grit. But now a man of grit is said to have some brown sugar.

## LOOKING FOR A JOB.

OH, the dreariness—the weariness Of looking for a job! The cold, polite rebuff, The answer rude and rough-Perhaps the fisticuff, Or whack across the nob!

Oh, the carefulness-despairfulness Of looking for a job! The day that missed its mark, The night spent in the park, Where all is cold and dark, Among a homeless mob!

Oh, the sadness—the madness Of looking for a job! The shoes low down at heel, The stomach's aching feel, That 's hollow for a meal-'T would very reason rob! ADOLPHUS SILKWORM.





THE OLD FELLOW.—Say, young feller, when yer git through feedin' off er that 'ere cane, you kin put it back from where yer tuk it; that's yourn the other side of yer.

# THE CHINESE GOD.



PRESUME that I shall not be accused of sacrilege in referring to the Chinese god as an inferior work of art. Viewed simply from an artistic and economical standpoint, it seems to me that the Chinaman should have less pride in his bow-legged and inefficient god than in any other national institution.

I do not wish to be understood as interfering with any man's religious views; but when polygamy is made a divine decree, or a bass-wood deity is whittled out

and painted red, to look up to and to worship, I can not treat that socalled religious belief with courtesy and reverence. I am quite liberal in all religious matters. People have noticed that and remarked it, but the Oriental god of commerce seems to me to be greatly over-rated. He seems to lack that genuine decision of character which should be a feature of an over-ruling power.

I ask the phrenologist to come with me and examine the head of the alleged Josh, and to state whether or not he believes that the properly balanced head of a successful god should not have a more protuberant knob of Spirituality, and a less pronounced Alimentiveness. Should the bump of Combativeness hang out over the ear, while Time, Tune and Calculation are noticeably reticent? I certainly wot not.

Again, how can the physiognomy of the Celestial Josh be consist.

Again, how can the physiognomy of the Celestial Josh be consistent with a moral and temperate god? The low brow would not indicate a pronounced omniscience, and the Jumbo ears and the copious neck would not impress

me with the idea of purity and spirituality.

It is, no doubt, wrong to attack sacred matters for the purpose of gaining notoriety; but I believe I am right when I assert that the Chinese god must go. We should not be Puritanical, but we might safely draw the line at the bow-legged and sedentary goddess of leprosy.

If Confucius bowed the suppliant knee to that goggle-eyed jim-jam Josh, I am grieved to know it. If such was the case, the friends of Confucius should keep the matter from me. I can not believe that the great philosopher wallowed in the dust at the feet of such a polka-dot caricature of a gorilla's horrid dream.

I bought a Chinese god once for four bits. He was not successful in the profession which he aimed to follow. Whatever he may have been in China, he was not a very successful god in the English language. I

put him upon the mantel, and the clock stopped, the servant-girl sent in her resignation, and a large dog jumped through the parlor-window. All this happened within two hours from the time I erected the lopeared, knock-kneed and club-footed Oolong in my household.

eared, knock-kneed and club-footed Oolong in my household.

Perhaps this may have been largely due to my ignorance of his habits. Possibly if I had been more familiar with his eccentricities it would have been all right; but as it was, there was no book of instructions given with him, and I could n't seem to make him work.

During the week following, the prospect shaft of the new Jerusalem mine struck a subternanean gulf-stream and water-logged the stock, a tall yellow dog, under the weight of a great woe, picked out my cistern to suicide in, and I skated down the cellar-stairs on my shoulder-blades and the phrenological location known as Love of Home in

such a terrible manner as to jar the foundations of the earth and kick a large hole out of the bosom of

the night.

I then met with a change of heart, and overthrew the warty heathen god, and knocked him galley west. My hens at once began to watch the produce market, and, noticing the high price of eggs, commenced to orate with great zeal instead of standing around with their hands in their pockets. I saw the new moon over my right shoulder, and all nature seemed gay once more.

The above are a few of my reasons for believing that the Chinese god is either greatly overestimated, or else shippers and producers are flooding the market with

fraudulent gods.

BILL NYE.



#### MUSCULAR MANIACS.



He who Runs can Read; but Not when He is a Born Idiot.



Mightier than Muscle.



Holds Out Two Hundred Pounds—but Does n't Hold Out to Three-Score-Years-and-Ten.

## A WAGNER ARIA.

WARRANTED TO GO TO ANY TUNE IN PARSIFAL.



I am Gumhilda, Daughter of Blogun, Blogun Bosslugga, Blogun the fighter, Son of the Norseland, 'That I can get a-I am his daughter, And you may betcher Boots I'm a tearer. I'm a soprano, And when I holler I am accompanied Just by the following: Tooting tumultuous, Seventeen trombones, Cornet-à-piston, Twenty fagotti, Four pair of cymbals, Forty horse fiddles, Two double-basses,

One bazoo-jewsharp And an old ophicleide. And you may stake your Spirit immortal. Way with the total. Total caboodle. For I'm a Wagner Woman from Wayback. List my orchestrion, Hear me a-tooting, Tooting my trilogy. I am Gumhilda, Daughter of Blogun, Blogun Bosslugga, Blogun the fighter. Son of the Norseland.

How DOTH the busy little ruralite get out after breakfast, in the chill wind, and shovel all the sparkling snow off his walk, which is one hundred and fifty feet long. And, oh, how the sharp wind splits the skin on his nose, and lays it back against his eyes, and makes his face as red as a poppy. And, oh, how he likes it, and feels good in the belief that he is improving his health and increasing his appetite, when his fingers are so cold that he can scarcely hold the shovel. And how well satisfied he is with himself and every one else when the work is done, and he stands in front of the fire rubbing his hands cheerily. And, oh, how much better he feels as he goes on his way to business, and notices that he has not cleaned off a sixteenth of an inch of his neighbor's sidewalk. And, oh, how mad he feels at night, when he returns from business, to find that the wind has blown his neighbor's snow, as well as a lot of snow out of the road and the adjoining fields, right back on his walk, until it stands before him three feet deep and frozen solid.

AN ITALIAN on a ferry-boat recently played "I'll Hang My p On the Willow-Tree." We wish to goodness he would; but the Harp On the Willow-Tree." trouble is that he won't.

#### OVERHEARD AT THE RACES.



LOOKERS A MINUTE; I WANT TO TAKE IN DER FINISH!"

NOT THAT KIND OF A PLACE.



"Shay, why don't yer set yer empty kegs outside o' der door, an' us boys a chance at 'em, same as der rest er der blokies do?"

# HE WAS PARTICULAR.

T was high noon in a down-town restaurant. That period of noon when the merry clatter of thick coffee-cups and lead spoons is most visible to the naked ear.

A tall, thin man, with a valise and a melancholy yellow dog, sauntered in with a I-own-the-earth-and-a-portion-of-Jersey-City sort of demeanor, and was cordially welcomed by a sylph-like waiter, who politely wafted him to a table in the precincts over which he presided.

The tall, thin man handed the waiter his valise, umbrella, overcoat, rubbers, in their respective order, and tied the dog to the leg of the table. After running his fingers through his long hair, he proceeded to throw his whole soul into the bill-of-fare.

The keen eye of the waiter saw here a chance for a little politic generosity, and immediately commenced to crowd the dog's anatomy

full of meat, chicken-legs, etc.

The dog was almost beside himself with this unseemly attention, and to show his honest appreciation he wagged his tail against the leg of the table so hard that all of the waiters in the place mistook it for some one calling them, causing no end of confusion.

The waiter was now calmly waiting for the order, and making miniature bets with himself as to the proportions of the fee he would get, and what disposition he would make of it. His sunny reverie was rudely interrupted by a query from the tall, thin man, relative to the quality of terrapin-soup. He then inquired as to the culinary ability of the cook in producing a palatable tenderloin steak and mushrooms.

After being informed that he was the finest in the land, he made some remarks about broiled chicken and reed-birds, both of which the waiter promised would be produced in the same preëminently eminent style. He then turned to the wine-list, and was assured that they kept only the finest brands.

only the finest brands.

The waiter could n't possibly have been more surprised had some one returned a borrowed umbrella than when the tall, thin man calmly said: "Well, I guess you can bring me some cold oatmeal and milk;

and, say, just wrap up a little dog-meat in a piece of paper."

When the waiter went to the kitchen to get the order, he filled it so full of oaths that it sounded like two Sunday-school superintendents arguing over a game of euchre. W. C. G.

# \* PICKINGS FROM PUCK. \*

#### AN OLD STORY.

I srr by the window's broken pane,
And wish that I lay upon my bier,
For I feel a wild outspoken pain
Which causes me even to shun my beer.

I regret the horribly daring feat—
Which has ended in tears and thunder sighs—
Of trying to put my despairing feet
Into shoes so very much under size.

It was all for the sake of a scornful maid
With a Grosvenor gown and a Roman nose,
That thus I my poor feet cornful made—
The worst pain a lord or a yeoman knows.

But she looked at my boots in a frigid way,
And said, with a distant, careless air:
"What boots it?" Which words on me rigid weigh
Like the midnight squall of a hairless heir.

So 1 mourn through the nights and weary days,
Unpitied and mocked by disdainful souls,
And go through the world in a dreary daze,
With most aching heart and most painful soles.
RICHARD NIXON.

"Medicine-stains may be removed from silver spoons by rubbing them with soft ashes and soap-suds." Great care must be exercised in not rubbing the plating off. This recipe should never be used on solid-silver wedding presents.

#### LET US HAVE RAISED HOUSE-NUMBERS-



So that one can find the right place without ringing

## RANDOM REMARKS.

Jones was asked by a friend why he spent his holidays at home with his wife. He explained that he had nothing else to spend.

A MONTREAL SINNER was recently converted in the Salvation Army. The day he professed religion he confessed having purloined five umbrellas in his life-time. He was promptly expelled. It is believed that the number was not large enough.

THE DEEP sad note is the thing to strike in poetry; it is sad because it is hard to strike, and it is deep because it has slipped down in the lining of the poet's overcoat, and he has to open it with an oyster-knife to get it out. It is generally a one-dollar note, because he has just had his check cashed. How long was the check, did you ask? Oh, about one hundred and fifty; because he was checked from the editorial-room right through to the sidewalk, and he had the whole stairway to himself, and he seemed to hit the wall and balusters oftener than the steps.

AT UNION SQUARE you can pick out every actor who has walked home from the West. You can tell by watching them walk up to the bar, when asked, because the railroad track stands out in their movements—their steps being just equal to the space between railroad-sleepers.

# Professor Feeler, the Renowned Phrenologist, Examines the Head of Professor McManus, the Celebrated Pugilist.



1) "Let me see. Your bump of-



2) "Benevolence is small-very small



3) "The formation of your head shows great lack of brain power.



4) "Your bump of honesty is totally missing.

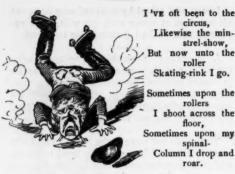


5) "Here I find no indication of physical courage. A child could knock you out."



6) How Professor Feeler's bumps looked, after Professor McManus had examined them.

#### TRUE TO THE OLD CRAZE.



Sometimes it seems the planking From under me swiftly goes, And then I go a-sliding Along upon my nose

I'm just one mass of abrasions, My facial beauty's marred, About me I have enough splinters To start a lumber-vard.

I've knocked out several grinders, I'm sprained, and sad, and sore; But I'll stick to roller-skating, For I like it more and more

Each day that I don the rollers; And I shall like it while It bounces me round like a foot-ball, Because it is all the style.

#### THE LOST COLLAR-BUTTON.

JUST as the train was going out of Wilmington, a tall, thin individual, with faded, ready-made clothes, came into the car.

He had a neck like a pump-handle, and around it he wore a great standing-collar, whose points stood up like a pair of mule-ears.

He sat down, and entered into conversation with a couple of men who were lounging by the stove. Presently something seemed to startle him, and he quickly arose to his feet. He had lost his front collar-button.

It is unpleasant enough to lose your rear collar-button, and have your collar work up on the back of your head. But losing the front collar-button is a great deal worse, because it releases the ends of the collar, and lets them fly out on your shoulders. That is what took place with the man who boarded the train at Wilmington. As soon as he was on his feet his

collar was sawing the air, as though trying to fly off

his shirt. The first thing he did was to feel the button-hole, to see if the button was there. It was n't.

Then he drew the ends of the collar in place and held them there with one hand, while he felt through his vest - pockets for the missing button. After this he hammered his ribs, under the impression that the button had gone down his neck and would descend into his shoe.

Suddenly, forgetting himself, he let go of the collar-ends, and they flew right up against the sides of his head, and he began exploring his clothes, while some one yelled:

"Do you think you swal-lowed it?"

The man paid no attention to this remark, but commenced looking about

on the seat of the car and on the floor.

Still he could n't find the collar-button, which he imagined must have rolled under the stove, be-cause his collar - button always liked to go under the bureau at home, and he had often laid his eyeballs on the floor to

look under after it. He could n't well do that on the train, because the brakeman might suddenly open the door and hit him on the head with it.

By this time the ends of the collar were flying all around, and the man tied a piece of cord through the button-holes, and fixed the collar down snug, and tied his cravat.

Before he had his hands off the cravat,

the collar was away up under his throat, and the neck-tie looked very gaudy beneath it on his bare neck. That was the time that he asked one of the men for some pins. They made a search and found just one pin. Putting a pin through one thickness of collar is no small thing; but when you come to forcing it through two thicknesses, you will find that you

have a very large circus on your hands.

The man who furnished the pin kindly undertook to insert it; so he got the collar-ends together, and just as he found what he considered tender spot and placed the point against it, the car gave a lurch, and the pin slipped off the collar, and went so far into the man's neck that he thought for a moment he had entered into business relations with a hornet.

Then another attempt was made. This time the pin bent, but was quickly straightened by the manipulator, who chewed it into shape. Placing the point against the collar once more, the man attempted to push it through with the handle of his pen-knife. But just as it looked as though the pin was going through, the knife

LOVE AND CINDERS.



He traveled two hundred and seventy-five miles to see his lady-love, which was all right. But he would sit by the open window

And when he met her with a smile of rapture upon his expressive features, somehow or other the combination did n't work.

slipped, and the pin ran far up into the thumb

of the man who was trying to force it through. All this time the owner of the collar was looking up in the air like a chicken drinking, and making all sorts of curious faces, while he diligently felt through his clothes to see if the collar-button might not be there, after all. But he could n't find it. On the next essay the pin slipped and went in a crack in the floor, and they could n't get it out. Just as they would feel it the car would lurch and throw the pin a little to one side.

All this time the collar was flopping around at a lively rate; but they kept right on their knees, determined to get that pin. About this time the cars gave an awful lurch, and they both lost their balance and went rolling toward the stove. While rolling toward the stove, the candy-fiend sprung through the door in his usual tempestuous and careless manner, and fell over them, strewing the aisle with candy and apples.

While they were rolling around, all mixed up, a man started for the end of the car to get a glass of ice - water, and

stepped on an apple, which from under his foot and landed him on the coal, which upset all over them.

The conductor came in and thought there was a rough-and-tumble fight go-

ing on.
It took them about five minutes to get on their feet, and then it sounded like Babel or a lot of women at a quilting-bee. But the man did n't find his collar-button, or fasten his collar on, either. He put the latter in his pocket and tied a handkerchief around his neck. R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Он, so you want to know how you are to tell when you have entered upon the road to destruction? Well, my son, the gate is at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets.

# THE AGE OF PROGRESS.



HIGH ART IN SHANTYTOWN.

## WE HATE TO EXPOSE THIS THING, BUT WE MUST.





THE NEWSPAPER INTERVIEW AS WE IMAGINE IT WHILE READING THE ARTICLE.

THE NEWSPAPER INTERVIEW AS IT IS VERY FREQUENTLY CONDUCTED.

#### CRITICISM.

Extract from the "Art Universe."

MR. ALPHEUS JAMES JONES is now absent from the city, but before leaving he invited us to visit his studio and examine his un-finished picture. We accepted his invitation and visited the studio last evening in company with a couple of art critics. Mr. James-Jones's uufinished "Minerva" will make a hit. It will be completed within two months and put on exhibition. The face is severely classic and minutely faithful to mythological tradition and the popular ideal of ancient literature. The back-ground and entourage are in admirable back-ground and entourage are in admirable harmony with the spirit of the design. The visage is full to overflowing with the majesty of divine repose, and the whole figure reproduces with startling vividness the antique ideal of incarnate wisdom and power. The painting will be Apellesque in its exquisite finish and elaborate details. The head alone will be a profound study and a brilliant artistic triumph. It found study and a brilliant artistic triumph. It is truly Milletic in its far-away, dreamful and filmy suggestiveness; and only those possessing artistic insight and impulse will be able to follow the young painter through all the labyrinthine entanglements of creative conception that sparkle like gems all through the picture. At first sight, the art critics thought there was an unlucky masculine massiveness about the figure; but this idea faded away on close study. This triumph of Mr. James-Jones is one which appeals strongly to the local pride of our art critics, and which will be intensely gratifying to the whole community."

(Note from the Studio.)

Editor Art Universe-Dear Sir:

I have just returned, and have read your critical note about the picture. The painting represents "Apollo," and not "Minerva!" How in the name of heaven did you, make such a mistake? What can be done to remedy it? Answer in haste.

Yours, etc.,

A. JAMES-JONES.

Office Art Universe.

Alpheus James-Jones, Esq.—Dear Sir:
Yours received. I am grieved beyond expression, and don't know how the matter can be remedied. The art critics said it was "Minerva," and they misled me, besides infiltrating me with ideas for critical mention. Suppose you let it stand as "Minerva?" As such it would not strain popular credulity as much as it would as "Apollo." Besides, the critical dictum of our columns has gone forth, and our reputation must be considered. I think the work will make a hit as "Minerva." Suppose you let it stand that way?

Yours in haste,

ED. Art Universe. J. A. MACON.

# NOT DEAD.

THOUGHT that all the Summer-time was dead
And stark, since, where the flowers used to strew
Their flushful petals 'neath the unseen dew
Of starbright even, now a dead white bed Of bleak December snow lies lavish spread.

Yea, white as her fair neck—yea, white as you
Could fancy a dead baby's cheek, and through
The chilly whole a wind from Iceland sped.

I thought all joy—all Summer dead, until
'Mid steamful breath, upon the wayside fence,
I saw, in bluff-bedizened words, the lines:
"For Ague Take Our New Quin-quinia Pill!"
"McGuffin's Cure for Cholera is Immense!"

Then all my world grew bright with birds and vines. EDWARD WICK.

#### SOME PHASES OF THE SEASON.

At the Shore Hotels-Lunch, 12 a. m. Mercury 35.



WAITER .- WILL YOU HAVE YOUR SALAD HOT OR COLD?

## A SERENADE.



O LOVE, come out on the sea-girt sands,
Where the strong sea clings with crystal hands:
For the ebon pinions of night are stayed;
And, in her tresses of gold arrayed,
She waits with me on the tangled shore
Till thou shalt come out, fair Eleanore,
On the sea-girt sands.

O love, come out 'neath the twinkling skies,
And gaze far down through my burning eyes,
And see where the wings of waiting love,
With shimmering plumes of the purple dove,
Are beating the bolts of the sapphire door
Of my trembling soul, sweet Eleanore,
'Neath the twinkling skies.

Come, love, to me by the sleeping sea;
For I have a pressing need of thee:
Thy father's bull-dog is on the shore—
He runneth loose in quest of gore;
If you don't call him off blamed soon,
He 'll chew me under the pallid moon,
By the sleeping sea.

W. J. HENDERSON.

#### PUCK'S RELIABLE RECIPES.

TO ENABLE A GENTLEMAN WITH A NATURALLY SMALL HEAD TO WEAR THE HAT OF A MUCH LARGER GENTLEMAN WHICH HAS BEEN GIVEN

HIM BY MISTAKE.

Sp. Theriac. Opt.,
Pulv. Sacch. Alb.
Acidi Citrici,
Aq. Bullientæ, ad
Met adde,
Pulv. Myristicæ,
q. s.

 $\mathbf{R}$ 

Pulv. Myristicæ, q. s.

Sig.—Tumblerful every 15 minutes until relief
is obtained.

As soon as the mistake is discovered, the patient should extricate his head from the cavernous recesses of the hat, avoiding undue profanity and all nervous desire to kill the menial in charge of the coat-room as much as possible. He should then repair to some convenient retreat for the purpose, and taking a common tumbler in the left hand, should carefully place the sugar and lemon in the bottom thereof, and pour slowly upon them the Old Medford in quantity as directed above. Let him then add the boiling water, and stir until a perfect solution is effected, carefully avoiding any loss of the resulting tincture by spilling or otherwise. The nutmeg
—a drug which is perfectly inert, and is only used to partially disguise the nauseating and revolting taste of the mixture—is then slowly

A LITTLE SUPPRISE.



But that was Not what Peters called it when he came Home from the Country and found that the Commercial Spirit had taken hold of his Trusted but Enterprising Servants, with the Results Depicted Above.

grated over the top, and the potion is ready. The patient may either toss this off at a draught or sip it slowly, as he elects, the latter method being generally preferred. In either case the dose is to be repeated after the lapse of fifteen minutes, and so on, at quarter-hour intervals, until ten or twelve doses have been taken. If one or two friends of the patient are under medical treatment at the same time, of course double or treble the quantity is to be prepared; and if the medicine is procured of one of the many dispensing pharmacists whose sample-rooms abound in the lower wards, it is only necessary to ask for "the old thing," without particularizing the recipe, and to say "Set 'em up again' in order to have the dose repeated.

After taking the twelfth dose the patient should have a hack telephoned for, and, having performed the difficult feat of climbing into it, should put his feet out of the window, and remark: "A' ri'." The driver will understand this to mean: "Please be kind enough to drive me to my home as quickly as possible," and,

having set the patient's hat on straight, and put his cigar in his mouth, will proceed to act upon this interpretation of his remark.

It was formerly recommended that the patient walk home, but, inasmuch as the police uniformly confound the symptoms of dysphonia and locomotor ataxia, which follows the use of this drug, with ordinary drunkenness, this course is no longer thought advisable. It is still urged, however, that persons under this treatment should go to bed with their boots on, in order to keep the extremities warm, and preclude the chance of a chill.

If these directions are carefully followed, the patient will wake up in the morning with more or less pronounced symptoms of aphesis, cephalalgia and anorexia,\* but with a head that will fit the largest kind of hat. F. E. CHASE.

A Parisian planist recently played one of Wagner's operas in a cage of lions, and finished it unharmed. Now we understand how Daniel escaped. He probably

escaped. He probably played "Sweet Violets" on a jewsharp.

You will find, my boy,

# REDUCED TO A SYSTEM.



SOLICITOUS FRIEND.—That 's an awful cold you 've got, my dear boy! Now, what you want to do is to go right home and

VICTIM.—Just jot it down in this book, please. I've got one hundred and forty-six other recipes already, and I expect to meet enough friends before night to bring it up to two hundred.

before you get much older, that of all quicksands the quickest is that which runs without a break through Time's glass. And what is Time's glass? Why, beer, of course. And what is beer? Well, your innocence is beautiful. Why, beer is glucose, of course. Perhaps you would like to know what glucose is? We can not tell you that; you must apply to some manufacturer of fancy groceries.

<sup>\*</sup> The use of technical terms in a scientific article of this description is unfortunately unavoidable. It may be explained, however, for the benefit of the unscientific, that languor, headache and loss of appetite are the symptoms referred to.—ED.

#### \* PICKINGS FROM PUCK. \*

Illustrated Advertisement.



"ROUGH ON CORNS."

## FREE LUNCH.

THE DIMMEST kind of a dim religious light is the pulpit-lamp that does n't enable the clergyman to read his sermon without planting his eyeballs on the manuscript.

MRS. JACKSON'S "Ramona" has had the honor of being styled "A Murillo in Literature." We think it would be quite as just to call any of Whistler's eccentric nightmares "A Josh Billings in Etching."

A young man who wishes his name withheld has just gone to Russia to study the language. After he has learned to speak it well enough to be understood he is going to apprentice himself to an auctioneer, after which apprenticeship he is going to become a book-agent for awhile. Then he proposes to secure employment as a brakeman on a Russian railroad, and learn to rattle off without a break: "All aboard for Voroniaajsk, Loptionjskaya, Voskresenskoe, Poustozersk, Gridinsk, Bolkhov, Poneviej! This train makes no stop this side of Torneafors! Train stops ten minutes for refreshments at Ft. Goreatchinsk!" etc. Then he is coming back to face Sullivan, for he considers that by that time he will have toughened the sinews of his throat and neck so thoroughly that there will be little fear of his being knocked out.

So & So, dealers in the great noiseless chain-stitch sewing-machine. It makes no more sound than the whirr of wings or the rustle of leaves. It bastes your goose, embroiders your thinking-cap, puts a stitch in your side of bacon, shirrs your eggs for breakfast, gathers more moss suitable for mantel ornamentation in ten minutes than a rolling stone does in a year, runs like a Virginia creeper, 'hems like an old deacon at a dry sermon on a Summer day, and tucks the baby in bed for the night. It is automatic, pneumatic, duplex elliptic, stylographic, therapeutic and didactic.

Address all orders to So & So, who will be happy to send a machine on trial for a month. All machines guaranteed full-jeweled.

> WHEN THE skies are rosy In the early morn, Hear the merry milkman Blow his merry horn.

Hear him keep a-blowing Till his face is red, All because the servant-Girl's asleep in bed.

He whips out his paint-brush While the Greek 's a-dream, And paints upon the milk-top An extra coat of cream.

A MICHIGAN EDITOR begins an article: "I have been reading in my Bible." This indicates more eloquently than a ten-line display head the scarcity of reading-matter in the North this season.

FAME, FAME, fame A star knows when she gets Her neat profile Illumed by a smile In a package of cigarettes. But the girl in private life Must e'er contented feel If she sees her name, Like a line of flame, On a tow-boat's paddle-wheel.

"IF YOUR horse has lost his appetite, change his bill-of-fare," says an agricultural journal. Of course. Vary his hay with beef-steak and mushrooms, and give him cream and sugar on his oatmeal. Always be kind to your horse.

#### TWO FABLES.

THE VIPER AND THE FILE.

RAPACIOUS Viper, being sadly in need of Sustenance, was wandering aimlessly about, one cool April afternoon, Seeking what he might Devour, when he met an inviting-looking File, upon which he resolved to Feed.
"Go it, Vipe, old man," said the File: "you

can have all the Juice you can get out of me, and Welcome; but I warn you to desist, as I am almost as Mortalitacious as our cousin Cholera Germ!"

But the Viper, persisting in his reckless repast, Swallowed the File entire, and, Having done so, curled up his legs and died.

And no wonder. He had eaten a File of the

Congressional Record.

MORAL.

Even Snakes can not Stand some Things,

THE FOX AND THE LION. A Fox who had never seen aught but a SoAN AID FOR THE "FINEST."



Why Should n't the Useful Shawl-Strap be Used by the Already Over-burdened Police Force of New York?

ciety Lion became exceedingly tremulous when, for the first time, he saw one that was not an

The second time he saw one he was still somewhat anxious as to the Channels of escape.

But when on the third meeting the Lion addressed him and inquired how he did, he boldly replied:
"I did n't!"

MORAL.

Familiarity breeds contempt.

JOHN KENDRICK.

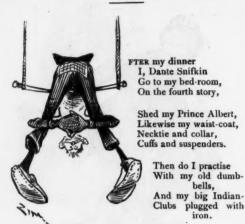
#### THE PUNISHMENT FITS THE CRIME.



There can be no question that men are punished for their misdeeds in the course of their lives. Any one could easily foresee the fate of the man who wrote "Beautiful Snow."

# \* PICKINGS FROM PUCK. \*

# AFTER-DINNER ATHLETICS.



Then I 'gin thumping At the spry foot-ball, And on the trapeze Fiy to the ceiling.

Soon I'll have muscle Like any whip-cords, Tough as pig-iron Or railroad sponge-cake.

For I'll be ready— Prepared for to blossom A Freshman at Harvard.

## AN ANGLER'S LIE.

As an old sportsman entered a sample-room up-town where some of his friends were congregated, one of the latter said:

"That 's a fine basket of brook trout you have there."

"Yes; I guess they'll go good at breakfast."

"How many have you got?"

"Do you call that angling?"

"About twenty, averaging a pound apiece."
"Where did you catch them?"
"Down in Washington Market."

"No; but when I go out and lie on the ground, while hosts of mosquitos chew my ears off, just to have some trout for breakfast, and then don't catch one, why, I make up my mind I'll have trout if I have to pay for them. I went out yesterday and spent about eight hours in the wood, screened in the bushes by a warbling brook. Not a bite did I get any more than if the trout were muzzled. I got my shoes full of sand and insects, while a beautiful series of assorted cramps gamboled up and down my calves from walking twenty miles. The pint flask kept up inspiration as long as there was anything in it, but I did n't catch fish enough to cover a square inch of Good Friday. When I struck the market, though, I laid in a stock, and had them packed in these leaves and grass that I brought home for the occasion. Now, then, boys, take something and don't say anything about it.

They all drank with a will, and when they had gone the bartender asked the angler, who had lingered behind to select the poorest specimens to present his neighbors with, what he paid for the fish. The angler winked, and

"Strange as it may seem, they cost me nothing. I caught every fish in the basket; but I knew if I said so I would be put down as the biggest liar in the city, and no one would ever believe me again. It is sometimes hard to tell the truth; but I desire to gain a reputation for making straight and honest statements, because am going to run for Police Justice in the fall. My trout story will do this, for be a man as, truthful as George Washington, he will calmly lie to any extent when his prowess as a sports-man is in the balance. Thus by the greatest lie

A STREET SKETCH IN ST. LOUIS.



CUSTOMER.—I guess they 're too small, eh? PEDDLER.—Yes, but de cold will soon counteract yer ears; den ye kin slip 'em on 's easy 's a mitten.

of my life shall I gain a metropolitan reputation as one who never departs from the strict truth, and perhaps I shall be elected on the strength of it."

He then gave the bar-tender half-a-dozen small fish, and the latter—the bar-tender, not the fish – told him he would get him forty votes on Election Day.

## ECCENTRIC WOMEN.

-One who will run past a dry-goods store window.

-One who does n't think her child the sweetest in the world.

-Who does n't sit up for her husband when he goes out to the club.

Who thinks some other woman's seal-skin sacque is better than her own.

Who thinks more about the sermon than she does about bonnets in the next seat ahead. -Whose preacher and doctor are not better

than any one else's. Who does n't think she is the only woman

in the world who is misunderstood. -Who keeps a cook five years without giving

her the whole house.

-Who would n't rather go to an Italian opera, where she does n't understand a word or a note, than hear the same thing sung in

English. Who does n't lay her illness to the chicken-

pie rather than the ice-cream. -Who thinks her son's wife is as good as

her own daughter. -Who does n't spend less money in a week than her husband does in a day, and stand more hard luck without complaining than he ever dreamed of.

An OLD maid may toss her head and laugh at the idea of marriage, but in that very laugh she goes "He, he, he."

"WHY SHOULD N'T I?" asks a poet. One good reason is, if you ever run for office you will wish you had n't.

# OUR IDEA OF AN "OLD MASTER,"

AS HE MUST HAVE LOOKED WHILE AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO.



BASED ON THE GREAT NUMBER OF "OLD MASTERS" THAT ARE CONSTANTLY BEING DISCOVERED IN NEW YORK, CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, MILWAUKEE AND OTHER ANCIENT ART CENTRES.

## A TALE OF A WILD WAGNERITE.





This is the Wagnerite, Hans Hallelujah Heinrich von Hostetter, Lover of Wagner, Tuba adorer, Friend of the trombone, One of the Götter-Dämmerung-Tannhäuser-Lohengrin-Meistersinger Fiends fresh from Fiendsville.

Alone in his chamber, Mournful was sitting Hans Hallelujah Heinrich von Hostetter, Mournfully cussing Cussing the ignorant
World and the ignorant Folks that are in it, Folks who refuse to Cotton to Wagner, Folks who will take no Stock in the Master, In the Maestro, Folks who revile him, Call him a duffer.

"Out of this cold world," Muttered the Wagnerite, Mournfully mumbling:

"Out of this cold world I will betake me, Into the wilderness, There will I commune, Commune with Nature, Holiest Nature. Thus will I flee from, Flee from the vandals, They who adore not Richard the Master. Better the wilderness Far than the cold world Defiant of Wagner."

Then into Africa

Fled the wild Wagnerite, Far from the cold world Wandered he lonely, Dreaming of Wagner.

Then from the jungle Rose the wild war-cry
Of the Mudjidji
Species of Niggers;
Up to the heavens
Rose the wild war-cry, Splitting the welkin
Into small pieces.
Down on his knee-bones
Tumbled the Wagnerite, Hans Hallelujah Heinrich von Hostetter, Crying in ecstasy: "Lo, I have found them--Found the real genuine Worshipers of Wagner— Now Ldie corr!" Now I die easy.'

This was an error. For he was eaten Hans Hallelujah Heinrich von Hostetter-By the Mudjidjis.

PARSEY FALL.

#### A SLIGHT LOSS.

"I'm sorry I was n't at your father's funeral, Miss Mollie."

One of the latest games to secure money and food under talse pretenses is for a woman to f.x herself up respectably, and go around to
new residents in suburban towns and solicit small sums of money or
turkeys for various fairs and bazars. If she succeeds in palming
herself off as the authorized solivitor, and gets any thing in the

A PHILADELPHIA EDITOR gravely contradicts a snake-story told by a Southern editor, on the ground that it is improbable. This seems like restricting the freedom of the press, when a man is not allowed to describe what kind of snakes he is best acquainted with.

A MICHIGAN NOVELIST has written a book entitled "My Motherin-Law." He makes her his heroine. The funny thing about it is that the author is a bachelor.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY may not be a strong advocate of gambling; but it can not be denied that it has got a corner in poets.

THE ONLY possible "ladifrend" is the Quakeress.

"A FLORIDA MAN owns a rooster that has laid an egg. This is not humorous," says an exchange. No; it is simply untruthful.

"YES," OBSERVED the widow: "it was rather a disgrace to have him hanged, but you don't know what a relief it is for me to know where he is at night-time."

#### CURRENT COMMENT.

licitor, and gets any thing in the name of charity, she is just so much in and the other person just so much out. But the regularly-appointed solictor is the one who is mad when she hears about it, which she generally does.

THERE IS a good deal of wicked-ness in this world, and no wonder: only the good men die, if the obituary writers are to be believed.

IT is said that the Zulus have been depraved by religion. They probably modeled too closely after the missionaries.

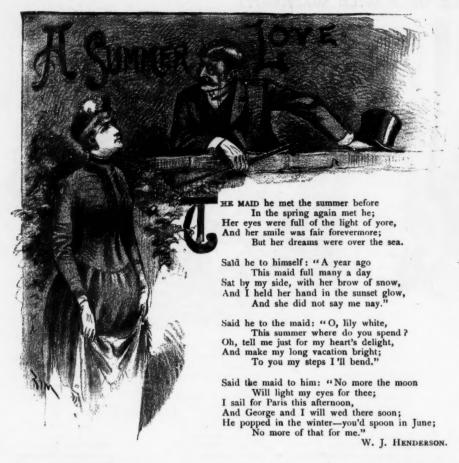
A PHILOSOPHER SAYS "Love is like chocolate." Probably because chocolate is one kind of taffy.

An exchange tells how to pre-pare a Tartar meal. The first thing necessary is to catch a Tartar.

TALK ABOUT the rosy palpitant glow of sunrise—there is nothing in this world that so gorgeously illumines the sky as the midnight conflagration of a manufactory of non-explosive oil or a fire-proof building.



ANOTHER UNITED STATES CRUISER RUN DOWN BY AN UNKNOWN SCHOONER.



## PUCK'S HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT.

N accordance with our usual custom of filling all the long-felt wants we find lying around loose, we shall now start a "Household Department," after the manner of our Esteemed but Out-of-Town Contemporaries. Correspondence is cordially invited. It will be observed that we have already a few starters. These were obtained by private drumming, and are strictly genuine. The Household Department will be entitled:

## "AUNTY PHATT'S LETTER-BOX."

"Mamie" writes from Kalamazoo, Mich.:

"I am a young wife—just twenty-one. You would take me for eighteen, to look at me, and John says sometimes he thinks I am about thirteen. Just now I am in great trouble, and I want dear, good old Aunty Phatt to help me out. I'm sure she is such a sweet old soul that she will do it. Baby has just got into the nice batter I have been making for John's buck-wheat-cakes, and I want to know how to cook the batter without injuring the baby. John thinks he should be baked slowly in a cold oven; but I am afraid that it might give him a chill. Won't some older mother give me a lit-tle advice on this subject?"

Mrs. J. S. writes from Skowhegan, Maine: "Could n't Aunty Phatt give me a receipt for freckles? I have n't been married very long, and I am always trying to think of nice new dishes to treat my dear hubby to. I'm sure he'd like some nice freckles, if I only knew how to cook them. He is so fond of crullers."

"Pussie," of Alton, O., writes:

"I am an awfully inexperienced young thing,

and what I want to know is, do you think it is proper for a young man to call on me six nights in one week? Nobody has, yet; but I'm so afraid that somebody might, and then I should n't know what to do.

"P. S. -If he wore dude shoes, would it make any difference?"

Amy Aylmer, of Marmaduke, Iowa, writes: "I should so like to print a poem in your magazine. Would you let me, if I wrote a real nice one? Only I don't know how to write on both sides of the paper at once. How do you

editor people do it? It must be awfully diffi-

From Flint, Michigan, Mrs. Redie S. writes: "I would like to know of a real good hairdye-one with a pretty name. I don't want it for myself—I want it for baby. I'm so afraid his hair is coming out red, and we have named him Rupert Waldegrave, and red hair would be horrid, would n't it?"

"Pinkie Pomegranate," Tuscaloosa, Ala-

"What is a waffle-iron, and how do you use it; and will it really make the hair curl?

"Miranda" writes from Leansboro', Illinois: "There is a young gentleman friend of mine who has been coming to see me for seven years twice a week, and I have often thought that there was something serious in his attentions, and that he meant to keep company with me; but he has never said anything about it, and I have always felt a delicacy about broaching the subject myself. I am a shy girl, and I am afraid it might embarrass him. Besides, lately the terrible suspicion has come over me that he may be a bigamist, and have several wives in some other place. He has never done anything to give me this idea; but I don't understand why he is so careful and sort of backward, if he is not locking some terrible secret in his bosom. He has light curly hair and blue eyes. Do bigamists generally look like that? His father was a milkman; but he is in the tape department of Mr. Jimson's Emporium. Do tell me if you think he is a bigamist. Do you know of any thing that will keep the hair from falling out? I have a Langtry wave that I paid seventy-five cents for in Peoria, and it is getting very thin, and is coming out like a tooth-brush.

"Would you make up my new Surah silk à la princesse, or don't you think there's enough of it for an overskirt?"

A BURGLAR GOT into the house of a lawyer the other day. By superhuman efforts he escaped without losing any thing but his time.

A PLAY HAS been written called: "The Poet and the Editor." It is not a comedy.

#### THEY HAVE OUR SYMPATHY.



You may think this man and wife are quarreling, or tha he is telling her that he has just lost his last cent in Wall Street, but in reality they are only discussing some way of making theironly son stop smoking cigarettes.

#### THE FATE OF A MILESIAN TRAMP.



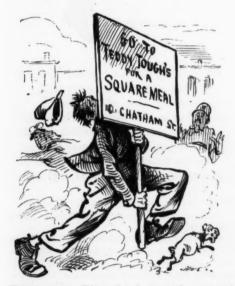
THE OUTCAST.—'Pon me soul, sorr, Oi have n't ate a



THE HOSTELRY PROPRIETOR .- Well, cully, jes' collar onto that, an' escort it up an' down Broadway several times. That 's the way we do business!



THE OUTCAST .- Bedad an' its a shkin of a man who can't shtand be his banner.



THE OUTCAST.—Disperation has overtaken me, an', crazed wid hunger, I musht prosade on me homestretch.



THE GUARDIAN OF THE PEACE.—Soy, ye boilin' lunitic, phwat d'yer mane by walkin' over iverybody? Ain't the city large enough for yer? Come along!



THE OUTCAST.—The whole worruld is ag'in me. Oi've niver been able to earn an honest livin' since Oi was born!

#### AXIOMATIC.

Success lives two doors beyond Perseverance.

If you get tired of the struggle of life, cut a pole and go fishing. He who is always suave and smiling is about as flat as a saltless pudding.

The gossip is like a bicycle, in that she is exceedingly liable to run

Jealousy and a crack on the crazy-bone have often put murder into the heart of man.

Do not meddle with the wrong person. Remember, there is n't much ecstatic fun in a buzz-saw.

Boast of having been in the lock-up, if you will, but never admit that you have been in love.

Home, to many, is the last resort. When they can do nothing else, they at least can go home.

Self-sufficiency is never so much at home as when it envelopes the form of a magazine writer. Complain not of reverses. Better to slip down on the sidewalk

than to have the sidewalk slip down on you.

When Care comes a-rapping at your door, be like the man who expected to draw a large prize in a lottery—just out.

All flesh is grass, but you can not feed raw meat to the average horse. That is, you can; but he won't eat it.

There are many "exhilarating feelings" to be experienced, but the

exhilarationest one is feeling under the lap-robe for the hand of your

There are two things in this country which are so rare that not many people have seen even fac similes of them. They are a pine-tree shilling and an honest man.

Do not laugh at the youth who is in love, for at such times he is the personification of sensitiveness. Better to laugh at the size of his feet than the sighs of his heart. (Don't mind the pun-it knew Washington.)

you find yourself on the wrong side of an argument, circle gradually around until you meet the manly side, which is not afraid of the honest, golden glitter of the sun of right; and then, besides, your

opponent may be a big man.

Sometimes Fortune—the capricious jade!—skips gaily to the aid of the abject. But rarely. It more often happens that the man who dies for the want of a miserable crust receives loud praise, and perhaps a monument, after he has stepped through the doorway of Death. At such times Fortune seems as bitter as a two-shilling smile on the face of an undertaker.

You may be down on your luck; you may not possess a five-cent nickel; your fickle girl may have dealt you out a bitter dose called "leftfulness;" you may be "worse off" than the crank of to-day; but, young man, if, as an offset to these woes, you have a supply bountiful of that which should dispel acerbity—good bread and beer—you are no philosopher if you can not enjoy life!

EDWARD WICK.

## BALLADE OF YOUTHFUL FOLLIES.



At night, o'er a pipe and a glass, 'Tis solid enjoyment to sit, Unheeding the hours that pass, The shadowy phantoms that flit. When the fire and chandelier 's lit, Shining bright on the boards where we play, We don't care for sorrow a whit-But we pay for it all the next day!

# A NEW TERROR.

SNIFFORD came home on Friday night in a warped condition. He might have been called paralyzed; but he observed to the other warped gentlemen who had escorted him to his door that he was galvanized, nickel-plated, and that he owned all the street and more than half of the town, with all the rights, privileges, ap-purtenances and hereditaments thereunto belonging.

This state of exhilaration had evaporated when he reached the chamber where Mrs. Snifford's innocent head pressed a lonely pillow, or ought to have pressed a lonely pillow, had Mrs. Snifford had the feelings of a wife—had she possessed one shadow of sympathy with the chronic aridity of a husband.

But as Snifford steered a winding course toward the bed, he found himself brought up by a glare familiar enough to him, but never in

so terrible a form as he now beheld it.
"I say, M'ria!" he gasped in protest, as he stood swinging his shoes in one hand and in the other the regular propitiatory offering of one-soft-shell-crab-in-a-box: "I say, M'ria, don' look er me li' tha'!"

But the cold and menacing glitter, like the moonlit depths of a treacherous pond, still was fixed upon him, and the soul of Snifford trem-

"M'ria," he pleaded, faintly: "don' look er me' li' tha'. 'S aw ri', I shoor you. House fell on my head, tha'sh aw. You're 'shtaken, M'ria, you're 'shtaken. Have n't had a drink—s' hel' me grayshs! S'murrer fel'—s'murrer drink. M'ria don' look er me li' tha'!' drink. M'ria, don' look er me li' tha'!"

But still the cold light penetrated his very



In laughter each seeks to surpass, No song or bon-mot we omit, And a toast circles round to the lass Whose charms we are pledged to admit. From duties and cares we're acquit, And we drink to our idols of clay; Oh, we fancy "Old Time" we outwit-But we pay for it all the next day!

ENVOY.

Death summons us all, we submit, And the black curtain falls on our play, On its songs and its dances and wit-For we pay for it all the next day!



"F'the'law'sake, M'ria, don' you shoot one e er me li' tha'. Make er urrer eye! You'll eye er me li' tha'. kill me, shu', 'n' then wheresh your sh'porter? Make er urrer eye! M'ria, brough' you box er crab—co' crab—saw sher crab—M'ria, make er urrer eye!"

As he writhed in his agony, while the baleful light seemed to illumine every nerve of his body and discover to the world the alcoholic flush which pervaded him, his tortured backbone took a new and feebler twist, and changed his focus about a foot to the left.

"Tha'sh berrer," he resumed, in comparative relief: "th'sh ri'. She's comin' roun'," he confided to the box of crabs: "that'sh fetched her. Now, M'ria, ta' tha' urrer eye off, an' 'sh aw ri'. Ta' urrer eye—"

The hand of Mrs. Snifford was on his shoulder, and the voice of Mrs. Snifford was in his

"Come to bed, you monument of infamy!" was the true wife's touching greeting.



When during the social cuirass We dance till the gray dawn is lit, A man never thinks what an ass He has made of himself. Not a bit Does he care if his white kids are split, That his coat is with pearl-powder gray; He has flirted, and p'rhaps he is smit-But we pay for it all the next day!

Snifford turned around and raised one unholy howl of terror:

"F'th'law'sake, M'ria! wash yer doin'? She 'sh a-comin' tha' mirror, doub' look' glash—shee-er-back-er-yer-head game on me!" Then an awful thought burst upon him: "Gorrem!" he wailed, plaintively: "gorrem! Eyes, 'shtead er monks. No zhebra—on'y eyes—M'ria's eyes—oh, ta' 'em away—ta' 'em away—O Law'! there 'sh tha' boss big green eye 'gain— I gorrem, I gorrem!"

I wish you had," said Mrs. Snifford, sternly: "I am sure I wish you had. It might be a lesson to you. But you are in no danger. walking distillery can't get any worse. That thing on the wall there is the luminous matchsafe you yourself bought me yesterday and said it was one of the wonders of science, and you were afraid to say what it cost you—and they're ten cents everywhere, Mr. Snifford, and you're coming right along to bed, and I hope you like it yourself."

And she dropped the crab out of the window, and led Snifford gently bedward by the

AFTER A DOCTOR has saved a patient's life with medicine, all the neighbors rush in with woodcock and guava-jelly, and words of com-fort, and kill the patient with nervous excite-ment. Then the doctor is howled down as a quack, and every one says it would have been all right if he had only done this and that, and so and so.

THE BOSTON Evangelical Alliance recently debated upon the exact location of Paradise. We have always understood that the spot was a long way from Boston.

#### THE LATEST NEWSPAPER INDUSTRY.



"Vot you vant?"
"I want to publish your portrait and description in our Sunday edition, as one of the Merchant Princes of the Great City—for the small sum of two dollars."

## PUCK'S RURAL LOCALETTES.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF PATENT-INSIDES.

[These notices will be found thoroughly trustworthy, and may be safely used by any country weekly.]

School closes on the 22nd.

Roe McAllister will kill a beef Saturday.

Lemuel Johnson is whitewashing his back-fence.

Miss Mamie Tucker is visiting friends in Kenyon.

There is some talk of having a new bell in Town Hall.

"Mark" Sibley shortly goes to Readfield to prepare for Kenyon.

The Hook and Ladder Company will paint its house green next month.

Reuel Green's bay heifer was run over by the cars last Thursday afternoon.

Hank Lewson got ten days for a drunk before Judge Larkins Tuesday last.

'Squire Mills is having his house re-shingled. The 'Squire is looking very well.

Sam Giddens was in our burgh last week, on his way to the Railroad Convention.

The wind blew so hard last Tuesday that the clock stopped in the Presbyterian steeple.

Prof. Mills will give an elegant wax-works entertainment at Library Hall on the 20th.

Miss Lulie Johnson is in town visiting Miss Natie Hostetter. She is a stylish brunette.

Where is the Council? The town-pump ran roiley three days last week. It will be remembered that reform was pledged at last election.

# THE KATY-DID.—A SONG OF JULY.

Hear the buglet with her his Katy-did!

Katy-did!

What a heap of earthly greatness there is hid!
How his "Yes yer, yes yer, yes yer,"
In the middle of July,
Endeavors to impress yer,
E'en though the thing oppress yer,
That you lie
Like a Coney Island haekman,
Till you rear up like a blackman
At the blest continuation that so musically slid
From the Did, Did, Did,—
From the Didnting and the Didding of the Did.
SHAK. JONES.

I'm a happy little pussy,
As I roam around the kitchen,
Where the mutton-chop is blooming
Red and rare.
And I have a sky-blue ribbon
Tied about me, like a necklace,
And I sleep upon the cushion
Of a chair.

While the kettle's sweetly singing,
On the hearth-stone oft I settle,
Close unto the cheery oven,
For a nap.
And I'm such a lovely watcher,
Such a wondrous little mouser,
That the pantry's not provided
With a trap.

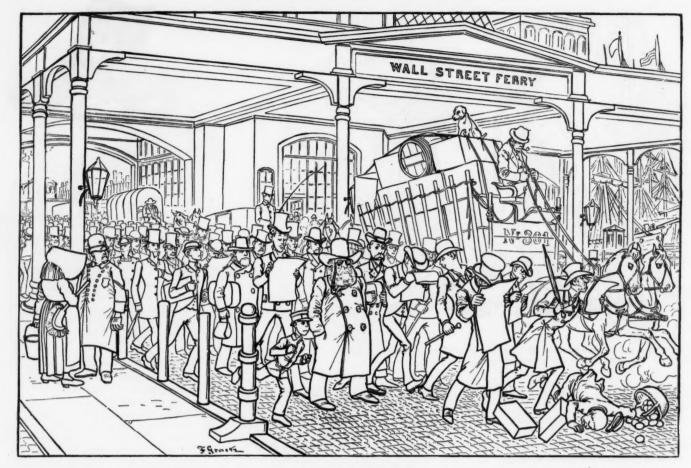
From the cellar to the garret,
From the garret to the cellar,
In a quarter of a minute
Do I fly.
And I chase the ball of worsted
All around the gilded parlor,
And I scratch the shaggy poodle
In the eye.

When I'm yowling in the moonlight,
On the viney terrace yonder,
I evade the brick and boot-jack
Like a flash.
I'm so lively on my pedals
That I do not mind observing
That no butcher'll ever grind me
Into hash.



Musical Dun.—If you don't pay my little bill, I will sit down here and play on the accordeon all night, and I only know "See—Saw." [The bill was paid.]

#### THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.



THE TERMINAL FACILITIES OF OUR FERRY-LINES, AND HOW THE CITIZENS AVAIL THEMSELVES THEREOF.

#### IMPROVED QUOTATIONS.

WHAT'S in a name? That which we call a mule
By any other name would kick as hard.

Where are you going my pretty maid? "To work the growler, sir," she said.

The proper study of mankind is scads.

A little poetry is a dangerous thing; Drink deep and write not of the balmy Spring.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead

Who never to himself hath said:
"This is my own, my nat.

"This is my own, my pat, full hand?"

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;

'Tis woman's Sunday evening.

Oh, wad some power the giftie gi' us To have four aces when one would see us!

Maud Muller on a summer's day With a man with shekels

skipped away.

THE BOYS just howled and roared and jumped, 'Each with a purple face,

When a man came out and rudely dumped On their well-made sliding-place S'm' ashes.

THE EARLY cat catches the contents of your mill-pitcher.

#### A NEGLECTED CLASS.



Isn't it About Time the Store-Keepers Made Some Provision for the Comport of "Window-Shoppers?"

# RANDOM REMARKS.

A LAS, THE poor River Charles has been done to death in verse, "To the River Charles" and "The Winding Charles" are familiar to all; but now a poet of originality starts a sonnet with "Friend Charles." We strongly object to the use of "friend" in this style as pro-

vincial and, in a certain sense, vulgar. The poet might have said "Dear Charles," or, if not sufficiently intimate to justify such close familiarity, "Dear Mister," or "Major Charles." Before long some profane mind will conceive the idea of flippantly calling it "The Meandering Charley."

"YOU ARE winning golden opinions of yourself," whispered the bride to her husband at their wedding reception. Three months afterward, when his wife had him arrested for abandonment, drunkenness and bigamy, he discovered that the opinions, like his solid silver wedding presents, were only plated.

LIGHTNING NEVER strikes twice in the same place. Don't it? Oh, it don't, eh? Well, go and travel in Jersey a little

#### \* PICKINGS FROM PUCK. \*

# FOUR P. M.—PRESS-DAY.

Oh, the roses in the tumbler on the dusty officedesk!

Oh, the air they give the tumbler-don't they make it picturesque?

Oh, the perfume of those roses, as it floats upon the air!

Oh, the smell of printer's ink that meets it nearly everywhere!

Oh, the little patch of color, and its rosy loveliness,

Bright against the grimy pallor of rejected MSS.

Oh, the breath of country fragrance-oh, the flash of country light-Come to cheer the den where three poor townbound devils sit and write!

Oh, the softly flushing petals that the weary breezes stir!

Oh, the little girl whose cheeks-but, no, we will not speak of her.

Oh, the poet, oh, the poet, oh, the poet dull and dry!

And the foreman after copy, and with gore within his eye!

Oh, the tardy inspiration that will not for coaxing come! Oh, the sulky Muse that stays so very obsti-

nately dumb! Yes, I know it's mean-but-well, as far as

inspiration goes-Oh, a julep in a tumbler starts me spryer than a rose!

V. HUGO DUSENBURY, P. P.

#### THE TRAMP.

A tramp, wandering at night, stealthily approached a shadowy house on the New Jersey marshes. He paused a little way from the

"No light," said the tramp.
He went a few steps further.
"No dog," muttered he.

He tiptoed softly to the door.

It opened.

It swung to and fro. It had not been locked. It had no lock.

"There is no one at home," said the tramp: "or maybe the family has moved. I shall have a good time, at any rate."

He entered.

It was a nitro glycerine factory. He walked inside, and lay down on forty tons of nitro-glycerine.

"I want something to put my head on," said he.

The tramp groped about in the dark till he found a small keg of dynamite.

He rolled it up in the dark, and rested his head on that.

"This is what I call enjoyment," said the

tramp, pleasantly.
"I wonder how long the family will be gone? "I came pretty near putting up at the hay-

"I might have taken the other road. This

is a snug place. "I shall come this way again.

"Before I go to sleep I shall enjoy a quiet

"I hope I have n't lost my matches.
"Here is a match."
It wouldn't strike.

"I'll try this."

# THE WHIFFLETREE.

So you would like to know something about the whiffletree, would you? All right, Cornelia, you shall know all we can tell you regarding it. We don't pretend to be a natural history, and we never affect the style and manners of a gazetteer; but when such a charming and delightful creature as you are, or, rather, as we can not help imagining you to be, asks to be enlightened, we must throw aside our icy reserve, and gently but firmly ladle you out the desired information.

Most young ladies who write to us for information ask such questions as: Is it hurtful to eat ice-cream at breakfast? How do you make caramels? In the language of love, what does "gumdrop" How old was Charles Reade when he wrote "Richelieu"?

Therefore, we take pleasure in posting you on the history and manners of the whiffletree.

The whiffletree, Cornelia, is a small tree about the size of the dogwood. Its branches spread out considerably, and its leaves are hard, brittle and full of small perforations. It grows in the southern part of Africa, and is much used by the natives in the construction of bows and spears. At night, when everything is wrapped in sweet repose, the wind rustles through the perforated leaves and makes a sort of weird sound

known as a whiffle; hence the name whiffletree. We think it was Sir William Jones who wrote a moonlight madrigal

Containing the lines:

"The twilight has passed, and the moon is up,
And sails down the sky like a silver cup.
And the whiffletrees join in the ocean's roar,
And whiffle and whiffle along the shore."

Many other travelers allude to this curious tree, which lives to the age of a hundred years. It bears a small fruit something like an apricot, which is a great favorite with the natives, whose superstition leads them often to worship the tree. When it whiffles loud, the native thinks it is angry with him, and beats his breast with a stone to appease its wrath. On the contrary, when it whiffles a low, tender melody, it is thought to be a sign of peace, prosperity and good luck. We never hear much of its fruit, because the natives will not allow any of it to be taken away. Travelers are always safe under the whiffletree, because wild animals flee from it, filled with indescribable terror when it begins to whiffle. Many pleasant legends of this wonderful tree have been translated by travelers, and we should be more than happy to give them to you if we had the space to spare. Some time when you are feeling inquisitive, and in a condition to receive information, please write and ask us if the "memoranda" is a snake of the anaconda family, or something of that kind.

Seventeen tons of nitro-glycerine blew out the tramp's pipe. Four tons went off wearing his hat. Six tons played foot-ball with hoes. Nine tons drew on his tattered coat and wore it into the With his trousers four tons went dancing along the Milky Way.

He never came that way again.

L. H. TUPPER.

#### THE FASHIONABLE SMUGGLER.



THE CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER ASKED HIM TO WAIT A MINUTE.

AND HE WAITED.

## GRACE, EASE AND AGILITY. - A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS.



#### "WINGED."

There 's an archer in your eyes,
In your glorious eyes, my belle,
And he marked me for a prize;
So he shot me, merry-wise,
And from giddy heights I fell
Dead—in love with you, my belle.

Ah, that ruthless archer knows
That your eyes are starry bright—
That your rich complexion glows
With the lily and the rose—
That your hair is black as night,
For your beauty is his might.

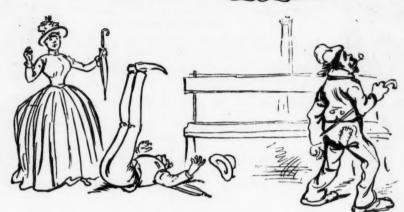
So from giddy heights I fell,
And I fluttered at your feet.
Claim me as your prey, my belle;
You have hit me passing well,
For your triumph is complete,
And my woe is—bitter-sweet.
Stoux Brubaker.

PET PHRASES.

Which we Hope Never to see Again in the Columns of Our Esteemed Contemporaries.

The genial, gentlemanly and ever-popular

Superintendent was presented with a gold-headed cane by his numerous



#### THE TIMES ARE CHANGED.

When the average Biblical patriarch died he was said to be full of days; but when the average young man of to-day stops, it would be about as appropriate to say that he is full of nights.

"VANITY, VANITY, all is vanity," said the preacher. The preacher must have been testing the oyster-stew and the raffle at his church fair.

# IN WOE BEWAILED.

Silence, O, winds of March That under heaven's arch Art moaning ceaselessly— Away across the snow Behold my lady go— Away, away from me!

Perchance, O, winter wind, She may remain unkind, While I my sorrow keep, Though love should love beget— And yet—and yet—and yet This is not why I weep.

Not this—griefs may be borne,
Grief at her cruel scorn
At last to respite comes—
But it knocks the poetree
Completely out of me
Prints in the snow to see
Of number 'leven gums!
A. H. OAKES.

#### DEFINITIONS OF THE DAY.

THE THREE BALLS—The Charity, the Liederkranz, and the Old Guard.

A DISPLAY HEAD — That of Sullivan's Opponent in the Third Round.

#### THE NEEDED THING IN RESTAURANTS, JUST NOW.

AUSTONIA TOP TOP TO A TOP TO A

MIRRORS OVER THE TABLES, SO THAT CUSTOMERS CAN WATCH THEIR OVERCOATS AND UMBRELLAS WHILE EATING.

# The police are on the track of the ruffians.

admirers.

The heat yesterday was al most unendurable.

Many donations of silverplate were also received.

A very recherché cold collation was then served.

The applause was spontaneous and long continued.

The dread letter of the law had been carried out.

It has been a subject of frequent comment that—

Further particulars will be found in another column.

The merriment was prolonged to a late, or rather an early hour.

Mr.—, the veteran comedian, was careful and conscientious as Bob Acres.

A cool, calm and dispassionate review of the situation leads us to predictA WATER-BUTT-St. John.

A FISH-BALL—Cod-Liver-

ON THE TRAIL The Vine.

Low TIDE—The Summer Shoe.

UP IN ARMS—The Remingtons.

THE HOME-GUARD-The Bull-dog.

BEHIND TIME—The Man who has been Knocked Out.

STRAINING FOR EFFECT— The Crafty Milkman.

A DAZZLING CAREER-A Firework Manufacturer's.

HARD-FINISHED FURNITURE
—The Table of Logarithms.

SHORTHAND—A Bob-tail Flush.

THE FIGURE-FOUR TRAP-

THE BUZZ-SAW has an off-

#### ONE BRANCH OF THE ART.



Solid Merchant (reading begging letter).—What! A strong, healthy man like you begging? Why don't you get work at your trade?
Beggar.—I lost my voice, and had to give it up.
Solid Merchant.—What, are you an opera-singer?
Beggar.—No; I peddle clams.

#### ENTRE NOUS.

AM just over from Germany, where I have been studying medicine for two years.

I landed only yesterday by the Strychnia.

On the wharf I met an old acquaintance. He shook hands with me and said:

"Hallo, Bill!"

I thought-nay, I hoped-that I had outgrown "Bill;" but it seems I was mistaken.

He then surveyed my person critically, and remarked:

"Well, old man, German beer seems to have agreed with

you."

This in reference to a certain rotundity of figure which has recently come to me, but to which it was not considered etiquette on the other side to refer.

My critic continues:

"Well, Bill, I suppose we must call you Doctor, now."
This is the second time he has presented that hated Bill. I rejoin coldly that my friends have the utmost liberty of choice as to what they shall call me, and add, meaningly, that they seem to be availing themselves of it. He so far feels the sting of his rebuke that he says:
"Well, Bill, if my dog gets sick, I'll send for you."

We, then, as the play-books say, exeunt in several directions, laughing.

Across the dining-room of my hotel I see the familiar face of a dear old friend. In an instant I am shaking hands with him enthusiastically. "This moment"—I observe sentimentally to him-"is one that I have lived over again and again in my dreams."

He says:

"Well, Will, German beer seems to have agreed with you." I drop my dear friend's hand, and say that I am feeling very well, thank him.

My friend then observes with originality:
"Well, Will, I suppose we must call you Doctor now." I explain with secret anger, but superficially jocose reference to my professional future, that it matters little what they call me, so that they do call me occasionally.

Then the idiot says:

"Well, Will, if my dog gets sick, I'll send for you."

It is with the utmost difficulty that I bid the infernal ass good-day in a friendly manner.

Tears of joy stood in the eyes of my maiden aunt, from whom I have expectations, when she again beheld her favorite nephew. In a voice choked with joyful emotions, she cried:

"Well, Willy, German beer seems to have agreed with you." Adding, after a moment's reflection:

"Well, I suppose we must call you Doctor now."

All this I bore, mindful of my expectations; but when she said, after a pause:
"Well, Willy, if my cat gets sick, I'll send for you."

I fled the house, never to return again.

As a matter of duty I called on my old guardian. He was glad enough to see me, and said:
"Well, William, German beer seems to have agreed with you."

I laid a heavy hand upon the old man's arm, and clinching it with a vice-like grip (Copyright 1492, by George W. Anonymous), said in a

"Stop, old man. I know what you are about to say. German beer does seem to have agreed with me; but you need not feel under the slightest obligation on that account to call me Doctor now, nor yet to send for me professionally in the event of the illness of your cat or dog."

But even as I spoke, his aged lips moved as if repeating the

formula:

"I suppose we must call you Doctor now."

And as I sped away, there floated after me the murmurous words: "Well, William, if my dog gets sick, I'll send for you."

All this is entre I sail for Germany to-morrow on the Morphia. F. E. CHASE. nous.

#### SOLITUDE.

TELL you," said a prominent Hermit in conversation the other day: 1 "these are tough times for men in our line. I have been driven from the primeval forests of the distant West by Raymond Excursionists, and from the trackless wastes of the great Alkali Desert by the agents of the seven per cent. guaranteed Western Farm Mortgage Company, in search of loans, offering peculiar inducements to Eastern capitalists. It has got so now that I can't find solitude anywhere outside of the dictionary

"I think I can fix you," said the manager of the Cynosure Theatre, thoughtfully: "Come down to our house next week and buy an or-

"Do you call that solitude?" replied the Hermit, scornfully.

"Well, the young and talented Miss Adèle Smithje is to play

Camille during the week, supported by an amateur company," said the
manager: "If you don't strike a better opening, look us up."

F. E. C

#### AN EXPLANATION.



MR. NOTTALL (explaining).—You see, they build a fire underneath the floor of the engine, and when it gets hot enough, they put the boiler on and open the cylinder door, and that lets the steam get into the wheels, and away we go.

LADIES.—Oh, thank you! We often wondered how it was done.

# A "COP'S" CONFESSION.



am a policeman, as vou can see by taking a look at me. I have been on the beat all my life, and that is why I make out so well. My only trouble is my flesh. I am so fat that I can't crawl into a coal-box to take a sleep, or hide behind a tree when there is a row going on anywhere. It would take an old memorial elm to hide me so that a foot of me would not bulge out on each side. When

I have to run anywhere, I get out of breath before I have traveled half the distance. I am so wide that no burglar can fire at me and miss. And then I am so heavy that the car companies won't let me ride free.

I am such a capacious cop that the bar-tenders on my beat object to filling me. It costs me twice as much as any other man on the "Force" to get a suit of clothes, and when I go up into a rickety tenement, the stairs break under me and spill me in the cellar.

I am so fat that I button my shoes with a boat-hook. If I drop anything on the floor, I have to lie down to pick it up. If a burglar lies on the ground I can't take him in.

rather take in a base-ball match than anything else I can think of just now, Furthermore, if the Commissioners ever see fit to "break" me, I trust they will save the pieces.

# A SMALL STEAK.

He looked up at the waiter and said: "A small steak." And added, as the waiter started to give the order: "Make it tender."

The waiter looked surprised, but said nothing. Then the stranger got up, and went through a physical movement of the arms, frightening an old lady with glasses, who sat at an opposite table. He was strengthening his muscles preparatory to encountering a small steak. A small steak will not be trifled with. When the small steak was brought, the mêlée commenced as follows, according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules:

First round.—The stranger and the small steak came to the scratch and shook hands, the small steak looked confident and smiling. The stranger act-ed on the defense and sparred cautiously. neat science was displayed by the small steak, who sent the stranger to grass. Time of first round, two minutes and seven seconds.

Second round.—Both came up smiling. The small steak planted a blow on the stranger's nose and dodged a left-hander. The stranger became groggy, when the referee called time. Time of second round, three minutes.

Ten rounds were fought, the small steak coming off victorious. W. L. C.

"How THEY Dine in Berlin" is the title of an article recently printed in the Sun. We did not read the article, because we felt we could tell the whole story in three words: Off their knives.

IT is said that you can remove a coffee-stain from damask by soaking it in milk. But we should think the best way would be to put some milk in the coffee in the first place.

This is the time of the year when the upcountryman makes his winter supply of applejack, and his tanned face shows fourteen wrinkles as he partakes of the first sample of the favorite beverage.

#### WILLING TO WAIT, THOUGH.

"I ONLY TOOK one glass of whiskey in my life," observed a temperance lecturer gravely: "and it cost me one thousand dollars."

"I don't wonder that you have stopped drinking, then," replied a listener: "When I get stuck that bad on a glass of whiskey, I'll stop, too."

## THE ELECTRIC DOOR-BELL.



ONE MUST KNOW HOW TO HELP HIMSELF UNDER SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES.

## MY SERVANT.



I've got a wondrous servant-girl who works from morn 'till night, And ne'er, except by accident, performs a duty right.

In winter-time when biting winds go shrieking through the wold,
She gives me meat that 's piping hot on platters freezing

cold.

And when the breezy summer-time is smiling on the grove, She gives me cold beef on a plate she 's roasted on the

She breaks the most expensive plates in sets that can't be matched,

The cheaper ones are never nicked by her or even

stove.

scratched.

She always fills the lamps at night, and oftentimes I wish She would n't take my razor when she wants to clean the fish.

She takes the shears to open cans, with coachmen strange

she fiirts,
And washes all the button-holes and buttons off my shirts.

She lights the fire with kerosene, she loses silver spoons, And goes out every week on six or seven afternoons.

She sweeps the bed-rooms once a month, if feeling so disposed,

And at the sideboard fills herself until she 's rosy-nosed.

Her beef is always overdone, her fish and chickens rare, Her relatives to her for my provisions oft repair.

She lately drove the duster through the Corot in the hall, And cleaning up the parlor knocked the nozzle off St. Paul.

I should feel as blithe and happy as the frisky chickadee, With his mate among the blossoms in an orchard apple-tree,

To tie a grindstone 'round her neck upon some morning fine,
And drop her down a hundred leagues beneath the toss-

ing brine.

Then would my heart beat gayly on in ecstasies of joy, And I should throw my hat up in the air like any boy;

And dance and shout as though a famous victory I'd

scored,

And give housekeeping up for good, and turn around and board.

Oh, here she comes! oh, here she comes! I hear her on the stairs,
The red-haired tyrant of the house who for me never

Come, Phillida, come, Phillida, get out your newest hat, And hurry up that Bridget may be early for the mat.

For, while she 's there with the élite 'neath Pleasure's

For, while she's there will the sales gilded dome,

We'll know the meaning of the bliss that dwells in "Home, Sweet Home."

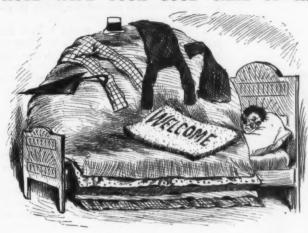
R. K. M.

R. K. M.

#### THE MAN WHOSE WIFE TOOK GOOD CARE OF HIM.



When he had a Touch of Rheumatism.



When he had a Slight Chill.



When he had a Stiff Neck.



When he Caught a Little Cold.



Various Remedies for Other Ailments.



His Widow .- It wasn't my fault, I 'm sure. I took the very best care of him; but he was too delicate for this world.

## HARD THINGS TO FIND.

A waiter who will serve you and help you on with your ceat, and look perfectly pleased when you don't give him any thing.

—A car going your way when you are in a hurry.

-A ton of coal weighing two thousand pounds without the driver.

-A clean towel in a printing-office.

-A servant-girl who won't tell you she "wasn't hired for that," when you ask her to sweep off the stoop. A pair of trousers to match your last year's coat and vest, which

are as good as new.

A pair of shoes that will be completely worn out at the same time instead of one being as good as new.

—A party to lend you five hundred dollars at six per cent, with-

out collateral.

-The small boy after school. -A seat in a Broadway car.

A married man who has not been told by his wife, that if he had taken her advice he wouldn't be as poor as he is to-day.

The employees of a powder-mill after an explosion.

daggers at you all the rest of the trip.

—A boarding-house in which all the rooms have a southern exposure, and none higher than second-floor.

-The United States Navy.

The keyhole about 2 A. M.

—A copy of Puck on the news-stands after Wednesday.

—One person in a hundred who knows how to talk through a telephone so as to be understood.

-A beggar who isn't trying to get just enough for a night's

lodging.

—A language that sounds anything like that used by the men who sell "extras" on the street.

-The North Pole.

W. C. GIBSON.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.-A stranger loitering about a mill the other day was caught by a belt and drawn into the machinery. He was taken out in a dying condition; but smiled faintly

as he remarked to his rescuers:
"I see you are determined that I shall no longer remain incog." He was a professional humorist.

### ALL YOUNG, ONCE UPON A TIME.



SMITH (at the circus).—Never too old for the circus, eh, Brown? Brown.—I don't care anything about it myself; but somebody had to come with the boy.

SMITH.—Is that your boy?

Brown.—Well—er—no; my boy was taken sick at the last moment, poor little chap, and so I brought a neighbor's. Ah, me! we were all young once, Smith.

## SOMEBODY SUFFERED.



JONES.—Is this your umbrella? JONES.—Are you sure? How do you know? SMITH.—'Cause it's got Johnson's name on it!

#### A ROW IN THE FLATS.

It was Mrs. Skimpkins who commenced it. What right had she to shut the hall-door on Mrs. Bludger's little Adolphus, who might have knocked for hours, only that Mrs. Jasper, on the next flat, happened to see it, and hurried off to tell Mrs. Bludger that it was

a shameful piece of impertinence. Still, Mrs. Jasper might have minded her own business, and al-though Mrs. Skimpkins would n't deny that she had shut little Adolphus out, she would ask Mrs. Jasper, now that Mrs. Pugsby was just coming up-stairs, whether she was willing to repeat her statement that she had seen Mrs. Pugsby steal Mrs. Martin's milk off the dumb waiter, the other

morning.

Mrs. Pugsby would inform Mrs.

Jasper that there was such a thing as Law; that she paid two dollars more rent per month than any one else in the house, and that if Mrs. Martin had given it around that she had stolen her milk, who would believe the word of a woman whom Mrs. Stanley, on the top-floor had heard, had been ejected from her last rooms for throwing boiling water on the

housekeeper's children. Mrs. Martin would observe from the landing above that Mrs. Stanley was too smart, and she would further like to know whether Mrs. Stanley had also informed her neighbors that she could not have gone to the theatre the other night, if she had not gotten the loan of Mrs. Martin's daughter's plush

Mrs. Stanley would admit that she had borrowed the sacque, and a perfect guy of a thing it was, too. And she ould ask if Mrs. Martin remer pered the day she was found trying to steam open one of Mrs. Bludger's letters.

#### \* PICKINGS FROM PUCK. \*

(Cries of "oh! oh!") The janitor below would now humbly request the ladies to re-

The ladies, in reply, would inform the janitor that they considered his interference a low insult, and that they would, one and all, refuse to pay another cent of rent until he had been removed by the landlord from his official position, and his goods and chat-tels deposited on the sidewalk.

Walter Stephen Murphy.

THERE'S NOTHING in this world like justice pure and simple. In a little Connecticut town lived two brothers who were actuated by a noble desire to divide their inheritance the old farm-house-with strict impartiality. So after much discussion, in which all the neighbors kindly joined, and a great deal of arbitration, they took a cross-cut saw, and, beginning at the top of the great stone chimney, sawed the house in two down to the ground. The division was a just one; but the chimney never drew afterward. When the brothers Capital and Labor have divided the house, will the chimney draw?

"Mrs. James Smith with daughter is spending a few weeks with her mother in this vicinity. She is eighteen months and four days old, and is a plump little creature. Mr. Smith has our congratulations. Come and see us, Jim," is an item in the Ashland, Mass., Record. If Mr. Smith has married an infant less than two years old, or if his wife's mother is of that youthful age, as is intimated by the editor, Mr. Smith should be seen by the authorities. If, on the other hand, the item is incorrect, James ought to see the editor with a club. In any event, there is busy employment for Jim.

#### CHEEK IN A CYCLONE.



BOOK AGENT.—Ah, happy to meet you. Now is the time to subscribe to "Gibbon's Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire." One dollar down, and twenty-

#### FULLY ELUCIDATED.



H, see the man! Is the man mad? You can just wager your last cent he is. Has the man been bitten by the dog of the ender standing beside the policeman, hard by? Oh, no, the man has not been bitten by the

dog.
Then why is the man mad?
Because the man thinks he is going to miss
that is what makes the man

Why does the man's hat fly off?

Because he is running against the wind. Will every street between him and the ferry

be blocked by carts, coaches, horse-cars, etc.?
Every one of them, Alcestis, every one of them; and at every crossing he will be detained several minutes, and spattered with mud from head to foot. Barrels will be rolled in front of him, or planks from the rear ends of trucks stretch across the sidewalk. In climbing over them he will trip and fall into apple-stands, and reach the ferry sore, bleeding, and not an entire garment on his anatomy.

But how about the train?

Oh, the train, eh? He will learn that the time has been changed,

and that it does n't go for fifteen

And then the man will be madder still, and spend more money in cooling himself off than it would have cost him in the first place to hire one of those close, stifling yellow-fever cabs.

A MAN RECENTLY cut his throat in Peck Slip while suffering from D. T. It may not be inconsistent with our dignity to remark that a man who is fond of drinking is very foolish to go and spoil his swallowing capacity so recklessly.

AUSTRALIA HAS had its first game of base-ball. It was played at Sydney. None of the players were hurt, and the umpire was treated with distinguished con-sideration. It must have been very queer base-ball.

A COLLEGE PAPER says that fifteen Yale students are training for a champion nine. We suppose the object of the training is to reduce themselves to the required number.

THE MEN who adopt honesty simply because it is the best policy, would make a specialty of dishonesty if it paid better. We're honest because we're built that way. Inherited from a long line of ancestors.

## THE ANNUAL COLLECTION FOR THE HEATHEN.

OUR PASTOR GOES IT BIG.



"Give what you can, beloved. Not being well off in worldly goods, I give my sympathies, my tears, as usual."



This is the dear old lady who calls around annually and says that every one on the block has subscribed something for the poor heathen but you.



The Rev. Howdah Chow Chow, who has been there, and preaches the sermon in the evening, tells good stories of the heathen, and helps swell the bag immensely.



Picture of the bag after a glorious week's work.



The church expenses, of course, have to be paid.

#### THE WM. AND THE TILE.

A GOAT stood by the orchard wall—
A goat serene and fat;
He spied a little distance off
On the ground a white felt hat,
And in a jiffy swallowed it whole,
And his heart went pit-a-pat.
Then joyfully on his hinder limbs
He assumed a buttful pose,
Then stood in a gentle reverie,

And wriggled his tail and blinked his eyes

Like a bard in a poppied doze,

And twisted his purple nose.

"Oh, I can the boot and the oyster-can
And the old hoop-skirt digest!"

Just then he jumped ten feet off the
ground,

With a motion of vague unrest— He suddenly learned that that white felt hat

Was a raging hornet's nest.



The missionary society has its innings.

Rev. Howdah thinks the

pastor acted like a hog.



While the dear old lady never gets left.



The missionary takes something for the mission.



Even the red-flannel shirt is missing when the bag arrives.

#### AN ALPHABETICAL ROMANCE,

THE farmer, loading up his A,
Hums low M L O D;
To rest has flown the noise E J,
And silent is the B;
The farmer's boy, in sad D K,
Is fishing by the C.

The farmer's wife she wonders Y
They do not come to T,
And gaze S with N anxious I
Out in the dusk to Z;
Her daughter H L, standing by,
Looks also careful E.

"O, Rachel," groaned the
mother: "U
R single & hap P,
But F U F R W
Will not X ite N V,
For waiting supper will make Q
Lose all your N K G."

H. C. Dodge.

A SHINER, Geoffrey, is a small Italian fish, a fiva-centa-shina, or black-fish. Oh, you don't see the point, eh? Then we'll give it to you with a diagram, for you are evidently Scotch of some kind or description. Either hop-scotch, butter-scotch, or some other kind of scotch with some hot water in it. Well, to the joke: First, the shiner is a small silvery fish. It is called an Italian fish in the joke, because it is sometimes boxed and sold for an Italian sardine. That is the first section of the joke, Geoffrey. The shiner is likewise called Italian, because so many small Italians shine boots for five cents, or fiva-centa-shina, which is also a key or explanation to the black-fish, the five-

A KANSAS FARMER, seeing his son about to step on a rattlesnake, pushed him back with such force that the boy's thigh was broken. Such actions as that are very likely to take all the ambition out of a boy. In this section of country boys are always encouraged by their fathers to step on all the rattlesnakes they can find.

such as it is. Now, as we supposed, you want to know why an Italian boot-black can be a fish. He could n't be, Geoffrey, he could n't be. He is called a fish ironically, because he lives entirely on land and never goes near water.

cent shiner being the boot-black-fish. That is the second section, and really, the entire joke, THERE is a New Jersey farmer so suspicious, that before buying a sheep he examines him closely to make sure that he has no cotton in him.

### A FORCED CALMNESS.



"You say he called you a liar?

"Yes, an unmitigated liar."
"And you did n't resent it?"

"No; how could I? My grandfather died of heart disease, and it won't do for me to get excited."

DR. Mobius has investigated the buttercup, and discovered that the varnish-like lustre so peculiar to it is due to a highly refractive yellow oil existing in the epidermal cells. If Dr. Mobius had just kept his learned and scientific head shut about the highly refractive yellow oil, he might have made an independent fortune by crushing the said liquid out of the buttercups, flavoring it up a little, and selling it for olive oil.

Prairie du Chien, Wis., has \$8,000 in the treasury and no debts to pay. Wisconsin is too near Canada, evidently, to encourage any enterprise on the part of city officials.

Africa would, no doubt, be a good field for raising watermelons, Rupert, if it were not for the Africans. They would cause the crops to fail.

THERE ARE four quarters in about everything except the light-weight dollars.

THE PEOPLE ARE PROTECTED.

Congressman Spouter.—Yes, I intended to say more; but the fact is, I had an impediment in my speech.

CONSTITUENT.—Why, what was it?
CONGRESSMAN S.—The five-minute rule.

# AN ARTILLERY RIDE.



ES," said the Doctor, thoughtfully: "I do like to tell those old war-stories over again. How fresh the whole thing is in my mind! I was only fourteen when the war broke out, but I wanted to go, and finally did. I was large of my age, and I kept at it till finally I got away from my home and started to join the

I did n't enlist at home, though. I went to the front, where the boys were putting down the rebellion, and I'll never forget how disappointed I was when I got there. My idea was to go up to the front, swing my hat, and lead the boys on to victory; but when I got there, owing to some misunderstanding, the band did not meet me, and the war went right on. I intended to go to the General and tell him that it was sweet to die for liberty, and that if he would show me where the carnage was thickest I would go there and die under the starry banner free, with a short-hand reporter to take down my dying words.

"But the General did n't seem to be prepared for me. He had his old clothes on, and was n't riding on the snorting war-horse that a General

generally rides in a picture.

"I asked him last Spring in Washington if he remembered that glorious day when I joined the army, and he said he did n't remember a

blamed thing about it.
"I wanted to join the artillery, thinking I could scrunch the rebellion quicker perhaps in that way than any other. So I got a chance to ride out on a gun with a friend and see the artillery drill about three miles away.
"I remember it very well now. I sat on the

behind axle of a gun-carriage, where I could enjoy myself. I did n't know much about the artillery service except from pictures, where I had seen a tall officer with store-clothes feeding iron balls into the throat of a large cannon. That day, however, I acquired an insight into

the style of conducting an artillery fight.
"The gun-carriage is different from most

other carriages. There are no springs to it, and when the driver erroneously runs over a haystack or a smoke-house it produces more or less of a concussion.

"We had n't more than left camp with that artillery outfit before we had the biggest runaway I ever saw. In two minutes every horse was on the dead run.

"I yelled to the driver to saw 'em down and stop his team or we'd run right into the mid-dle of the Confederacy and lose the respect of the South; but he laughed in a coarse, brutal way and socked the buck-skin right on. I tried to hang on to an iron handle, but I was in the air most of the time.

"Now, at home, when we drove a team anywhere, we usually followed the road and went around people's fields; but, Great Scott! that day, I remember, we jumped nine rail fences with our cannon, and galloped over the cro-quet-lawns like all possessed. We sailed through more watermelon patches than I ever saw. After we mashed the first fence down, I told the officer that if he'd halt the command, I'd get off and put up the fence again, so as to kind of keep the cows out; but he was a haughty young holy terror from York State, and he gave me a scornful reply which has escaped my memory.

"Wherever we went we left ruin and desolation. Our track was strewn with destruction and watermelon-juice. I decided not to use the artillery in putting down the rebellion. When we were ready to return, I asked permission to walk. I said there was no great rush about my getting back to camp; and, as it was only three miles, I would prefer to walk and commune with Nature. I did so. I walked, and so did the horses. They walked slowly and peacefully back to camp, and the whole army of the Tennessee laughed at me when I got there.

"I hope it will be many years ere our fair land is again deluged with blood. Let us struggle so far as we may to put off such a conflict as that which came upon us twenty years ago; for, unless it should come within the next year at least, I feel as though the government could not reasonably expect me to leave my business and go into another war. Why should a physician leave his practice and undertake to kill his fellow-man through the long and tedious process of war?"

BILL NYE.



-1 was in the air most of the time-

## TOO BUSY TO TALK.



"I have always understood," remarked a commercial tourist to the hotel clerk: "that women belong to the talkative sex."

"Well?" queried the clerk.

"I have just been sending a dispatch," explained the tourist: "and all I could get out of the young woman operator over there in the corner, when I inquired if she could send it right away, and how soon I might expect an answer, etc., was, 'Um—yum—twenty-five cents, please.'"

#### A MUSICAL NEIGHBORHOOD.

HERE is a man who lives across the way;
And, nightly, when the crickets quaintly croon,
He wrenches many a deep, discordant bray
From his long-suffering, garrulous bassoon.
It seems so sweet to hear those sounds increase, And know his lungs are going, piece by piece.

There is a girl whose home is near to mine; And when this working world has ceased to hum, She sits her down with happiness divine And slams a cracked piano deaf and dumb. I think the man who'd curse that lovely girl A base, unmusical, unimpassioned churl.

There is a boy who lives not very far;
And when the hour, grown late, seems strangely still,
He saunters by and whistles bar on bar
Of some dread opera chorus loud and shrill. I think it is so sweet to wake and list That walking saw-mill warble on his fist.

There is a servant in the house next door; And ere the clock its index points to nine, With yell and screech and howl and whoop and roar, She renders anthems deep and saturnine. It is so sweet to sit so near, and pray That she may bang her wretched life away.

There is a man who lives across the street; And when the gruesome night is passed and gone, And birds the ghastly morning shyly greet, He walks a mower round his verdant lawn. It is so sweet to stretch upon your rack
And know his shirt is splitting up the back. EDWARD WICK.

#### NOT SO BAD AS IT MIGHT BE.

AT THE grave the widow bore up bravely, but on the way home she suddenly burst into a flood of tears.

"I c-can't h—h help it," she sobbed:
"we jest p—passed the office of the c—company that John had h—his life insured in, an'
when I th—think o' that poor man's thoughtfulness, I jest h—have got to cry."

A Kansas City editor shot at a lawyer, but failed to kill him. The circulation of his paper is deservedly falling off in consequence

### THE ENCHANTED FARM.



ARRIVED at the farm for city-boarders in the twilight of the evening, and walked up to the house through a pathway of flowers. A cow was feeding in the meadow, a fleet of ducks floated on the quiet pond, a team of horses rested in the field in front of a plough, on which a tired ploughman was leaning, and in the corn-lot stood a scare-crow with a bird perched on top of it. The scene was highly rural and picturesque.

After breakfast I went out to look at the farm, The cow stood in the same spot she had stood the night before. The ploughman was still leaning on his plough, and the weary plough-horses had not moved from the part of the field where I first saw them. The same number of ducks was floating on the meadow-pond, and the bird still stood on the scare-crow in the corn-lot.

Was the farm enchanted? I walked up to the flowers on the lawn and picked some of them. They were odorless, though they belonged to species famous for their fragrance. This was puzzling.

I examined the flowers very carefully, and at

last discovered why they were without fragrance.

They were artificial.

The flowers were made of velvet and papier-maché, and were so natural as easily to deceive the ordinary eye.

I walked toward the scare-crow. The bird on it did not heed my approach. I threw a stone at him, but he regarded the attack with indifference. I never saw so tame a field-bird. I walked up and laid my hand on him, He didn't flutter a wing. I looked at him,

He was stuffed.

I crossed over to the duck-pond. The bright-colored ducks were floating hither and thither. When I threw at them they all swam toward me. As they approached the bank, I saw that they were decoy-ducks.

From the duck-pond it was only a little way to the pasture where the cow was grazing. She was a very handsome animal, a mixed Durham and Guernsey, with a spotted hide and long, bright horns. I called to her, but she did not raise her head. As I approached her, I perceived that she had glass eyes, and that her hide was sewn together in sections.

She was stuffed.

I hastened away to the plough-field to have the ploughman explain to me why the flowers and the living things on the farm were artificial. As soon as I got to the lot where he was ploughing, I called to him. He didn't answer. I walke up to him and shook him. He didn't stir. lifted his hat, which had fallen over his face.

He was stuffed with straw. I glanced at the plough. It had no colter. I looked at the horses.

They were wooden. I turned on my heel and walked back to the farm-house. I found the farmer sitting on the piazza in an easy-chair, smoking a Havana cigar.
"What do you mean," said I, "by keeping an

artificial scare-crow, an artificial cow, an artificial team of horses, an artificial hired-hand, artificial ducks, and artificial flowers?'

"I keep them for the benefit," said he, "of my city-boarders. These artificial objects give people a much better idea of rural life than they would if they were real."

"Tell me how," I asked in astonishment.

"Take that cow out there in the meadowif she were a real cow, she would be down in the swamp where nobody could see her.

"Take that ploughman—if he were a real ploughman, he would be sitting behind a tree reading a dime-novel, and the horses would be off in a blackberry patch browsing.

"If those ducks were real, they wouldn't go near that pond, but would be quacking around the back-door and walking into the kitchen.

"There hasn't been a bird around the farm

for years, and if that bird on the scare-crow was not a stuffed bird, there would not be a bird within ten miles of the farm.

"As for flowers, the delicate and gorgeous varieties you see on the lawn could not live in this climate and would not grow in this soil. Artificial flowers are now made so perfect that

they will deceive almost every eye, and by planting them we have the most rare and beautiful flowers all summer long. We take them in

when the last summerboarder goes away, and place them on shelves, and when the summer comes around, we set them out again. Some of our artificial flowers have been on the lawn for ten years

"We bought our artificial cow at a bargain of a bankrupt milk-stand at Coney Island. Our decoy ducks came

from a sportsman's store
in New York City. Our artificial dapple-gray
horses came from a harness-shop in New York, where they were used to display harness on. The artificial bird was purchased of a taxidermist."



## STUDIED FROM LIFE.

THANKS," said the tragedian, setting down his glass, and absent-mindedly pocketing my change, which lay upon the bar between us. "Many thanks, for your good opinion. I always study from nature—from nature, sir. In my acting you see reflected nature, herself."
"Try this cigar," said an admirer of nature

reverently: "Now, where did you study that expression of intense surprise that you assume in the second act?"

"From nature, sir-from nature. To secure that expression, I asked an intimate personal friend to lend me five dollars. He refused. This caused me no surprise. I tried several more. Finally, I struck one who was willing to oblige me; and as he handed me the bill, I studied in a glass the expression of my own face. I saw there surprise, but it was not what I wanted. It was alloyed with suspicion that the bill might be a bad one. I was in despair, "Well!" said the other, breathlessly.

Then an idea struck me. I resolved upon a desperate course. I returned the five dollars to my friend the next day, and on his astounded countenance I saw the expression I was in search of. Make it very light, this time."

F. E. CHASE.

# A Little Typical Top-Rigging, for Young Ladies Afflicted with Yachting Fever.



The U. S. Navy-Suitable for Chaperones.



The Nondescript.

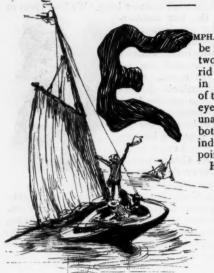


The Skimming-dish.



The Cutter.

## YACHTING VS. DRIVING.



PHATICALLY I say it, there can be no doubt as to which of these two favorite methods of getting rid of money is the most pleasant, in the minds of lovers of either of them. But to the unprejudiced eye of poverty that, being wholly unable to compass either, view both with the calm of scornful indifference, it is not so easy a point to decide.

Hygienically regarded, the buggy seems to enjoy a de-served advantage. What is more delightful than a drive over a good road, in good company, in the cool of the day? The sun is setting, and all nature is at rest. The eye falls upon a peaceful landscape, eloquent of happy homes and municipal pros-

perity; a sense of well-earned repose settles down over one's whole being. Then the carriage-wheel trips in a hole that somebody has carelessly left lying in the road, and the eye meets a large stone with which an inscrutable providence has thoughtfully decorated the foreground, and a pot-pourri of dust and splinters and carriage robes and language broods gloomily over the scene.

Now, nothing of this sort could ever, in the nature of things, occur

on a yacht. Instead of the heat and dust of driving, we bound over the foaming billows before a spanking white-ash breeze. The grateful perspiration breaks out upon our throbbing brows as we lazily toy with a twenty-foot sweep, and the cool zephyrs that fan our temples, and the refreshing spray of the salt sea spume, occur to us now and again as an aggra-vating literary reminiscence. Then we plunge joyously beneath the translucent green waves as the old tub drifts helplessly up against another boat, in spite of all we can

do, and caves in her side clear down to the keel.

No such mishap as this need be dreaded for an instant as a possibility of buggy-riding. The companionship of the horse, the noblest of animals, is as safe as it is elevating in its tendency. The horseman drives blithely from road-house to road-house, in all but perfect safety, ever and anon tossing off a flagon of beer or a beaker of cool, refreshing gin. No man was ever drowned in a carriage; the true lover of the horse passes away peacefully and quietly with a gin liver, surrounded by his family and friends.

Let us contrast, for an instant, this loathsome picture

of disease with the exuberant and abounding health of the yachtsman. His haunt is the wide bosom of the ocean, his air the unpolluted breath of nature. His days are spent far from the vicious haunts of man; his lungs are filled

with the intoxicating ozone of the breeze, and his stomach with the inebriating product of the still. Without any risk of arrest or of any subsequent penalty beside a severe headache, he enjoys the phantasmal society of nature's animal kingdom, as represented by blue monkeys and pink rats, and thus attains, in the exercise of pure imagination, the highest intellectual pleasure.

Oh, who would not be a yachtsman, were it not for the circumstance that, while a good turn-out, horse, carriage and harness, can be purchased for the comparatively trifling sum of five hundred dollars, a decent yacht can not be acquired for much less than as many

Yes, I would say with all my heart, "Give me a buggy," did I not bear in mind the fact that while I can take out but one young lady to ride, I can ship a full cargo

of pretty girls on my yacht, and thus enjoy an amplitude of choice and a wealth of variety that is attainable in no other way.

I am for a vacht every time, only that it costs two or three thousand dollars a year to run one in style, while you can board a horse for six dollars a week.

That settles it in my mind-I'll buy a bicycle. F. E. CHASE.

#### AN ORDINARY PAIR.

I. Watch each other through the room, Hate the gas-light, love the gloom, Give the bon-bon men a boom:

Just engaged. Speak of "Angels without wings," Watch the style of wedding-rings, Do a thousand foolish things: Just engaged.

Fawns around her brother Mike, Brings her "Dreams" by Marvel Ike-Which the maid assumes to like:

He 's engaged. Leaves off smoke and beer from date, Goes to church to sit with Kate, Puts two dollars in the plate:

He 's engaged.

Hastens on her friends to call, Blithe and gay renounces all Schemes for keeping "Old Maids' Hall:" She 's engaged.

Chooses bridesmaids ten or eight, Loads them with an honor great Buying gowns to deck her sête: She 's engaged.

Go to plays and opera, Sing the gobble and the baa, Have a fight about "Rochat:"

Disengaged. Maiden weeps the long night through, Lover's beautifully blue, Life's a tragedy to two: Not engaged.

Deep the chasm 'tween the twain. Morning-has it come in vain? But to rouse despair again? Not engaged. Hark! a ringing at the door, And the voice! "Miss Kittie More?" Kisses bridge the chasm o'er:

Re-engaged.

W. F.

#### HIS SIMPLE REQUEST.



-Have you any thing to say before the Court passes sentence upon you? PRISONER.—Well, all I got to say is, I hope yer Honor'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer, an' let me off easy.

A BRITISH JOKER tells us that the leaf is like the lobster, because it turns red. But the lobster, it should be remembered, only becomes well-red on being boiled; whereas, the leaf, on being boiled, is simply converted into boarding-house green tea. If the British jester would kindly tell us how many conscientious scruples it takes to make a dram, we will tell him how many drams it takes to make an inebriate asylum. Selah!

AT THE latest duel in France, one combatant purposely fired wide of his mark, and the other, with merciless fury, emptied the contents of his revolver into the defenceless air. Honor was satisfied, and the air was the only thing hurt. These French duels are fully as dreadful as those which occur in Kentucky, if not worse.

An Anarchist recently committed suicide. Thus, like the hero of Byron's poem, he linked one virtue to a thousand crimes.

ONE REASON why so few men are heroes to their valets is because so few men have valets.



"The best which exists. Superior to any analogous purgative."—SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, LONDON.

THE KING OF CATHARTIC WATERS.

NATURE'S REMEDY FOR CONSTIPATION.
PALATABLE. PAINLESS. PROMPT.

#### RUBINAT-CONDAL MINERAL WATER.

CONDAL SPRING, SPAIN.

Warranted

Entirely

Natural.



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"An EFFICACIOUS MORNING LAXATIVE."

"Pre-eminent Over All Competitors."-" The Most Valuable of All Purgative Waters."

Recommended by the Principal Medical Authorities in Europe and America.

Possessing over four times the strength, in the Sulphate of Soda, of any Nutural Purgative Water in the World, small doses only are necessary to secure the results effected by large doses of the other Waters.

ITS USE IS UNATTENDED BY GRIPING.

Of exceeding utility in the treatment of Indigestion. Chronic Dyspepsia. Habitual Constipation, Biliousness. Jaundire, Gall-stone, Gravel, Sciatica and Neuralgia, Catarrh of the Air Passages, Stomach, and Bile Duct, all forms of Skin Diseases, Corpulency. Diseases of the Uterus, Hæmorrhoids, Internal Congestions generally, and Apoplectic Attacks. It is especially useful in the treatment of all Gouty disorders and Rheumatism.

A WINE-GLASS FULL WILL RELIEVE HEADACHE.

For ordinary family use it may be relied upon as a safe and gentle Aperient.

No change of diet or habits is necessary while using the Water. A complete analysis appears on the label of each bottle. Show it to your Physician.

Bottled at the Spring in its natural state, and imported in White Glass Bottles by the

# RUBINAT CO., 80 Beaver Street, N. Y.

Sole Importers and Agents for the U. S. and Canada.

For Sale by all Druggists and First-Class Grocers.

Send for Circular containing Medical Certificates.

Cl. I



Rollers

Shade

I will never buyany but And I will never sell any HARTSHORN'S ROLLERS but HARTSHORN'S! And will see that the name of STEWART HARTSHORN appears in script on every label to avoid being fooled.

The first Tomatoketchup placed on the market,

The first Tomatoketchup placed on the market, made entirely from ripe, unfermented Tomatoes.

TOMATOKETCHUP.

The finest table condiment ever introduced; its rich and spicy aroma satisfies connoisseurs, and its delicacy of flavor makes it popular with ladies and children. Guaranteed to keep in any climate.

E. C. HAZARD & CO.,

87. 89 & 91 Hudson St., NEW YORK. FACTORY: Shrewsbury, N. J., near Long Branch.



HREWSBURY

The Meyer-Sniffen Co., Limited, have just completed extensive alterations to their premises, with the result that persons contemplating BUILDING OR MAKING ALTERATIONS TO THEIR PLUMBING will find a visit to their new show-rooms most suggestive and interesting; a series of MODEL BATH-ROOMS, fitted up and furnished suitable for different classes of houses, being a novel feature.

48 CLIFF St. (near Fulton), NEW YORK.



office towel. It was a beautiful towel to gaze upon when it was fresh and clean on Monday morning, for then it was a yard wide, and as sweet as a lily. But by Monday evening it had the devil's finger-marks on it, and they were more plainly impressed than any footsteps that were

ever made on the sands of Time.

On Monday it was fit to wipe your face on for fifteen minutes

after being put up.
On Tuesday it was a hand-towel that is, it would clean a printer's

hands, and soil any one else's.

On Wednesday it would put a patent-leather shine on a pair of brown-leather shoes. And then it got thin, too, and it kept getting thinner, until it almost looked like a shoe-

One day a compositor with D. T. took it for a black snake, and rushing for the stairway, fell all the way down over the devil who was coming up with an armful of pie wrapped in brown paper, and a pail of beer hanging on each finger.

By Friday the towel was so black that you could run it over a galley and pull a proof.

On Saturday it was wrung out into the ink-bottle, and then used in the press-room

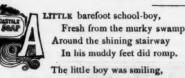
for belting.

On Saturday afternoon a compositor had a headache, and tied it around his head. Oxalic acid would not take the black off, and he had to dye his red hair black to escape ridicule.

Then a farmer bought it and took it home. He said some time after that he had used it as a fertilizer, and had a splendid crop of flax and hickory shirts.

R. K. M.

#### A SOAP IDYLL.



And his breast seemed full of hope, When he planted one of his pedals On a cake of castile soap.

> Down, like a wind-mill whirling, That little boy did go, And struck in the hall on his spinal. With his feet as white as snow,



#### A NEW PUNCTUATION-MARK.

RISE to suggest a change in punctuation that I am sure will be regarded with favor. As I understand the theory, it is the province of punctuation to assist the reader in catching the meaning of the author. Thus, the "?" serves to show that a question has been asked; when the "!" is used. the reader is supposed to be astonished or awed at the climax.

Now, right in this line, why has nobody ever invented a punctuationmark to be used by humorists and paragraphers to show where the laugh comes in? It should never be necessary to read a joke twice through to see the fun in it, and a punctuation-mark placed at the proper point by the writer would relieve us all of much embarrassment, and oftentimes save an exhibition of apparent disrespect toward the author by failure to smile promptly. But it would prove especially valuable in the reprinting of anecdotes from the French and German, wherein frequently, no one would suspect that a joke were hidden. Different translators, of course, might punctuate at different points in the same paragraph, owing to the density of German, and the ambiguity of French humor, but in ordinary American jokes there could rarely be any question as to where the laugh was intended to come in.

Let me illustrate my suggestion by quoting a good, regulation paragraph from the New Orleans Picayune. The symbol I shall use can easily be made in all printing es-

tablishments by taking two brackets placed sideways, and one above the other. This is the paragraph: People open their hearts and expand

when they marry. At a wedding they should not be called the contracting parties.

Out of respect to the Picayune man, I have put two punctuation points here, thinking that possibly he meant to imply a joke on general principles in people's marrying at all. I trust to see this suggestion utilized, and if the form of the new symbol is not liked, why not have a national convention of funny men to decide on one?

It is bad enough when a young man's sister takes his high hat when going for a horseback ride; but when she calmly appropriates his base-ball mask for a bustle, she trifles with a brother's love.

YES, WILLIAM THORPE BREWSTER, we want to employ you very much, because we have read your sample jokes. We want to employ you to shovel snow off our roof, which is very steep and slippery, and six stories from the walk.

THE HARDEST stove-pipe to put up is the one lost on a wager. It is also a long stove-pipe that has no

A Domestic Broil-The Kerosene-Cooked Cook.

AN OLD SONG ADAPTED TO THE LEAP YEAR.

Why don't the girls propose, papa?
Why don't the girls propose?
Each one seems coming to the point, And then away she goes.

Though 'tis their privilege this year,
As every body knows,
They flirt in quite an awful way,
But, oh, they won't propose.

I've read the latest fashions I can talk of pleat and frill, And discuss the newest color And discuss the newest color
With a quite consummate skill.
I am au fait on bonnets,
Know a thing or two of hose,
And I seem to interest them, But they won't-they won't propose.

That most feminine of columns In at most reminine or columns
In the excellent Bassar,
Where the queerest sort of queries
About making dresses are,
I have studied with attention,
Till one really would suppose
That my language must attract them,
Yet still they won't propose.

I 've practised charming innocence, And weeping at the play; And I can drop my eyelids In a most engaging way; I 've studied hard to blush, and lisp My "yes"es and my "no"s, And smiled with sweet persistence; But they will not propose.

It 's really very hard, papa;
There 's cause for just complaint.
I 'm even trying to teach myself The way to scream and faint;
But while I practise every art,
Too fast the leap-year goes.
Why don't the girls propose, papa?
Why don't the girls propose? FOR COMPANY ONLY.



NURSE-GIRL (spoiling the illusion) .- Yes, ma'am, I get paid extra for that; the Missus thinks it looks big to have me use such terms in company.

The First and Only Starch put up by men who have a practical knowledge of the laundry profession. It requires no cooking, keeps the iron from sticking and linen from blistering while ironing, and gives shirts, cuffs and collars that stiffness and beautiful polish they have when new, which every body knows keeps them clean twice as long. Beware of imitations. See that the name, J. C. HUBINGER & BROS., New Haven, Conn., is on every package. SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

IN CONNECTION WITH THIS STARCH USE

the Latest, Cheapest and Best preparation yet discovered for bleaching linen. It invariably makes your clothes snowy white. Ask your grocer for it.

ELASTIC STARCH is just the thing To make your collar shine;
'Twill do the same thing for your cuffs, And iron all linen fine.

'Twill give your shirt the lily-white It wore when it was new, 'Twill give your table-cloth a glow That 's very glossy, too.

'Tis used by Irish, Greek, Turk and Yank, German and Ethi-op, And also by John Chinaman Who keeps a laundry shop.

It never lets the iron stick, No cooking doth it need, It never blisters any thing While irons on it speed.

If injurious prove ELASTIC STARCH To cuff or pillow sham, We'll hand out one hundred of The doll's of Uncle Sam.

# J. C. Hubinger & Bros., New Haven, Conn.

NATURE'S REMEDY.

I T CONTAINS no morphine, opium, or any ingredient injurious to the most delicate constitution. We do not claim the Balsam will cure every disease, but we do claim it is one of the best remedies in the market for the immediate cure of

#### COUCHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH, ASTHMA,

And complaints of the Pulmonary Organs generally. We do not claim it will cure consumption, but we do claim it will give great relief to the patient. The Pine Balsam gives immediate relief in Whooping Cough, preventing the strangling and distress usually connected with the disease. It is pleasant to the taste. Children never refuse to take it. One trial will satisfy any one of its great merits. We are receiving a large number of certificates voluntarily sent us by those who have given the Balsam at trial some of which will be found below: a trial, some of which will be found below: Jamaica, L. I., April, 1887.

Mr. Burrill.—Dear Sir: I had a bad cough, and raised a great deal, especially nights. Could not sleep. Cod Liver Oil did not relieve me. A friend sent me a bottle of your Pine Balsam. Was not going to take it, but was advised to try it. Happy was I that I did. My cough left me in a few days. Never had any thing help me so Roon. Shall always keep a bottle of it in the house, as I do not want to be without it, and advise my many friends to do the same. I will venture to say that you will sell all you can make, and as last as it is made.

Yours respectfully,
R. BRUSH.

Broaklyn, March 9th, 1887.

J. Burrill—Dear Sir: I cannot recommend your Pine Balsam too highly. I have been sick for the last eight years, and had a number of doctors. Your Pine Balsam, I can honestly say, benefited me more than all of them. I cannot praise the Balsam too highly.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. WM. DICK, No. 170 26th Street.

Brooklyn, March 14, 1887.

J. BURRILL—Dear Sir: I consider your Pine
Balsam invaluable. During the past variable
Winter my two little children, as well as myself,
have been particularly subject to coughs and
colds, and in every case they have been entirely
broken up by a few doses of the Pine Balsam.
Yours truly,
MRS. D. B. THOMPSON, 301 8th St.

Brooklyn, June 23, 1887.

J. Burrill, 453 Fifth Avenue—Having been troubled with a severe cough, and after using medicine for some weeks, and receiving no relief, I was recommended to try the Pine Balsam, and I procured a bottle, and in a very short time was cured. I found great relief after using the Balsam for one day. I can highly recommend it to all suffering from colds and coughs.

P. J. FLYNN,

167 Huntington St., Brooklyn.

Brooklyn, June 20, 1887.

J. BURRILL—Used your Pine Balsam, and my experience with it encourages the belief that it will do all you claim for it. Am recommending it to my friends as an efficient and speedy remedy for the cure of coughs and colds.

Very respectfully,

W. H. HENDRICKSON, 388 Third St.

Brooklyn, June 15th, 1887.

Mr. J. Burrill.—Dear Sir: Your Pine Balsam proves to be the very best cough cure I have ever met with. Have tried numbers of cough medicines, but your Pine Balsam gave me the speediest relief of them all. It goes right to the spot.

Very truly yours,

R. A. BENDALL, 378 8th Street,

DAVID M. STIGER & CO., 58 Barclay Street, New York; and TOWNS & EDER, 52 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, Wholesale Agents; and for sale by Druggists generally.

1764.

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1887.

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PIANO-FORTES.

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In 1701, Yale had but a single student. He must have had a soft thing on the college baseball and sparring-championship.

RIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER-Porter (Board-

AS MILK. The oil is so disguised

that the most delicate stomach can take it without the slightest repugnance.

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PERSONS GAIN RAPIDLY WHILE TAKING IT.

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OF CHILDREN, AND CHRONIC COUGHS.

For Sale by all Druggists.

11/

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

#### A GRECIAN CHARMER!—THE SECRET OF PHRYNE'S BEAUTY AND POWER REVEALED!

Thou knowest well, ob. Cynthia, that I have concealed this secret for years. Did it become known others might seek to possess themves of it."

"May, may, my mistress," responds Cynthia, "for Sycorax, the witch, did after bestowing it upon you and—"

"Be silent! Savaran approaches. Be silent!"

A hanghiy, stern-looking Greek has penetrated unannounced into the tiring-room. His air denotes that he bears grave tidings. "Leave
"Beys Physe, with an authoritative sweep of the arm, and the maidens vanish.
"Physe." begins Savaran, "the time has come. The eldest demand that revelation be made. The people call yon a "witch." Would you
eyour life! Would you expose yourself to insult? Would you drive them to tearing off your gorgeoner robes that they may learn what coars
ways all men! Speak! Tell me the ceret of your power. I will befried you with them, and protect you?

"Most potent liege," responded Thypne, "the time indeed is come. I will speak. I will e'en revial to you the spell most innocent by
the from the Pates Lhave wested the gift of beauty and made mankind my alaws. Behold "And asashe spoke the beautiful Greek took
verful, yet so innocental." The was actively concealed monog its jewelled coils. "Behold the gift of Secorax, the witch I Behold the drug so
werful, yet so innocental." The was a slave, all look fagile and slender for beauty, this did Sycorax testow—for many places of
d—upon her; this did the partake of, till now Greece holds no fairer wewsen."

"What is the name of this potent Cruz?" demands Savaran, incredulously.

"It is ansaxio," answers the fair Greek. "Hycorax bade me beware to use but a tiny portion, but giving me enough to last me all my life.
we still another casket, and the does is so minute that scarcely would an insect perial did it imbibe it. See, I swallow it now! Behold thou

I have still another casket, and the dose is so minute that scarcely would an insect periah did it imbibs it. See, I swallow it now! Benoius Art thou satisfied?

"Put up thy casket, oh, Phryne," responds Savaran. "If suc' be the mystery, it is indeed a harmless one. Yet would I advise you to well conceal your caskets, else would some o her woman possess herself of them, and you would fade and wither, and become less fair."

"Nay, not so, "replies the ensister of men. "So well has the gift of Sycorax done twork that bealth is now mine while life shall last. None can take from Phryne what the Falce have suffered her to possess. Phryne is now fair Foreyer."

Dr. Jas. P. Campbell's "Life Renewing" Sarge Arsenic Complexion Wafers are sold by all respectable druggis: a t 50c. and \$1 per box. Sent by mail to any address from Depot, 146 West Sixteenth Street, New York.

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ALWAYS BEHIND TIME-The Back of a Clock.

MIGHT AND MANE are beautifully wedded in

TALKING ABOUT your seventeen-year locusts suggests to us the happiness this world, or, at least, New Jersey, would know if we only had seventeen-year mosquitos.

THE GREAT Northern pike has for a Latin name Esox Immaculatus, probably because he knocks or is supposed to knock the Immaculatus Esox off any other fish.

LET IT be remembered that we have no rulers in this country," says an exchange. We haven't, eh? Well, you just circulate among your friends who are keeping house, and you will be convinced that there is a ruler, and she gets so much a month for ordering the family out of the kitchen, and telling them when she wants more coal and wood brought up from the cellar.

On the second page of Pickings
You will find a pretty Ad.,
That of "Angostuka Hitters,"
The delight of son and dad.
When you're lost your appetite,
Kun and buy a bottle of it,
Take it, and you'll soon feel right.

The best regulator of digestive organs and the best appetizer known is **Angostura Bitters**. Try it, but beware of imitations. Get from your grocer or druggist the genuine article manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons

Some of the well-known firms in Europe in the pianoforte trade must be running short of original ideas. In a paper called the Wiener Caricaturen, issue of May 8, 1387, there is on the back page an advertisement of a piano made by Bosenderfer, of Vienna. It is an exact fac-simile of that brilliant advertisement of Sohmer & Co, which appeared in the Christmas number of Puck, and which is reproduced on the back cover of th's book.

The artist in Vienna has had the cool impudence to sign his name to it, and not in a y way credit Sohmer or Ρυςκ with it. Well, at any rate, it is another positive proof that advertising pays, and that some firms in the United States lead the world in the originality of their schemes

Sohmer & Co. are always alert and active, and have placed their name before the musical public in such a manner that it is now known both to the new and the old world.



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Whooping Cough! Croup!

Coughs! Colds and Asthma! and Tickling of the Throat!

OVER ONE MILLION BOTTLES SOLD in three years, and many thousand children saved from death by its timely use.

IT IS MILD AND PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, and children take it readily. Although so powerful, it is perfectly harmless, and may be

take it readily. Although so powerful, it is perfectly harmless, and may be administered to children of any age.

For upwards of 50 Years the Medical Profession throughout the United States have testified to the wonderful merit of this World-Renowned Balsam.

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Read the official statistics of the trade paper, "Tobacco," May 13th, 1887.

Cigars Manufactured by thirty-three New York firms as per Internal Revenue Returns in 1886.

K	chenstein Bros. Company	27,431,1 24,321,7
	o. W. Love	23,031.7
	W. Mendel & Bro	21,123,2
	P. Lies & Co	20,790,7
	ondy, Lederer & Co.	20,329,6
	vy Bros	17,997.7
	tro & Newmark	17.617.5
	own & Earle.	14.862.8
	Ottenburg & Bro	
5.	Ostenburg & Bro	14,484,0
	Jacoby & Co	14,298,6
	Coy & Co	12,532 5
FC	ster, Hilson & Co	11,178,7
u.	Silverthau & Co	10,948,2
Ua	rl Upmann	10,337,9
P	well, Wenigman & Smith	9.851,2
K	aufman Bros. & Co	8,985,9
Ц	olsman, Deutchberger & Co	8,599,4
	& E. Kaufman	8,403,8
Pı	ey Bros	7,893,2
R	seenthal Bros	7.091,9
Lo	sanos, Pendas & Co	6,857.0
	eger Bros	6,814,3
W	ertheim & Schiffer	6,792,8
A.	Moonelis	6.334.1
Bt	einecke & Kerr	6,315,6
Оĸ	orga Benca	6,225,8
H	syman Bros. & Lowenstein	5,957.1
F	ed Hoffman	5,774.3
Le	wyn & Martin	5,774.3
Ja	coby & Bookman	5,164,8
R	Monne & Bro	4.959.0
		=:0001

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7, The Swallow's Nest.

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SHE riseth betimes in the morning and stirreth up her household.

The daughters of her flock doth she array in garments stiff and shining; she decketh them with ribbons gorge-ous to behold; the sons thereof she cautioneth as to the care of their Sunday clothes; their heads doth she brush with vigor, and polisheth their

faces radiantly.
Then with frugal forethought she layeth out the family luncheon. Into a spacious recepta-cle the spicy sausage, the crisp pretzel, the but-tered roll do go. Yea, there too are found the innocent fowl and the cooling bottled beverage,

the rosy apple and the early peach.

With the partner of her joys and griefs she departeth from the mansion they do hire. She carryeth the infant in arms; he luggeth the lunch and the extra wraps. The brood do fol-

Upon the dock they await the steamboat; the baby doth lament and yell; the small child falleth down and becometh a stumbling block to the passer-by; the boys forget their Sunday

clothes. The mistress then lifteth up her voice and putteth her household in order. Her bet-ter-half lighteth his pipe and puffeth smoke in the nostrils of his neighbor. The steamboat cometh. Upon its deck she scrambleth and settleth her family and resigneth

herself to enjoyment.

Oh, the joy of the summer excursion! Oh, the happiness of the excursionist!

The sun shineth on her countenance; the ruddiness of her nose is increased. The wind maketh her parasol to flop inside out, and causeth her daughters' hats to fly afar. The baby weepeth bitter team; the children lament for bread. As their hunger is appeased, they smear their persons with buttered roll; they clamber their persons with buttered roll; they clamber over the seats and scrub the floor of the vessel with their knees. Their curiosity ever leadeth them where they belong not, and they are scowled upon by the passengers. The father replenisheth his pipe, and oft exchangeth his silver for glasses of foamy beer; the fragrant peanut also maketh away with his dimes.

At sunset, they return to the shelter of their dwelling-place. Drenching rain from the heavens pours down upon their weary heads.

pours down upon their weary heads.

The wreck of the Sunday clothes demolisheth the temper of the excursionist; storm and tempest are in her voice.

Her husband soon departeth unto the evening club; the children betake themselves to

In the silence of the night the young apple and the early peach are heard.

The earnings of a week do not suffice for the settlement of the doctor's bill.

But content doth fill the soul of the excursionist; pride swelleth her heart as she goeth among her neighbors; the excursion leath been



accomplished; her duty as an American citizen is done. And, yet, when another summer cometh, again will she prepare her family for the yearly struggle for pleasure. L. B. D.



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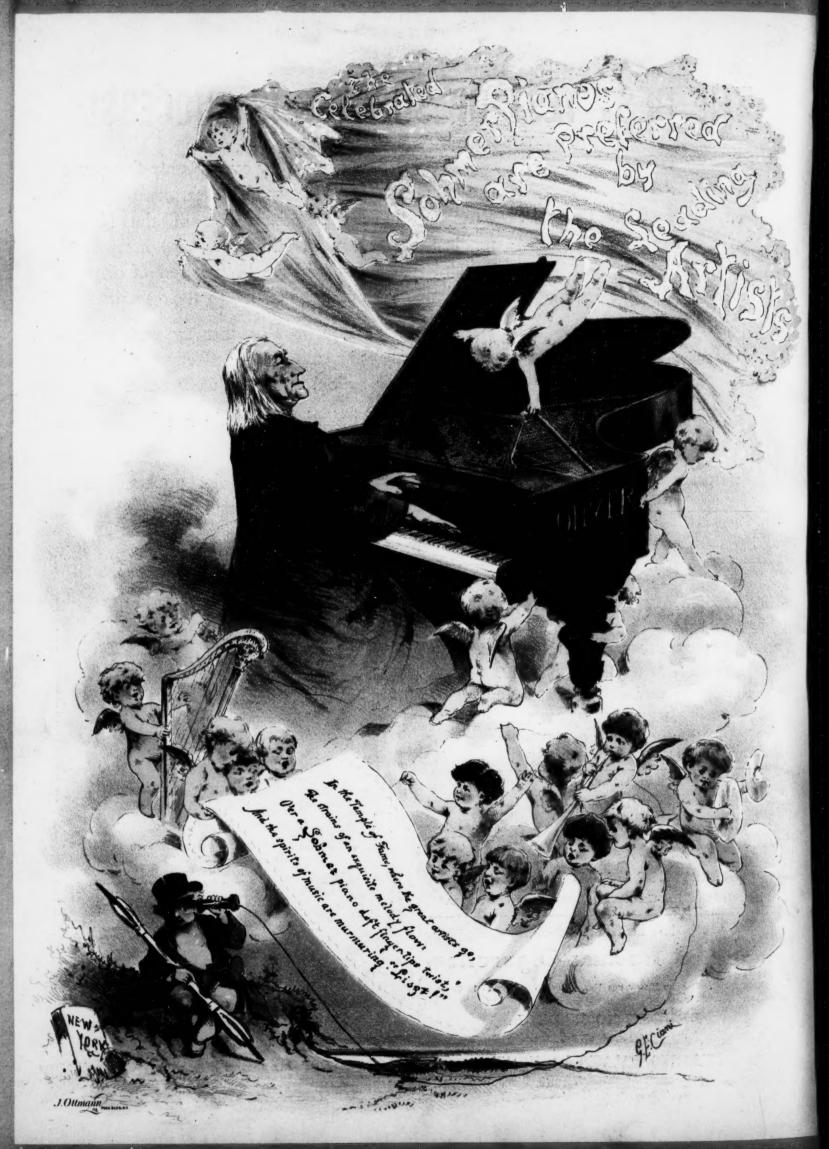


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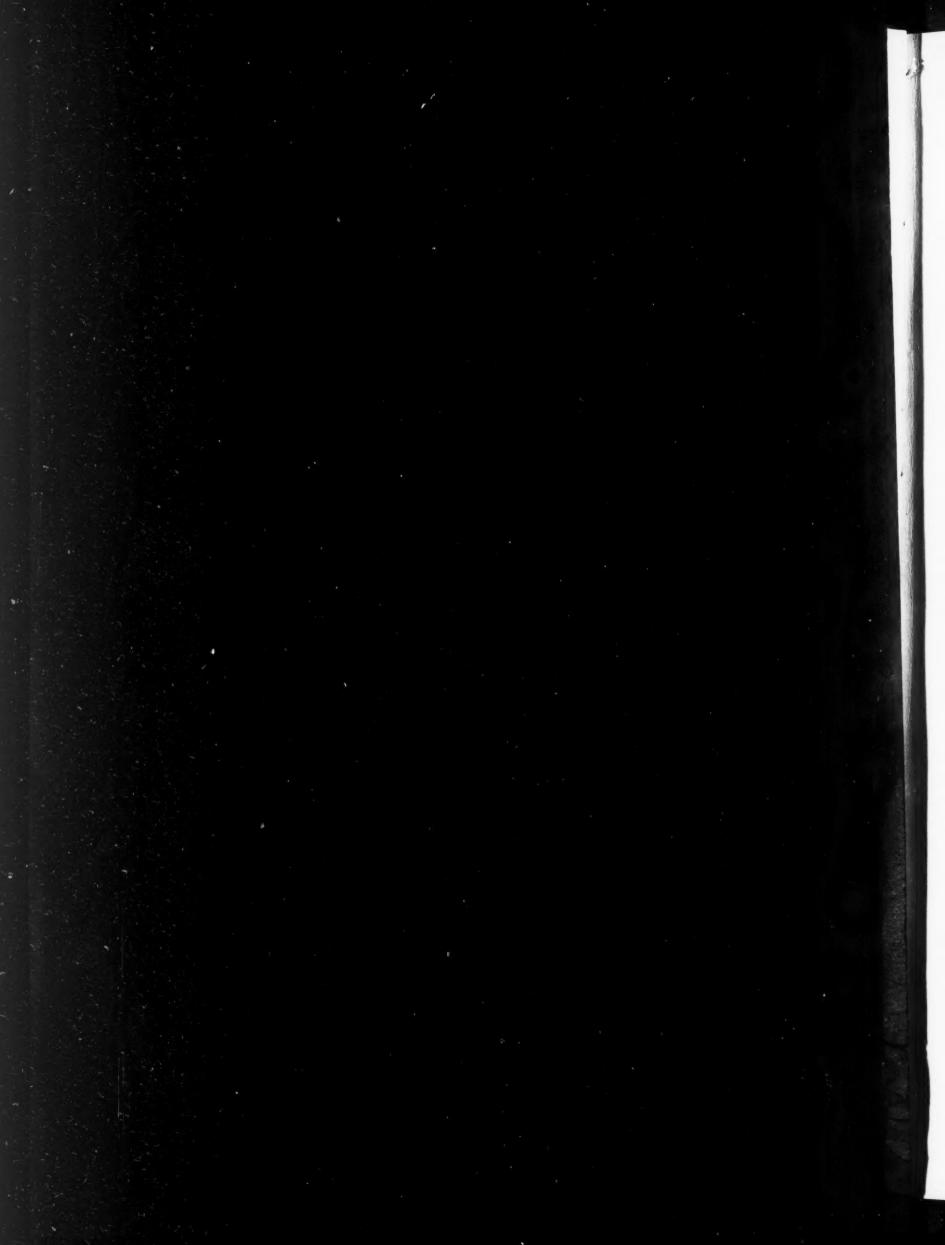
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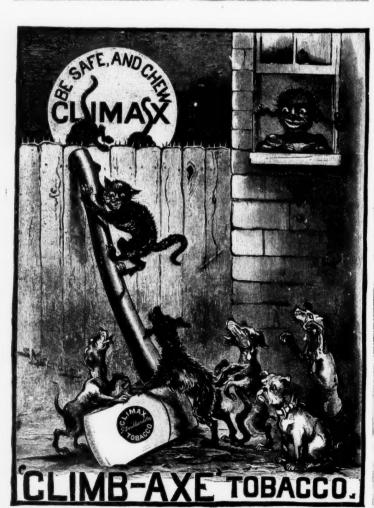


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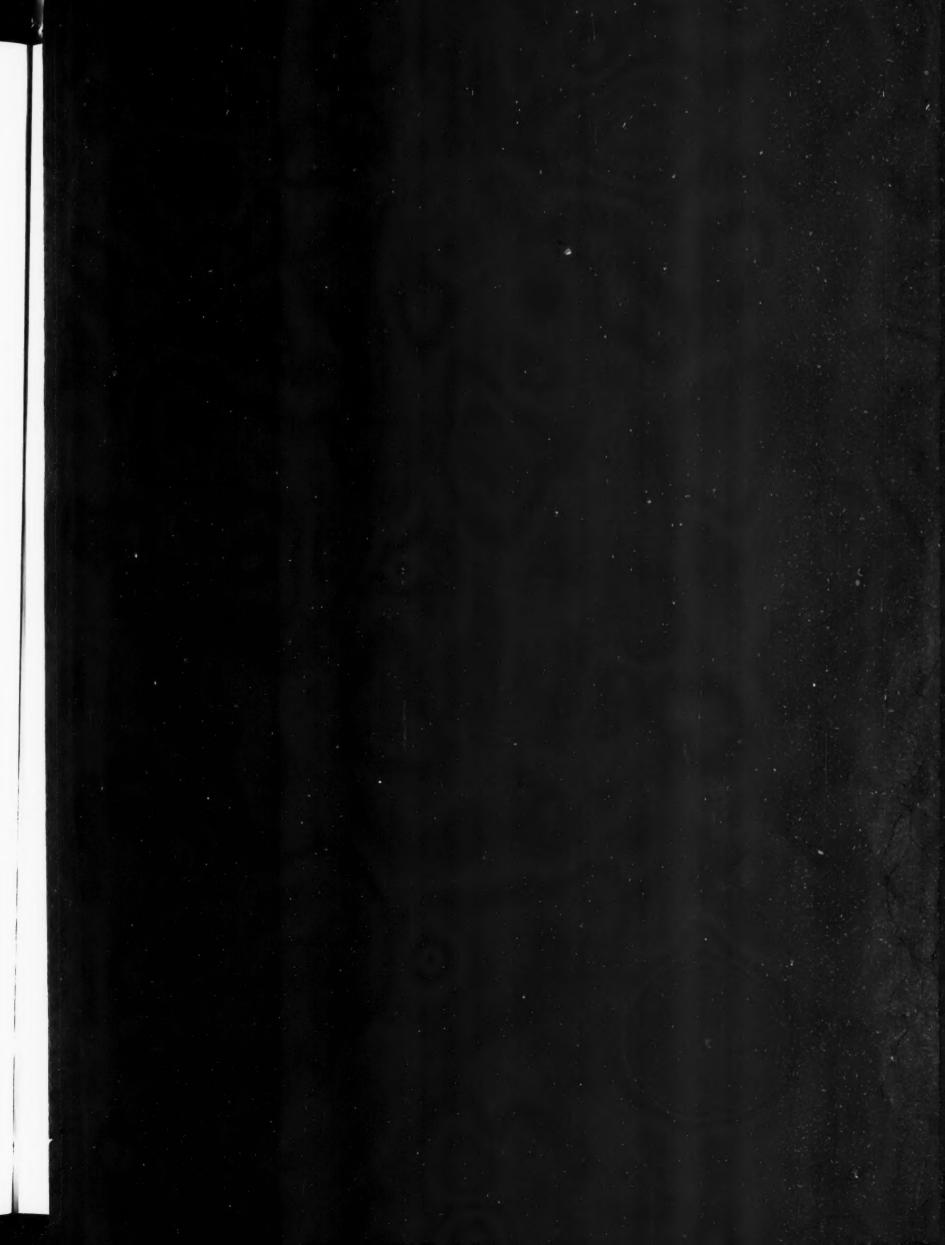
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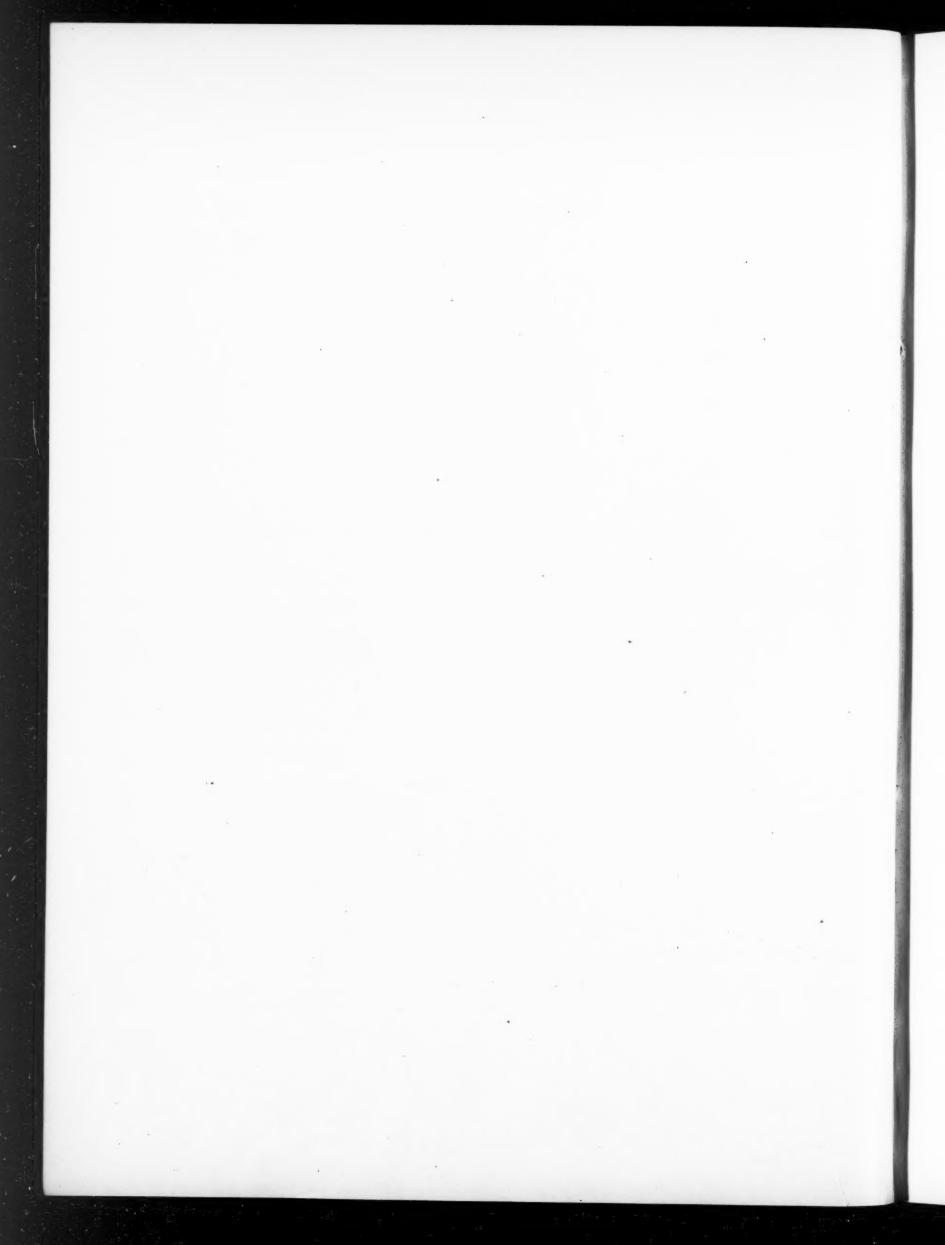
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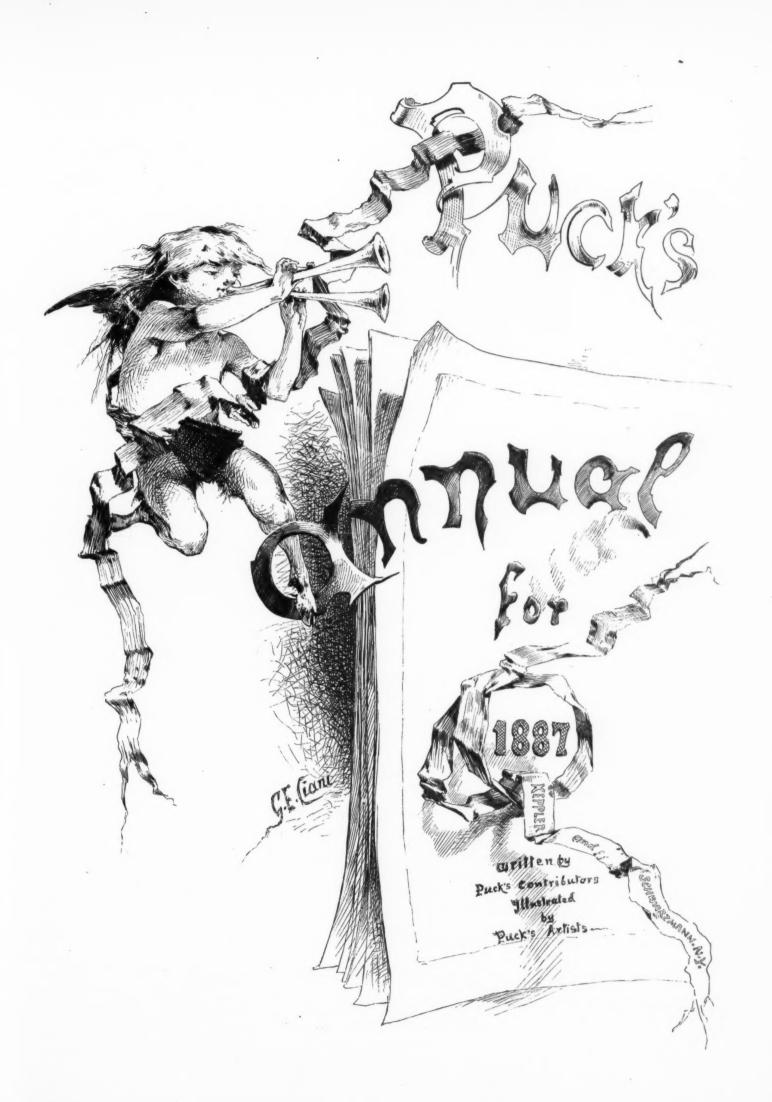
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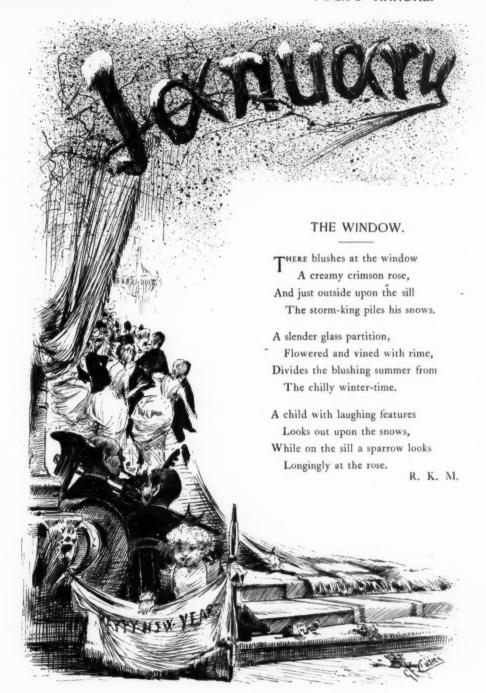




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JANUARY FIRST is a New Year's cake-walk to the tramp.

This is the time of the year we can look upon the molasses-pitcher and say: "There are no flies on it."

THE BRITON eats his New Year-cake
That's filled with seeds of caraway;
A glass of sherry he doth take,
And then begins a tearful ache
About his home so far away.

He thinks Great Britain very much more dear Than the U.S. But, somehow, he stays here.

THE "CALLER" takes the New Year's-cake.

THE American Agriculturist tells us what to do with the hair of animals when diseased. We think when the animal's hair is diseased, the best plan to pursue is to send it to a barber, and have that indignitary test his never-failing tonic on it.

Upon the ground the snow lies deep,
And purple are the skies;
And for the wood-pile now I search,
With yearning, watchful eyes.
But my wood-pile I can not find—
Last night through yonder grove
I fancy that it melted away
To glad my neighbor's stove.

Cowper was equal to the Task.

A TIE-UP—An Execution.

THE SMALL boy is now catching on—behind.

In the summer upon the ferry,
To save your precious neck,
You can't find room for standing
Upon the breezy deck.

You can not get a seat.

You can have the whole deck in winter When all is wind and sleet, But to save your neck, in the cabin

#### SOME NEW-YEAR RESOLVES.

That this year we will be better than ever before. That it shall be a year composed of red-letter days.

That we will not smoke unless cigars are offered us.

That we will steadfastly abstain from all intoxicating beverages—at our own expense.

That we will not bite off more than we can chew.

That we will not blow out the gas before going to bed.

That we will not purchase our wives expensive bonnets or party dresses, or in any other way cultivate or develop their ideas of extravagance.

That we will never miss the water while there is any beer in the house.

That we will not write any public-spirited letters to the newspapers, or tell editors what course they should pursue or leave alone.

That we will not get too big for our boots.

That we will not worry ourselves about other people's affairs, but will mind our own business if we injure our health doing it.

That we will not encourage indolence in others by doing their work, and

That we'll never be off with the old clothes before we are into the new.

HE's OLD and bent and feeble, and imperfect is his sight,

A pair of gold-rimmed spectacles are perched upon his nose;

He leans upon a trusty staff—his step 's no longer light,

His face is sadly wrinkled, and his cheek's a withered rose.

He smiles upon the children as they flock about his knee .

Like merry birds in summer-time about an olden tree;

But you must just look out for him if he wants to borrow a V.

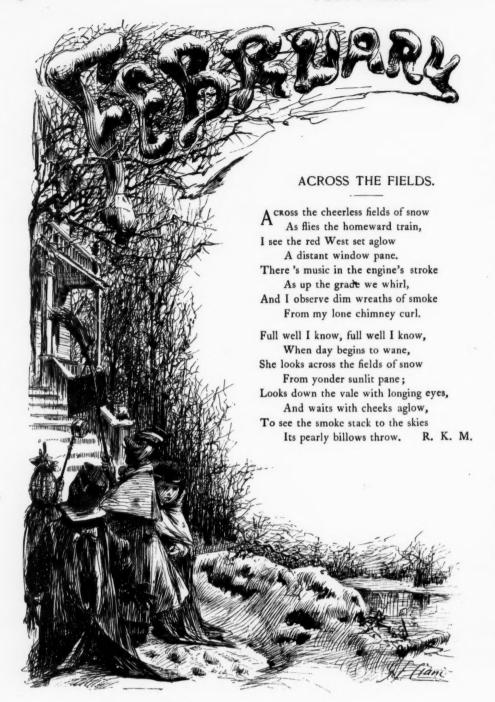
THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL—Vassar.

THE REALISTIC SCHOOL-Life.

When the cold winds of winter make everything dreary and desolate, it behooves man to warm himself up a little. If he warms himself up that little with hot Scotch, he will a few minutes later require another warming of the same kind, and that is apt to destroy the graceful symmetry

of one's carriage. Therefore, it is better to warm up in a different way. No way is better than fencing, for that enables you to get around as lively as a tailor's collector. Some men are stuck on fencing, and others are stuck at it. But we will not descend to the level of joking. We will merely say that you will learn the pink of perfection. But, alas, we will stop, because we are warmed up just now with something else, and don't feel equal to the task.





THE ORDER OF ELKS-One Beer.

As the snow-man invariably has chunks of coal for eyes, would he not make a good standing advertisement for a coal-yard? It would be as appropriate as a wooden Indian for a cigarsign. And the people would know that when the snow-man was melted it would be time to stop buying furnace coal.

BLESSED IS he that can give a good bank account of himself.

THERE SEEMS to be a coldness existing between the North and South Poles.

COUNTERPANES - Show-Cases.

THE WIDOW'S weed is not a cigar. It is a cigarette, if anything.

A SHOOTING STAR-Buffalo Bill.

BAR-TENDER (after setting up a foam).—Did n't you have a pretty hard time when you were stranded in the snow-drifts of Dakota?

HEAVY TRAGEDIAN .- Not at all; you know

A RUBBER COMPANY—A Whist-Party.

THE OLDEST inhabitant now sits behind the stove in the country grocery, and remembers way back to the time when it was so cold his dog's tail became frozen stiff, and the quadruped, in attempting to wag it, snapped it off like a pipe-stem. He also remembers the edibles becoming so rigid that it was necessary to lay the carving-knife aside at table, and use the family axe. That was the time that the meat was so frigid, through and through, that none of the dogs would eat it but the Esquimaux.

PITTSBURGH, IN all probability, will end in

#### FEBRUARY FACTS.

EBRUARY is a negative month in some respects. In others it is a positive one. We will not enter into a spirited discussion on the subject, but will simply say that we would be better satisfied if February occurred between July and August, when its cyclones could be melted into zephyrs, and it could get heated through.

This is the month when the comic valentine blossoms in every conceivable shade, and every man is reminded of his calling by the unforgetful small boy.

February is a good month to spend in the Turkish bath, with a hot Scotch at your elbow, and the poems of Omár Khayyám in your hand. We now hear from Dakota of the houses and churches being blown over into the next county, and the snow-slide gaily cavorting with a whole county over into the next State.

When February arrives, your landlord drops around and offers to put in a new copper-boiler, and make other repairs. He now wears his regular broad-guage smile, while he sets forth the virtues of his house, and works around until he finds out whether you want to rent it for another year. Always be in doubt about it, and you can get a new range, and the place thoroughly fitted up and put in repair.

Shad is now in the market. That is the best place for it. Already the sharp winds bespeak the advent of March, and soon the skates and toboggan will hang in the wood-shed, the snow will melt away, and on the bald ash-heap the ancient goat will stand serenely eating a stovepipe hat, and telling us all that the ice-king has been beaten back, and that now it is gentle spring with all its "dipthereal mildness."\*

OUR E C., THE Northwestern Miller, advertises double-scalpers. We should think every Indian on the Reservation would sign an application to the Government for one.

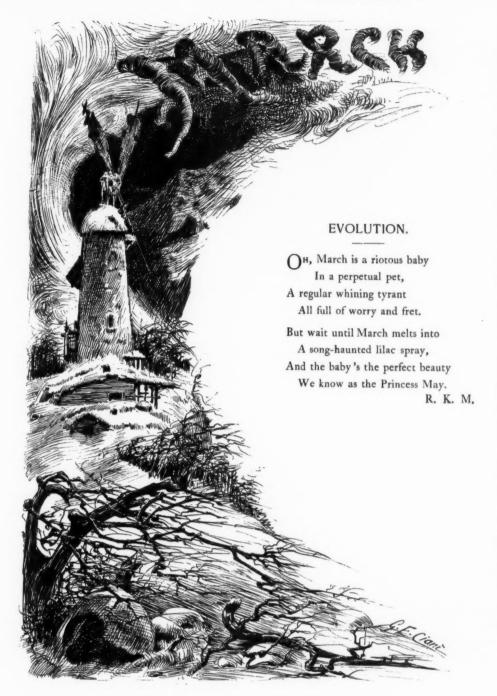
A SHORT STOP-The Comma.

You should never judge the ability of an amateur histrion by the costume he wears, because he will give away his daily business in spite of himself. If he is a stoker, he will show it in his fencing. The tape-measurer, the shoemaker, and the swimming-master, will show who and what they are by the way they spread their hands apart in making gestures. The tailor's cutter will hold the thumb of his righthand up as he does when manipulating the

scissors. The erector of cocktails, when shaking the three or four fingers of scorn, will unconsciously do the shaking-up act, and in stirring up his coffee at Macbeth's banquet, he will rattle the same up like a cocktail.



<sup>\*</sup> Hood.



Now BOISTEROUS March moans o'er the empty fields

And rocks the dreary trees like ships at sea—And sends the clouds a-scurry down the heavens, But like the ringlets of a butterfly
We see the crocus flaming by the brook,
And on the budding pussywillow see
A vagrant bird, whose tiny, welcome note
Tells us the flowers soon will bloom again,
And that it's time the drug-man for to see,
And get some mixture to tone up our blood.

Babyhood GIVES US "Hints for Sleeping Time." But almost every one knows them. A young lady yawning is a hint for the young man to make himself scarce, and the old man stepping into the hall and putting out the gas is another way of telling the young man that it is bed-time. But, come to think of it, the old man does not put out the gas. He would gladly electric light the house, and put a well-appointed sideboard in the parlor to get the young man to linger around.

WE ARE told that the best way to take care of babies is to secure an insurance policy. But we will not get one until we meet the man who has found one available in keeping the baby asleep all night, and raising the wind for it when the colic takes away all its frolic. The insurance policy that will keep the baby in a state of merriment when its teeth are imminent, and shake the rattle for it, and keep the nurse from dosing it with opium, we should consider a fine thing to have around, and if a policy can do it, we should be happy to meet the insurance agent, and dispense with the services of the servant galivanter.

THERE IS nothing else in this wide world so conducive to health and happiness as a mind free from care and trouble. PICKINGS FROM PUCK costs but twenty-five cents a crop (and there are three of them), and the man who reads one of them for ten minutes a day, will be in utter ignorance of the raveled pant of care.

#### A VERITABLE BLOWER.

March is the month that blows its own horn. We get plenty of this snarling music, because March's horn is a horn of plenty, like that altitudinous beverage known to the fraternity as the "John Collins."

The best game chickens are hatched in March, when the bluejay makes his appearance on the cedar in the back-yard. If March could only get its throat full of shad-bones, it might be choked off before having a chance to do the lamb-act. But March is the time that the longhaired poet fills his coffers by writing advertising verses, setting forth the virtues of patent medicines. He generally starts out with an allusion to the green appearing on the hills, which gives him a chance to use pills as a rhyme. Very shortly now the circus-posters will deck the village fence near the railroad station, and the schoolboy will look forward to the calliope and the trick-mule as fondly as toward his midsummer vacation.

Jacque roses will also begin to fall in price, so that they will be within the reach of all engaged young men. People who do the Mt. Desert act in August, will do the Old Point Comfort act now. They will not go to Florida, for fear of being frozen to death, or becoming alligator-bound, like the pickaninny.

The trees are now full of kites, and the boy with the true eyes fetches his top down on the foot of his companion, who out-spins the top without half-trying.

The boy also feels the river with his hand, and tries to persuade himself that he can safely go in swimming. March is a boisterous, noisy, whining old month, and we don't see why it was ever given thirty-one days, when such a daisy month as June has only thirty.

As April will soon be here, wise men are putting away money for a rainy day.

IN THE spring the hill and valley
Breathe a tender flower-scent,
In the spring the hungry landlord
Elevates the yearly rent.

In the spring the busy honey-Bee the rose serenely woos, In the spring the young goat's fancy Lightly turns to thoughts of shoes.

ERIN GO BRAGH! Faugh-a-Ballagh!

This is the 17th of March, and the patriotic Muccaroon takes out the ancient plug-hat that was built in the days of the Irish kings, puts it on, and asks some one to step on the tail of his coat. Then he gets shaved, and is ready to

"walk." After the parade he is filled to the brim by the alderman whose ward he lives in, and then he denounces England and the Queen, after which he goes home and beats his wife half to death, and all for the glory of St. Patrick, d'ye moind?





OUT OF sight may be out of mind in many cases; but not with your pet umbrella that has been lent.

This is the time
That the poet sublime
Thinks he has struck a most wonderful rhyme,
When he sings of the dainty anemone,
And something rings in about Gemini;
But the poet should be told
That the rhyme is just as old
As spherical,
Numerical,
Atmospherical,
And Robert Herrickal.

WHICH IS madder, the March hare or the April fool?

Upon the street the boys increase
The shout that never seems to cease:
"Here you are, Jacques, a cent apiece!"

Now the bird his helpmeet woos— Lay aside your overshoes.

Nature breathes a hymn of hope— Now for white-wash, borax, soap.

Flower-scents about us float—
Shoot the heavy overcoat.

Swallows flit across the lake—
Alas, alack! the buckwheat-cake.

And the maples flaming bud—
Take askeko for your blood.

THE MAN who has been living in the country all winter now tries to get even with his city friends, who have been ridiculing him since X-mas, by bringing down a bunch of lilacs or apple blossoms, and placing them on his desk in water, and talking about fresh eggs, butter and milk, and the rambles he takes with Esmeralda in quest of arbutus.

OUR E. C., the *Northwestern Miller*, speaks of a one-stave barrel. Would not one staff be better from a grammatical standpoint?

#### RAINY DAYS.

A PRIL is now on deck, for only this morning she registered her name in violets out on the meadow yonder. All nature is now waking up, for a tender tint of green rests on everything except the greenhouse, which, for some strange reason, has been painted white. The signet of hope is lying around loose, like the average angler. The days of the shad are drawing to a close, but we make no bones about it.

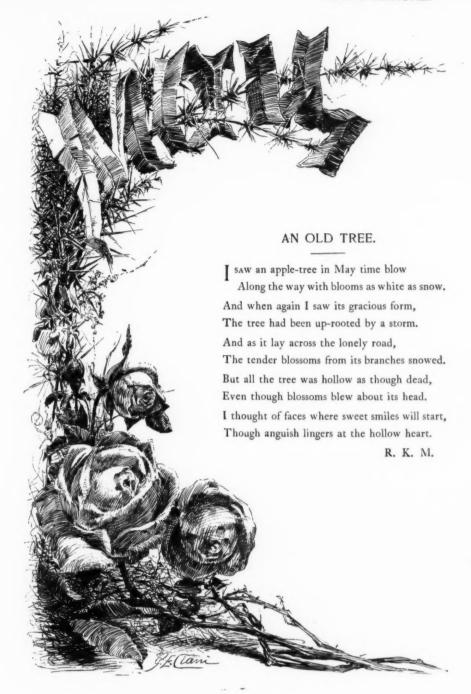
A friend of ours, who is now no more, poor fellow, once told a shad he had a bone to pick with him. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the shad was victoricus, which reminds us that the eel is all back-bone. The first tennis-nets are now being put out, and so are the first baseball players. While on this subject, we wish to state that we don't think it eminently proper for an umpire to call balls on a pitcher whose club does not allow him to drink. We also think that Puck is in the right field. The Caledonian is now out playing hop-scotch, and the small boy is enjoying himself at leap-frog.

The frog is also piping in the horse's hoof, and the umbrella dealer is now doing a rushing business against the pearly showers that are said to bring forth the May flowers that we see floating about the May-vine bowl. We suppose we ought to say something about April fooling. Well, April is fooling us all the time. First, she shines in golden glory, then she rains pitchforks. One time she brings the buds out on the trees with her sunshine, then she drives them back with a cold snap. If we had our way, we would drop April out of the year. We would knock the heads of April and March together, if we had to go without crocuses and violets all the rest of our lives. These two months are only beneficial to the Southern hotel-keeper and the undertaker.

> APRIL IS always called capricious, But her maple-syrup is just delicious.

HERE WE are, with May right on top of us, and the violets bursting into beauty at our feet, and not one of my eight houses rented. To change the immortal language of Goldsmith, I may say that mine is: "The loud laugh that shows the vacant house." I wish I had left my

money in stocks that were paying good dividends, and not followed the advice of my friends. But if the houses are vacant I shall not have to have them all painted and papered and copper - boilered again, and that will be money in my pocket. And then I shall not be beaten out of the rent, or have any wainscoting hacked up and disfigured by children. But these comforting reflections will not fill my pockets, and I am so sore mentally that I think I shall dine to-night on petroleum jelly and an arnica cock-



WHEN THE poet wrote:

"It fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,"
we feel pretty certain that he did n't allude to
the rent.

\*

THE MAY-POLE—The Fishing-Rod.

THE LINEN-ULSTER now hangs on the frame in front of the clothing-store, and the bathing-suit, which is suspended from a bar in front of the door, flaps about in a way that makes one think it possessed of the wild, turbulent spirit of the sea; but you do not think so much on the truth and poetry of the simile at the moment the bathing-suit takes you on the jaw, and opens your face with a bone-button.

THE HISTRION that went out West
In March to tackle Brutus,
Now skips along the railroad-ties
Swift as a gyascutus,
Over the sky-blue violet
And faintly-pink arbutus.

THE AMATEUR gardener is now on the rampage. The amount of money he has already spent in "fixing up" his grounds would pay for all the vegetables he would consume in a year. But gardening, like poetry and virtue, is generally its own reward.

THESE BRIGHT, soft, balmy days inspire a man with the idea that if he will only go down on any dock and sit on the string-piece all day, he will catch a nice string of fish. So he goes down and sits there all day, and goes home at sundown baked through and through.\*

This is the time that the soap-fiend contributes about a thousand dollars' worth of flowers to be placed upon the soldiers' graves on Decoration Day. And when the said day arrives, he puts them into his wagon in such a way that the lettering will show, and everybody looks upon him as a patriot, whereas, he is simply advertising his business, and proving that patriotism, like charity, begins at home.

#### PERFECT DAYS.

EVERYBODY is moving, and the air is full of suds and borax. The honeysuckle is clambering up the porch, and dangling its delicate sprays in the passing breeze. The furnacefire has now gone out for the season, and the cook has gone out for the afternoon. Be sure and call me early, call me early, mother dear, for to-morrow down at Schwallenbied's they 're going to have bock-beer. As usual, the man who does the moving, gets the lightest end of the piano, and lets the owner, if he is foolish enough to stay home to take part in the proceedings, take the heavy end and crush his knuckles out of shape. The man who starts down-stairs with an armful of bed-slats, and undertakes to readjust them properly when they begin to slip and slide like Lord Alfred's brook, will soon learn that he has grappled with more than he can hold. The odor of paint is to be smelled everywhere, and the painter, who is working by the day, loafs so much, that in the end he is about as expensive a luxury as an oilpainter. Oils well that ends well, as the speculator said when he made his pile in oil. But, as the lawyer remarked in a great case in which a menagerie proprietor was interested: This is irrelephant. Oh, May, the poet rhymes you with spray, and says you are gay in your flowery array, in which the lambkins stray and the bluebirds play. You're likewise called a fay,\* by those who wish you could stay; and we shout down the flowery way: Hip, hip, hooray

IT WILL very soon be time to pile
Into a barrel your winter tile,
And go and purchase for yourself a nice
Mackinaw
Straw
Hat
That

Is adorned with a nice wide entrancing, doveburnished purple band,

That on the strand

Will capture beauteous Laura's soft blue eye, Sometime in July.

This is the month of rod and reel. The schoolmaster applies the rod, and the pupil furnishes the reel.

Well, now, I swan, it's just rough! There that gol-swizzled steer of Brother Fairbanks

has got into my place, and has done gone eaten up all the blossoms off 'n the low trees, and kicked up all the things I 've planted. He 's too lively with his heels to be chased out, and I guess I'd better report his cavortin' manœuvres to Brother Fairbanks, and get him to pay me damages in driedapples.



<sup>\*</sup>Irish fairy.

<sup>\*</sup>With one bergall.

WIFE.

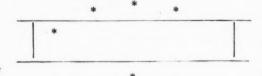
Where shall we go this summer?
Shall it be to Podunk,
Narragansett or Bar Harbor,
Deal Beach or Manayunk?
Shall it be up on the mountain,
Or by the rolling foam?

HUSBAND (who has just taken a dip in stocks, and is otherwise out of condition (pecuniarily) for any junketing).—

Maud, hear my ultimatum: We're going to stay at home.

THE HENS come alike into the garden of the just and the garden of the unjust, and they root around to their hearts' content, which is usually the proprietor's heart's discontent. If they would only eat up the potato-bugs it would be all right. But they don't. They leave them alone as religiously as though a coldness existed between them. But if the potato-bugs could outsing nightingales, and were worth ten dollars apiece, the hens would leave everything else to banquet on them.

THE YEAR is now ripe for the tragedy of the picnic and the scup.



Now no we pick up our favorite paper and read what the farmer has to say, which is about as follows:

Nice country board, plenty of fresh eggs, pure cream, plenty of shade, fine view, no malaria, two miles from station, fruit of all kinds in abundance, beautiful drives, no mosquitos, excellent boating, spacious tennis-courts, and croquet-lawn, etc. Terms, six dollars per week.

Note.—If you go to the above place, don't fail to take two or three hundred quinine-pills, and a trunk full of canned food.

#### A JUNE RHAPSODY.

This is the month when the young man who has hired a country house for the modest sum of three hundred dollars per annum, turns around and rents the same establishment, furnished, for the immodest sum of two hundred and fifty dollars per month.

It is also the month when the butterfly flaps about from flower to flower, until it is captured and pinned securely onto a cork and put into a cabinet. It is seldom that a butterfly gets into the President's cabinet; but we will let this reflection pass without further comment.

What is so rare as a day in June? asks Mr. Lowell. We should reply, thirty-one days. We should also reply, an ice-man that gives good measure. This, by the way, is just the time that the ice-man—\*

June is considered the loveliest month in the year by all people who do not think some other month is the loveliest. Now the June-bug is on deck, and so is the potato ditto. But we do not know why the latter is called a potato-bug. It is not of Irish origin, and it does not confine itself to potatos. It can eat tomatos with as great a relish, providing they are not canned. It can also be as jolly as a Frenchman, when filled with the Paris green put on the vines as a destroyer. But the Paris green does not destroy the potato-bug unless he eats too much of it, and gets Asiatic cholera. He gets fat on the Paris green, and eats the various vines about him as a sort of salad.

Which exhausts our stock of knowledge on the subject of June,

HEAR THE merry bobolink,
In the morning sweet and bright,
Singing in the clover pink,
Singing in the clover white.

Hear the busy, golden bee,
Flitting round from rose to rose;
Hear the petulant muskeeTer a-buzzing round your nose.

CHALKED DOWN-Milk.

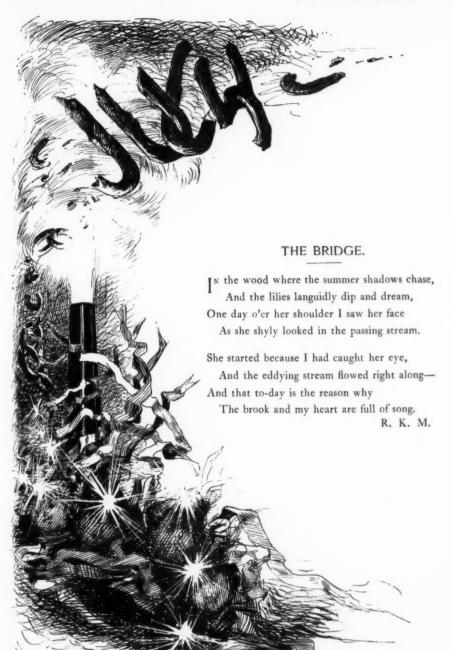
GENTLY As the echos of soothing music, June comes tripping along for the purpose of scattering roses and sunshine prodigally about, and introducing us to the young women who spend their days selling tickets for the Sundayschool strawberry-festival. These dear creatures start out in the morning and don't return until

night, allowing the servants to run the house during the day. They know the servants have been running the house, when they hear their husbands' lively criticisms on the various dishes that constitute the menu; for servants in the house are often a well-spring of displeasure and dyspepsia—especially if they have cooking-school educations.



<sup>\*</sup>This space will indicate the one-strawberry short-cake joke that we are too proud to print.

<sup>\*</sup> Chestnut



FROM HOME 'tis a mile to the swimming-hole,
Where nothing of perfect joy we lack
While we're splashing about. But it racks our
soul,

For it seems about seven miles back;
And we vow as we climb the dusty hill,
Tired half to death, that we'll swim no more;
But the very next day our voices fill
The air as we head-first leave the shore.

ALWAYS BOOMING—The Fourth.

Every DOG may have his day; but these days which are called the dog days, on account of Sirius rising and setting with the sun, are the days when the dog has no chance at all, because just at this time

The woolly poodle
And the NewfoundLand and kioodle
Are in the pound.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—The Servant-Girl's Ultimatum.

Titis is the time that a man occasionally puts a dollar or two into the Fishing Banks.

DAY 's a lovely maiden Bright with golden tresses On her lily shoulders, Rippling in the gale.

Night's a genial negro,
And the mellow moonbeams
Are the spotless whitewash
In his spattered pail.

It is paradoxical, but, nevertheless, true that a weak-fish can almost pull you out of the boat.

This is the time that rippling bird songs wake A tender rapture round the plashing rills, And man now doth his very best to shake The chills.

BACK NUMBERS—Those Branded on a Mule.

A BLUE FISH - The One that 's Hooked.

#### THE SUMMER GIRL.

It is when the hot days of July arrive that we meet our summer girl. She is invariably a daisy, floriculturally speaking, and no matter where we meet her, we thank our stars that we did n't go anywhere else for our holidays. We say Quogue may be a dull, stupid place, but in Quogue we met Lulu, and if we had gone to Narragansett Pier with all its gayety, we would not have met Lulu. Perish the thought!

The summer girl is a creation in herself; she is a spiritual message from Paradise while the summer lasts. In the Fall she seems different, as you see her tripping along the street with a favored Fifthavenoodle in a high collar.

But you always know her better from having spent two weeks of a summer in her society than you would by knowing her all your life in the city. Because you can become better acquainted in the surf in two minutes than you can in six centuries of kettledrum and dinner party. How can we ever forget the balmy nights we spent counting fire-flies, and looking for shooting-stars, and listening to the call of the weary loon and the pathetic whippoorwill, while the old bassoon grumped away asthmatically, as though it needed a dose of ipecac or cough medicine, and the finer strains of the cornet rippled on the moonlit air, and stole softly through the jasmine bowers? From the innermost chambers of our soul floats the vulgar fiat: "Come off!"

Thanks, we will; but as we have said this much about July, we will close without making allusions to the Fourth of July, and its casualties that make things so lively in the lint and arnica markets.

But July is a grand old month, either at the sea-shore or on the mountain, and all the women with fine figures, and swell, artistically made bathing-suits, go to the mountains, which, to say the least, is painfully paradoxical.

THE DRAMA of the office-boy, the base-ball match and the deceased aunt, is now being played regularly. But it is only a matinée performance.

This is the printer's devil. He is called the devil because he is so frequently cast out—with the growler. He is also the last one in the composing-room—when the whistle blows at one o'clock. He is also the last one on the salary-list—but not the last one to draw. Like the poker-player, he draws and fills—draws his salary and fills himself with beer. It is seldom that the devil is considered a saint. Just gaze upon his smile! It is a wide-guage smile—a

regular pie-guage smile, for this is the way he smiles when he throws his jaws across a piece of pie at the sweet meridian hour.

Further information touching this interesting creature will be cheerfully furnished by the foreman of the composing-room.



SHADOWS THE sunshine weaves my garden's cloth of gold, And in my garden stands a lily tall, White as a white gull in a turquoise sky It blows, but casts upon the gilded sward A shadow that belies its perfect whiteness. All yonder hill is brightness to the top, Save one spot where an ebon shadow lies, Cast by a cloud that like a snowy swan Drifts softly down the meadow-lands of blue. Across our lives a shadow oft must fall, Even when all seems most serene and bright, Then let us dream the shadow on us thrown Only by something beautiful and white As the slim lily or the downy cloud. A slender shadow now is o'er me cast, A graceful shadow, and I think I know Who stands near by with finger at her lip, And tiptoes on to take me by surprise. Hers is the dearest shadow ever cast-For she's the sunshine that creates the shadow. R. K. M.

This is the month that the poet wrastles About the corn and its golden tassels, Or, if you will, he gaily wraustles About the corn and its golden taustles.

This is just about the period of the fleeting year that the newspaper humorist scratches his head and racks his brains for a new joke on the prevarications of the angler. It is also the time that he thinks he is funny when he alludes to the hotel-clerk's mammoth diamond-stud, and the guest getting the room next to the shingles, and the plate of chowder with one clam in it. The humorist, if he would be humorous, should leave these time-honored jokes severely alone, and give us something that has n't the shadow of the chestnut on it.

Now August smiles on fields of dimpling wheat,
With flaming poppies on her golden brow,
And now we often see which is more fleet,
The city maiden or the country cow.

New York, August 2nd, 1887. Messrs. Swingham & Co.—Dear Sirs:

I have tried your Eureka hammock, and find it the most luxurious and restful of any I have ever seen. I swing for hours between two locust trees, and fancy I am lying under a magnolia tree at Nassau, drinking gin-fizzes out of a lily. I would not be without the Eureka for anything.

JAMES WITHERS,

Messenger-Boy.

FOR INFORMATION regarding the weaker vessels, apply to the Secretary of the U. S. Navy.

A STRIKING CONTRAST—Sullivan and His Opponent.

FERDINAND WARD now plays croquet with a blacksmith's hammer.

This is the time that men run ten-mile races in the sun for a medal worth a couple of dollars. A ugust is a nice, pleasant, dreamy, ice-creamy month. It has been likened unto a sensuous golden dream, by some philosopher, whose name has escaped our memory in the silent watches of the night. August is delightful, either at the seashore, where you splash around in the waves, or, on the mountains, where you drive about in buck-board wagons, and drink nice fresh milk imported from the city for invalids.

August is the month of lawn-tennis and the melting collar. Just as soon as you have marked out your court, and are stretching the compound fractures out of your spinal column, a storm comes up and washes away the marking, just as a beer-saloon keeper, with one swoop of his moistened hand, wipes out your slate-account. The collar, we said, melts; it also wilts. That is where the August collar is as great as snow and a flower combined. Because the snow can melt and not wilt, while the flower can wilt and not melt.

If August wore an overcoat, it would be made of melton. If it wore a carpet, it would be a wilton. But we will cease this unseemly levity, and say that we like August, because it is then that we go off for our vacation. We go away for a rest, and in rowing, walking, climbing mountains, playing base-ball, etc., do more work in a day than we should do at our post of duty in a month.

This is all we know about August.

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In surf-bathing, the under-tow is nothing when you know the ropes.

The Can't-Get-Away Club is now in full session.

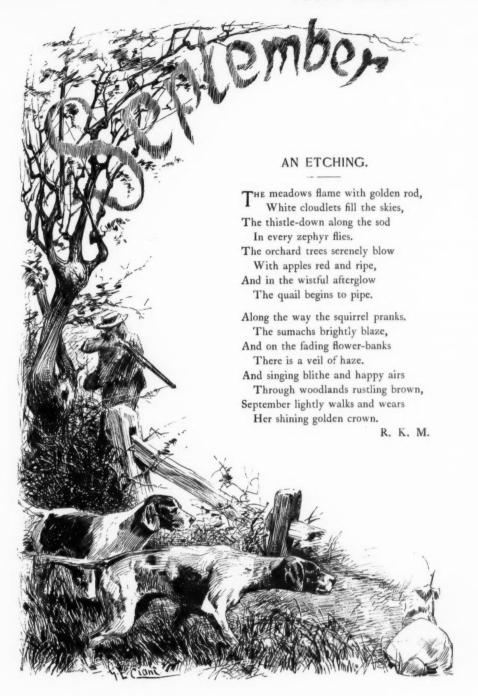
'Tis now the college student is free from Sophocles and Pliny. But he is level-headed, and makes the most of his time by accepting the position of waiter in some watering-place hotel. The students who have made the best records as sprinters generally secure the most liberal tips from the guests who are in a hurry.

VERY AUGUST-Hay Fever.

OH, SEE the tramp run, with his hair on end. You can not see the dog; but the dog is there. He will also get there. The artist couldn't put the dog in for fear of making the "cut" too wide

for the column, so we said we would mention the dog, and that would be just the same. The tramp is hungry enough to eat the dog up, collar and all. If the dog were to eat the tramp, he, the dog, would die. Consequently the tramp could eat or be eaten by the dog, and be on velvet, for it would be sure death to the dog.





BASE-BALL COVERS a pretty wild field.

COYLY the ghost of summer lingers in the smile of early fall. We see it cavorting on the banks of haze, and jumping from one pumpkin to another in the corn-field, and falling asleep on the spray of white clematis that wanders in graceful beauty over the foliage of the hazels, and scatters its faint, delicate odor on the bracing air. It is now the loveliest season of the year, just as May and October are when they arrive. The light overcoat is making faces at the linen-duster, the oyster-eater is taking advantage of the early "R," and that very Pariah of the streets, the small boy, is shouting with gusto: "Shoot the hat!"

It is beautiful to look at the soft, white cloud that rests on the horizon's rim, and dips into the ocean. It reminds one of a Charlotte Russe reposing on an azure plate, just under a pair of soft blue eyes. WE SOMETIMES think that boarding - house pillows are stuffed with thistle-down. We also think they are called boarding-house steaks, because they are not porter-house.

THE BASE-BALL player is human because he so frequently errs.

WAITER.—I can recommend the duck stuffed with French chestnuts.

PATRON.—No, thanks; I have one of the Paris comic papers with me.

A "Raw" Day-September First.

WE HAVE recently been told all about our defenceless coasts. But we take no stock in it. Our coasts are well protected by the hackmen, who keep the sharks from coming up out of the ocean, and taking the booty from the hotel-keepers.

A BOUNCING BOY-The Base-Ball Manager.

Now doth September come tripping airily along, with a sumach in one hand, an apple-pie in the other, and a spray of white clematis trickling from her ringlets to her high-heeled slippers.

The rabbit sits in the roadway and looks at you while you approach. But you don't get there. That is, you don't secure the rabbit, because he skips lightly under the fence-rails, and is away like the wind, which is generally away when you want it to cool you off, and on hand carving your ears and nose when you would prefer to have it somewhere else. The rabbit skips, because he knows his freedom is a pudding, whereas his capture would be a pot-pie.

What is the difference between a pot-pie, a pot-hunter, and a platter of pot-cheese manufactured at Pottsdam? We give it up. About the only thing we won't give up is the ship. What ship? Why, partnership, of course. The chipmunk-don't interrupt us, please, Alcestis; we did n't say poker-chipmunk, at all. We said chipmunk, and we were going to say he was gathering chips. He is gathering acorns to set his table. Every acorn he eats will deprive the wood of a grand old oak. It is estimated that if the acorns a squirrel eats in one day grew into oaks and were hewn, that they would build and furnish a hundred houses. This will be food for reflection, as well as a hard nut for the statistical philosopher to crack,

Ah, September, September, we hail thee with joy, for thou fillest us with rapture with thy busy cider-mills and exciting county fairs, and thou hadst best consider thyself solid with us, thou old-gold beauty!

A MERE SHADOW—The Detective.

Over the land September comes,
Scattering fruits all mellow and ripe,
The partridge up in the beech-tree drums,
And the quail in every orchard pipe.
Like snow-drifts the cloudlets dot the sky,
The thistle-down capers along the sod,
And we know that the beer will soon run dry,
And be supplanted by W. Tod.

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MUSCLE-BOUND—The Seashore.

Why is the tramp so happy? Because he has both hands full of food. But the tramp is a philosopher, and does n't believe in robbing his stomach to cover his back. If he did, he would go from house to house hungry, asking for nothing but velvet vests, silk hats, patent - leather shoes. and sealskin overcoats. But, notwithstanding his happy disposition, we would not change places with him.



AN OCTOBER TWILIGHT.

All nature in a lonely rapture sleeps,

Invisible spirits flaming colors spill.

Across the bosom of the twilight still

And in the woodland's soft empurpled deeps

And now a white star from the heavens peeps

I feel charmed melodies I can not hear,

Like a white lily from a lilac rill.

While darkness falls on ashen field and stream,

Us welcome entrance to its rosy sphere-

I muse like one in some remembered dream

Gently as sleep when its sweet kisses give

R. K. M.

A SUBTLE silence lies on vale and hill,

A hazy tide-wave indolently creeps,

SPRAYS of pink arbutus O'er the mosses trail Butterflies and bumble bees O'er the clover sail, Leaflets green and blossoms white All the branches veil.

Although it is early fall the poet is singing the above, which will be just in time for the April number of the magazine now being made up for that month if he sends it

By the very earliest mail.

THE DETECTIVE, we are told on good authority, wears a hunting-case watch.

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This is the month whose zodiacal sign should be the landscape painter, for now that genius wanders off in the gloaming seeking what he may paint. He does up the copse and dingle, and rings the changes on the ancient persimmon tree. The sumach is included, as usual, and the golden sunlight is sifted through the trees, and scattered about on the ground with a prodigal brush. The lurid color-slinger is now in his glory; he is turning out canvas-backs that would make an Indian dance for joy, and a crazy-quilt roll itself up and die with envy.

That is, he is now making the pencil sketches that next winter he will paint by lamplight, and in the spring throw all art lovers into transports of joy at the Academy.

THE MAN who brings his family back to the city for the winter in the latter part of September, is generally the man who will tell you that he thinks, of all the months, that October is the most enjoyable and beautiful to spend in the country.

#### WILTING AWAY.

OCTOBER is here, and all the wood is a rippling, golden melody. The year is about through with its gayety of spirit, and now a mellower and more serene beauty haunts wood and field. There is a chastened melody in the silence of a day in late October-like the music that lies in the orbs of a spinster of thirty-five, who is still solicitous to charm. In the woods the squirrel capers along the fence, and up the tree, and the falling nut, dropping through the crisp leaves, tells us of the loveliest season of the year.

A fine, delicate mist rises in the distance, of a faint blue tint, and the leaves dance in every breeze, and finally settle into a gorgeous carpet for the forest-path,

The pool lies still and silent, save when rippled into fitful rings by the dipping of a swallow's wing. The orchards are hanging with luscious fruit, and we know by the merry laugh that disturbs the solemn hush, that some lucky fellow has found a red ear, and is claiming the penalty.

And the country tavern is advertising its hogguessing entertainment, and all the air is full of hints of apple-jack and pumpkin-pie, and cornpopping parties.

The partridge is drumming away like a suspender-peddler, and the quail is the piper which we have to pay for at the rate of seventy-five cents a plate, with the toast thrown in.

Oh, how beautifully October lingers, while the birds depart for rosier spheres! But soon the coy beauty will retire, and the merchant will begin to put on a long face, and say business is poor, to get out of raising salaries next year.

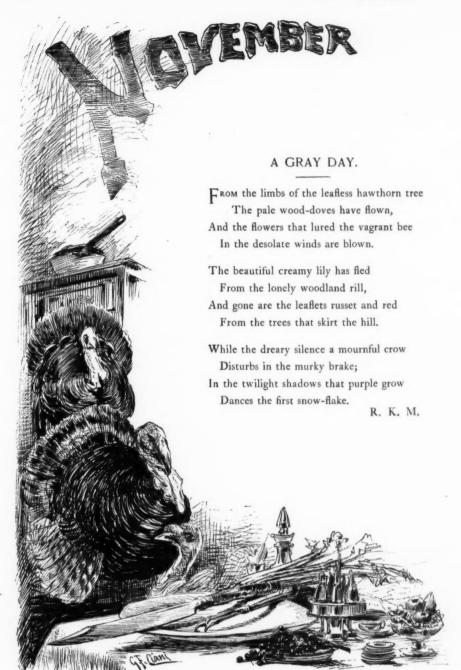
Now the poet says the scarlet Leaf is like a dying ember, Then he speaks about the snow That will whiten all December; Sings of love and summer dead In the wan smile of September; Then he lets his soul burst forth In the final rhyme, "remember," Then he's settled.

As Brown as a Berry-October.

THE ANCIENT darkey is now lecturing his children on the uncertainty of things in this sorrowful world, and giving them pointers on the surest way of laying in other people's umbrellas for a rainy day. His happy remarks are inspired by the 'possum caught in the swamp yesterday, and his flow of eloquence is grave or gay, at his will. Geo. Washington and An-

drew Jackson listen to him attentively, because they know that when he is through he will take down the old banjo, and fill the cabin with melody, and then ask them to pat Juba for him while he throws himself out of shape in the Essence of Ole Virginny.





As soon as ceases the robin's note. Get thee into a light overcoat.

GRAY IN THE SERVICE - A Letter Carrier's Uniform.

On fairy feet and like a dainty dream The Indian summer o'er the meadow comes Her golden ringlets in the still air stream,

And delicate songs in delicate keys she hums. And now it is the savory free lunch steam, Bursts flowers of hope in bosoms of tired

bums. Who round a beer would like to clasp their fingers and their thumbs.

This is the month when the turkey and the ballot box are stuffed.

THE FELLOW that once kept a summer-hotel, All sunshine and revel and sport, Advertises the same as a roaringly swell, And beautiful winter resort.

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE-The Iceman's Method of Getting Rich on You.

"WHERE ARE the birds of summer, Where are the flowers of spring?" One day I heard a poet As he walked on the highway sing.

To make the poet happy, I pleasantly did spout: "The birds have gone to Georgia, The flowers have petered out.

Only the corpulent turkey Around our doorstep strolls; And only the cauliflower's blooming In the garden of our souls."

WHEN STOCKS are down, they don't make very dreamful pillows for the Bull.

INDIAN SUMMER-The Kind that Geronimo is Getting in Florida.

#### BIG INJUN.

NDIAN SUMMER occurs just about this time of the year. Summer occurs between spring and autumn, but the Indian is apt to occur at any moment. The Indian summer is about the only thing with which the Indian is identified that is really pleasant, except the Indian pudding.

The Indian is the inventor of the canoe, but he can not paddle the canoe which is his personal property. Uncle Sam paddles it for him; but in so doing, Uncle Sam makes of himself a pale-gray ass about twenty-four hands high. What he ought to do is to split the canoe up, and paddle the Indian, just as the convict is paddled in Sing Sing when he requires it.

Some scientists think the Indian makes fine medicine, but we have always regarded him as a scalp trouble. An Indian out in Cayenne recently fell in love with a white girl because her father was a ticket scalper. The old man gave him a dose of Cayenne pepper out of a shot gun, and the Indian is now working in an arnica mill for his board. The Indian has long been a conundrum that no one seems to be able to solve. If we had the authority we should never undertake to solve him. We would dissolve him-in burning oil. We would take all the Indian summer out of him, and make him strike an Indian winter. And we would n't furnish him with blankets, unless wet ones to take the pride out of him. And the only smoke he would get would be the Indian pipe of the wayside.

RAIN, RAIN, rain Falls through the dreary trees, And the old thermometer drops Ten or twenty degrees. Oh, well for the comic bard That he has a rosy soul, And appreciates the happy fact That the cellar's full of coal. But the stately bills go on And knock the poet flat, But ne'er will come back the crisp green V Lost on an election hat.

THE BASE-BALL player is contagious because he is catching.

Away For the south fly the birds of passage On winglets fleet -And soon we'll eat Our buckwheat cakes and our country sassage.

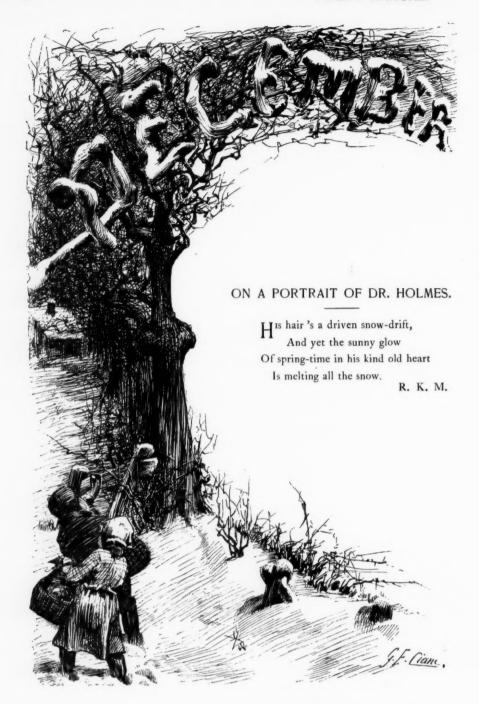
"WELL, WELL, WELL! I declare to goodness

John, did you ever hear of such a thing? Goodness gracious me! Law sakes, what's the country comin' to anyhow? I would n't have believed such a thing could happen. It's pretty goings on they have

now! Mercy on us, where will this thing end?" Then she takes the paper,

steals off to a quiet spot, and reads the scandal from beginning to end with great





WINTER IS now on Dec.

THE MESSENGER-BOY'S motto is: "Go slow."

"Don't you know that seal-skin cap will make your hair fall out?" asked Skinner to McClintock, the other day.

"It won't make my hair fall out," replied McClintock.

"It won't, eh?"

"No, it won't; I wear a wig."

THE BALL is up,
Is up, is up,
And on the glassy lake
The boy falls down
Upon his crown,

And then his wailings make You fancy that upon the ice that boy has either etched a spider on the ice, or the ice has etched a spider on the head of the boy

Who now loud echoes in the wood doth dismally awake.

SEE THE little daisy hopping
In and out, serenely popping
While she does her X-mas shopping.
See her husband, all uncunny,

Thinking it so very funny

That for her to make his X-mas present he must find the money.

This is the time that the base-ball player hangs his stocking on the willow-tree.

A SNOW-STORM is sometimes called a goose-plucking. We don't know whether it is because it comes down, or whether it's because the X-mas goose hangs high.

AFTER ALL, the base-ball player is a great contractor just now. He is so pressed for the red gold of our forefathers, that he will contract with any manager that happens along, in the hope of securing an advance that will put a pair of soles on his uppers.

#### WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

No one can for a moment doubt that this is winter, for over the whitened turnpike the jolly sleigh-bells jingle on the frosty air, and the merry songs of the sleighing party show plainly that they are bubbling over with joy. Soon they will come to the old tumble down wayside tavern that is so famous for its table. And then they will have a dance, and a supper that they will never forget.

See the old turkey way up in the top limb of the walnut-tree at the gate. The moon is shining on him as he sits there in a sleepy ball, rocked to and fro in a gentle sleep.

On these nights we love to listen to the winds whistle through the ashen trees, while we poke up the log that is smouldering on the hearth, and sip a glass of cider from the old farm in Sleepytown, and throw our most appreciative smile, like an aureole, around dear old Aunt Huldy's doughnuts.

Oh, what a comfortable feeling it is to sit in the old chair, and watch the embers throb and glow and form themselves into the fantastic flowers and vines that sweetened all Sleepytown last June; and to know that the winds blowing so violently across the dreary wastes of snow without are musical to our ears, and only soothe us to sweet and pleasant dreams, from which we wake to hear that breakfast is ready, and the buckwheat cakes and sausage are getting ready to lift us into a happier sphere,

- After Hamilton Gibson.

The Polar-Bears now gaily dance,
And jump and skip and wildly prance
About with joy on Lapland shores,
To think their old
Hides are not sold
For X-mas gifts in New York stores.

THE PHRENOLOGIST is the man who gets rich by his head-work.

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WHAT'S THE ODDS?—About one hundred to forty when Sullivan fights.

OH, HEAR the north wind wildly blow
And howl along the porch;
Oh, see high in the heavens glow,
Just like a silver torch,
The moon, that says it 's time to brew
A spicy old hot Scotch or two.

THERE IS many a slip between the coal - hole cover and the sidewalk.

This young man looks very sad; but he does not look half as sad as he is. He is putting his hat in front of his face to conceal the sorrow that he does n't want his friends to see. He will wear his hat this way for several days. In fact, until something happens to make him forget that his salary has not been increased for the coming year.



#### RICHARD WAGNER.

PRESUME it is unnecessary to begin my remarks by stating that Richard Wagner is dead, because everybody knows that if he is n't he ought to be.

The world has thought a good deal more of Wagner since he died than it did before. Popular opinion appears to be in favor of a decision that his last work was his best. His last work was the drawing of his final breath.

"The evil that men do lives after them," remarks Mr. Marc Antony, when referring to the late Julius Cæsar, who was cut by all his friends, and died from the effects of it. That is the case with Wagner. He has gone to his long rest; but he has not given us a rest.

Mr. Wagner wrote operas. I feel it my duty to state this, because there has been more

or less discussion as to what they were, and the late R. W. did not appear to be quite certain himself as to what they were. I am willing to admit that they were operas. If Gounod and Verdi can stand it, I can.

You can always tell when you are at a Wagner opera. The people in the orchestra say "'Sh!" when they see the people in the boxes talking. When I say "see" them talking, I mean what I say. They can't possibly hear them, because the late Mr. Wagner's operas do not permit a man to hear anything but themselves.

When a Wagner opera goes off, the concussion usually shakes up the entire community, and disturbs the country for miles around. Did you ever study the score of a Wagner opera? No? Well, I'll tell you something about it.

His operas are scored for six piccoli, four flutes, eight E-flat clarionets, four B-flat clarionets, one bass clarionet, two oboes, one English horn, a dozen bassoons, two contra-bassoons, as many French horns as can be procured in the county, nine cornets, eleven trombones, one tuba in F, one tuba in E-flat, one ophicleide, two harps, twenty kettledrums, seven snare-drums, fourteen pairs of cymbals, ninety-three triangles, five bass-drums, two church-bells in B-unnatural, three steamwhistles in A-sharp, two saw-mills E, one Thomas Cat in D-flat, and in C, five horse-fiddles in

one bull-dog in F-sharp, all sizes and conditions. and about one thousand fiddles of You don't see them all when you go to the opera; but they are there just the He does n't spring them on you all at once, either. He begins with a few gentle wails on the 'cellos, violas, bassoons and bull-dog Then he lets off a mild flourish with a few of



the cornets. Then he lets the bull-fiddles and bass-fiddles have a wrestling-match with the French horns. Gradually he works in the tubas and the Thomas Kitten, and pretty soon he lets the whole menagerie loose, and the congregation thinks the day of universal doom has arrived.

A man who goes frequently to hear Wagner operas, will learn to be

soothed into a gentle slumber by the whooping of his mother-in-law and will come to regard the midnight squall of a colic-stricken infant as the sweetest of lullabies.

He becomes accustomed to taking things big and large, as it were, and feels that he ought to cross a gutter over the Brooklyn Bridge, and ride down to business in the morning on an iceberg, drawn by a pair of

It gives a man a great breadth of view to go to Wagner's operas very often. It also gives him great breadth of hearing, if he can pass the critical point without going deaf or insane. As I remarked before, Mr. Wagner is dead. I don't know where he has gone. I wish I did, so that I might try not to go there, too. I am glad he was not born early enough to write the music of the spheres, because if he had been, the uni-verse would never have got on as comfortably as it has been doing for the last six thousand years.

HECTOR BERLIOZ JONES.

According to a morning contemporary, "four horses, an expresswagon, and a large number of chickens perished in the flames" last night. The heart-rending cries of the express-wagon must have brought tears to the eyes of everybody.

It is contrary to truth (and truth is a big dog under the wagon, and don't you forget it) to say that a man who is neither for nor against Prohibition, is "on the fence." No, indeedy. He is not on the fence; he is leaning up against it.

A MAN IN York, Pa., undertook to eat thirty-six raw eggs the other day at one meal. He died on the thirty-second egg, and the remaining four were thrown away. Thus were good eggs wasted.

WASHINGTON HAS the lowest death-rate of ten cities of equal size. Many of its citizens hold public office, and their grip is so tight that even death itself can't loosen it.

A MAN WHO was kicked seventeen feet up in the air by a mule, would have recovered in time if he had n't landed on a banana-skin. The combination killed him,

An Italian artist in this city, whose sole income comes from his brush, uses but one color, and that is black. He is a boot-black.

If "SILENCE IS GOLDEN," why is it that dumb people, as a rule, are poor? When you answer this, we'll have another ready.

"A FUNNEL-SHAPED CLOUD" and "low mutterings of distant thunder" are common "pick-ups" for printers out West.

An Indian of the name of "Two Strikes" is making trouble in the West. Why not give him six balls?

FORTUNE KNOCKS once at every man's door, but a good many of us happened to be out at the time.

#### ICE-BOUND.

Yonder lies a vessel, bound in ice and snow; Bitter are the winter winds that round it blow

O'er it drifts the raven, braving chill and gust; Hull and spars are silvered with an icy crust.

But the frozen whiteness lying on the sea, Round the ship brings only spring-like dreams to me.

For within the cabin, shielded from the snows, In her laughing beauty, blooms my perfect Rose.

She, the fisher's daughter, smiles on my salaams, O'er the piles of porgies, and the heaps of clams.

And when spring-time's signet on the land is set; She will have her lover fast within the net.



I am convinced that I was born into the world under an unlucky star. would rather have been born lucky than rich, but I even missed being born rich. It was a great blunder; I have often confessed it to myself: but the affair was one about which I was not consulted at all, and I there-fore do not hold myself blamable. was just my luck. Thus my run of bad luck began at the earliest moment, and it has

continued without a break. I set out to grow homely, and kept on at it. No beautiful young lady ever took me on her knee, and said I was a pretty child, and gave me a nickel for "just one sweet kiss." Oh, no; I never had any such run of luck as that!

I had all the diseases incident to children's happy hour; had 'em at Christmas and Thanksgiving-time; when the coasting was good or when a circus was in town. I never could get any sort of disease when there was nothing going on but hard work on the farm. I had everything out of season, when I didn't want it, and

had it bad.

If I went fishing on Sunday, I fell in the water, and got a thrashing at home instead of the parental sympathy I had a right to expect.

If I borrowed a watermelon from a neighbor

If I borrowed a watermelon from a neighbor at night, it was green. If I found some peaches that were fit to pull, and went to pull them, there was a dog under the tree with an open countenance; and if I ate an apple before it was ripe,

it made me sick, and caused me to be poured full of medicine. I never could have any fun like other boys without a sequel of remorse.

My run of bad luck is still on

tap.

If I take my biggest corn into a street-car, somebody invariably puts the heel of a number nine boot on it.

In the railway-car the pretty girl, with cheeks like Delaware peaches and eyes like the windows of heaven, passes me to sit by the bald-headed man on the next seat, and the woman who weighs three hundred pounds, and carries two market-baskets and an uncovered ham, crowds me into the corner, puts the ham on my lap, and sits on my new summer overcoat.

I always enter the barber-shop just in time to get into the chair of the youngest apprentice, who has just begun to practice on total strangers.

If I sell goods on time, the buyer makes an assignment the following day, and pays seven cents on the dollar.

If a doctor prescribes for me, the druggist makes a mistake, and sends me the horse-medicine that was ordered by the veterinary surgeon, and I have to be saved by a stomach-pump.

At the theatre I sit behind the seven-story bonnet; the horse I bet my money on is always distanced in the first heat; and the friend in whom I place perfect confidence, when he opposes me, has four aces when I have four kings.

I bought an accident insurance policy, and traveled six thousand miles by rail without getting killed or crippled, and the day after the policy ran out I fell over a wheelbarrow in the dark and broke one of my legs.

I never tried to whip but one man. He was a good deal smaller than I, and was lame, and blind of one eye, and had lost the use of one hand, and had consumption and liver-disease. Afterward, when I thought coolly of all my ailments, I never felt so mean in my life as I did for having struck the poor old cripple, and especially when he was n't looking at me. But he was better than he looked, for he wiped the earth with me, and left me a physical wreck.

SINCE 1870, eight hundred and forty-seven duels have been fought in France, which have resulted in the death of one man. Great heavens! Can nothing be done to stop this terrible carnage?

"PARADISE ISLAND" is the name of an island near St. Paul, where there is not a single saloon, and never has been. The name was suggested by a New York traveling man.

THE BOOK-KEEPER always draws the line at the bottom of the column, and the washer-woman across the yard.

THE REASON that the sun is up bright and early every morning is because it goes to bed at a seasonable hour. It does n't howl around nights.

WATER WILL not rise above its source, but such is not the case with whiskey. It goes to the brain after entering at the mouth.

COOL CHEEK.



POLICEMAN.—Hey, there!
COLORED PARTY.—Don't stop me!
POLICEMAN.—Why not?
COLORED PARTY.—'Cos, I'se got ter win ther race or lose dah boots!

THE RAT AND THE "EXTRA."



In the reign of Gobobbles, King of Knoware, an Aged and Impecunious rat, feeling that the End of his days was at hand, called to him a superannuated Frog and a Turtle in the Heyday of Youth.

He then related to them the Old and touching Legend of the Goat that found in Oilymargarine a stronger butter than himself, and died. At the Same time, in another part of the country, a newspaper "Extra" announced that Themistocles had been Accused of selling the Indians on his reservation U. S. Army blankets at an Advance of Four obols over the Chicago Quotations

cago Quotations.

This report was Subsequently buried by being laid on the Table by a Senate committee, and is now Forgotten; but the Chestnut goes on its way rejoicing.

MORAL.—This fable teaches that the Great American joke is more Ancient than a Campaign lie.

THE ONLY way to mix business and religion is as follows: Put in a little business in the glass first, then some religion, and then more

glass first, then some religion, and then more
business on top. In this way you
get the effect of the religion
without the taste. It's a good way
to take cod-liver oil, too. Only
substitute whiskey for business.

A PATENT MEDICINE manufacturer who had failed three times, advanced the price of his specific from fifty cents to one dollar a bottle, and he is now building a factory ten stories high.

THIRTEEN MILLION sheep are said to have died in New South Wales within the last three years for want of water. In this country a great many die every year for want of water, but they are not sheep.

CRIMINALS IN high places are the most dangerous kind of criminals.—New York Tribune. How about a criminal hanging from the limb of a tree? He's not dangerous.

THE MAN who works for the wages of sin gets good pay, but he never knows when he will be out of a job.

CALL A MAN a dog, and he resents it. Call him a sly dog, and he will ask you to drink.

#### THE CODFISH.

E codfish comes of poor but honest parents, is a plain, unassuming fish, and so guileless and unsuspecting that it falls an easy prey to man, and thus gets into trouble and much salt.

Those who have studied the ways of the mother codfish, tell us that a brood of eight million offspring is no unusual achievement for her at a single sitting, and that, with all her motherly care and watchfulness, a few of the brood die young.

It seems to me that the mother codfish is vorthy of more thought than mankind has been disposed to bestow upon her. Let those who are weighed down by the cares of just one slightly disobedient child, think for a moment of the much heavier cares of the mother codfish with eighty million minnow offspring, all needing maternal guidance and counsel.

Just try to imagine the amount of worry she undergoes, and the haunting fear she has that some of her little ones are wandering out

in the way of big fish with a fancy for fresh cod, or eating unripe worms.
The family cares of the mother codfish are indeed herculean, and must be exceedingly trying to the strongest con-

stitution, and yet the mother does not complain. Very likely she may say once in a while, to a very dear friend, in her own simple yet expressive way:

"What a trial children are, to be sure!" But she does not mean it. Next season she goes on her nest again, and in due season, behold her eighty

The codfish loves its home. The scenes of its happy minnowhood are ever dear to it. It leads a quiet, peaceful life among its relatives and friends, not far from where it first learned to swim, seldom wandering away from this happy spot unless it bites at the deceiving bait of man, and is ruthlessly pulled in out of its moist but salubrious element.

The term "codfish aristocracy" is a base libel on the codfish, for the codfish never puts on airs;

never pretends to be anything more than it is. Who ever heard of a codfish masquerading as a shad, or speckled trout, or as any other high-toned fish? In truth, the codfish is always plain

and unassuming, moves contentedly in the humblest walks of fish society, and is silent even in the presence of those who turn up their nose at it. I have much respect for the codfish until man, with premeditation aforethought,

salts it and dries it and seasons it so that it may be handed down through the endless cycles of time, and be marketable in any age and any clime. It is then I turn away from the codfish with a feeling that I can not be sociable with it.

But the condition of the salt codfish of commerce is not the fault of the fish. Man must shoulder the blame. For mercenary motives he sends throughout the land this product of the seas, so fixed by his dia-

bolical ingenuity that the person who eats of it is soon overwhelmed with an irresistible desire to drink up the entire water-supply of his town.

A sort of health-food is said to be made of the oil that comes from the liver of the codfish. It has a taste that a person can wear a whole life-time, and then hand down to his children.

A doctor once advised an irascible friend of mine, named Jeremiah McGinness, to take cod-liver oil, and led him to believe, by prevarication, that it was pleasant to the taste. McGinness was in the last stage of consumption, but in less than two minutes after taking the first spoonful of cod-liver oil, he was able to get out of bed and break two of the doctor's ribs in one round. This little incident redoubled the doctor's faith in the magical effects of cod-liver oil on the human system, but he was afterward more cautious in the use of words when speaking to his patients of its rare old flavor.

I will conclude this little natural history lesson by revealing a secret that has been long locked up in my bosom.

Some years ago, my friend, Bartholomew W. Blandsfield, be-came the owner of a summerhotel, by the side of a small but pretty fresh-water lake. When he had set his house in order, he advertised the many advantages of his place, and called special attention to the claim that he had a salt-water lake for bathing.

This was just the thing that people wanted who were afraid of the ocean, and, before the middle of the season, Blandsfield had to enlarge his hotel, put cots in the wood-shed, and advance his rates to six dollars a day.

The lake had been fresh from the earliest recollection of the oldest inhabitant till Blandsfield

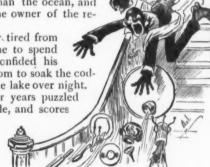
came, and how he had turned it to salt-water puzzled everybody. Even scientists

tested the water, and went away nonplussed. It was a little bit salter than the ocean, and that was all anybody but the owner of the resort knew about it.

Soon after Blandsfield r. tired from business, só as to have time to spend some of his income, he confided his secret to me. It was his custom to soak the codfish he fed his guests on in the lake over night.

This thing that had for years puzzled thousands of common people, and scores of bald-headed scientists, was, after all, when once explained, just as simple as falling down-stairs.

SCOTT WAY.



#### AN EIGHT-DAY CLOCK.

Jeweler.—Now, there 's a good clock I can sell you for forty dollars. It has excellent works, and, besides, it 's an eight-day clock.

Purchaser.—Yes, that's a fine clock. Erby the way, how long will you warrant it? JEWELER.—Eight days.

A MAN'S SOCIAL position in New York depends largely upon his wife. In Paris it depends upon somebody else's wife.

IT DOESN'T look well for men to boast of themselves except through the advertising col-umns. They can put it on thick there.

A LAWYER WHO gave his attention to civil cases entirely overreached himself one day, and was sent to jail. He is now a criminal lawyer, but his practice is small.

IT is predicted that quinine will soon be down to six cents an ounce, and boarding-house keepers in Indiana will serve it for Sunday dinner in the place of ice-cream,

THE TOLLING of the bell rings out the old, and a wedding-ring rings in the new.

In Adam's courtship days he never called around Wednesday night only to find some other fellow occupying the easiest chair in the room.

#### A GOOD PIECE OF ADVICE.

"WHAT! tired of life, so soon, and you are not yet twenty-three?"

"Yes, I am dying of ennui, inch by inch. I am sick of this world. Now what would you advise me to do?"

"Er-well, you might try the next."

You often tip the bar-tender the wink, why not tip the waiter the same way?

A BOOK-AGENT NEVER becomes throroughly depraved and beyond the hope of redemption until he begins to handle works of a religious

#### HE MAN WITH NO PERSPECTIVE.

IT was curious, but it was true. How it ever happened no one could ever tell, not even the good Dr. Elihu Melon, who knew, to a nicety, the amount of ginger necessary to allay the mis ery of an aching void beneath the waist-band of a school-boy's trousers. Neither could the nurse tell—the clever nurse who knew how to hold a choking infant conversely, and extract the square root of a bone from its throat by a neat combination of the properties of gravity and inertia. No one knew how it happened, but Algernon Dinwiddie, of Dinwiddie Wold, Virginia, was born with the remarkable faculty of getting himself out of perspective.

There did not appear to be anything strange about Alonzo for the first three months of his existence, though the nurse did view him with alarm, after seeing both his eyes on one side of his face, which made it resemble the profile of a human countenance, as drawn by the youthful amateur upon his slate. The good

nurse, however, rubbed her glasses, set the strange phenomenon down to optical illusion, and said nothing about it lest Algernon's mother might set it down to intimacy with Virginia Bourbon.

When Algernon had reached the age of three, however, it dawned upon his family that he was uncanny. When his mother reached out to clasp him in her fond arms, she found that he was at the other side of the room instead of near her, as she had imagined. This caused her a great deal of pain and anxiety. She realized that offspring possessed of the faculty of getting out of perspective would be equally possessed of more or less of the deceased timber upon his loving parents. Once when she thought he was reaching up to the mantel-piece for a book, he was in reality in the next room purloining fruit from a closet-shelf.

The result of the purloining was cholera morbus, and the good Doctor Melon was called in. He prescribed the customary dose of ginger; but when they undertook to administer it to Algernon, he turned on his face in the bed and flattened out like a piece of paper, so that they could not find his mouth. The spectacle of a child who

was all surface-simply length and breadth, and no thickness-was one that caused his friends and relatives much discomfort; and his old-maid aunt, who was an old-maid from choice,\* predicted that he would turn out to be a superficial man.

One thing brought comfort to Algernon's father and mother. As the child grew older, he manifested a great love for drawing. A German master was procured, duly informed of the boy's remarkable faculty, and set to work to teach him his divine art. Algernon made very rapid progress, but he never, by any possible chance, got a picture in proper per-

spective. "Ach Gott!" exclaimed the in-

structor: "er will be ein big painter!" "Why?" asked Mrs. ddie: "I confess, Herr Dinwiddie: Mahl, that you puzzle and interest me."

" Ach, matame, wissen Sie nicht dot all die grossen painters machen

die pictyure aus mit dem prosbectif?"

And Mrs. Dinwiddie saw and was happy. The ingenuity of the lad in the application of his remarkable faculty was wonderful. When at school, if challenged to combat by a small boy, he would cause him-self to appear so rotund and muscular that the small boy would be glad to ask his pardon; but if the boy were large, then Alonzo would apparently shrink to a tottering skeleton, so that the boy would be moved to

pity, and permit him to depart in peace.

As Alonzo grew older, he fell in love. And here his remarkable gift aided him materially. For when he was sitting in the hammock, and holding his darling's hand to prevent her from falling out, and the A WORK OF ART.



"What do you think of that picture?" asked Palette, the artist, of Colonel Rocks, of Montana, East on a visit.

"Fine, Bill, fine. You don't tell me you did it?"

"Yes," replied the artist, proudly: "I painted it."

"Well, Bill, I'll be blowed if you didn't fool me, I didn't know you could paint like that. Why, Bill, that picture is handsome enough for a chromo."

darling's mother appeared upon the scene with that suddenness and want of announcement for which darlings' mothers have been famous ever since Eve asked Cain what he had done with Abel, then Alonzo would extract himself from the perspective of the picture with the celerity of a wink, and appear to be sitting behind the hammock

This had a charming effect upon the parental mind, and Alonzo wooed and won his darling with distinguished success. But, as might have been expected, no woman would tolerate a husband possessed of the remarkable faculty of getting out of perspective, and lacking the equally remarkable faculty of getting out of debt.

So, when bills began to come in, and creditors began to clamor

around the hearthstone, and Alonzo deceived their eyes so as to make them believe he was the son of the buxom young woman they found guiding and directing a new-fashioned and wayward sewing-machine, she arose and said it was about time for her to do a little extracting on her own account. So she extracted a few of Alonzo's whiskers and teeth, and then, extracting herself from his domestic circle, returned to the bosom of her father's family.

After this, Alonzo leased himself to a dime-museum in the Bowery, and there daily exhibited his marvelous powers for filthy lucre and unclean glory.

In the course of time, Alonzo died. It then transpired that, although he had been able to get himself out of many places by the aid of his gift, he could not get himself out of the grave. And for aught I know to the contrary, he lies there still.



W. J. HENDERSON.

#### HARDGRIP'S CONFESSION.

My name is Hardgrip—Julius Cæsar Hard-grip. I was formerly a traveling-agent for an instrument of torture called an "organetto," with which a plain, ordinary, inexperienced person could depopulate a neighborhood in a few hours. Once I could be gay and debonair in the midst of sorrow and suffering; but I am no longer the flinty-hearted case that I was. My beautiful business smile has faded, and up in the garret the wasps have nested in the faded trousers that once I wore.

The "organetto" was innocent enough to

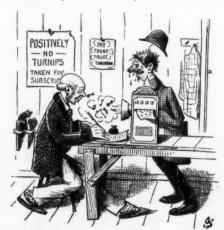


look at. It was a small affair, and my custom was to carry it in a gripsack, and to thus smuggle it into the midst of the unsuspecting and previously happy home circle. Few could guess that I carried an instrument of torture until it was too late to unchain the dog.

By simply turning a crank fixed at one end of the "organetto," and feeding it with long strips of paper in which a lot of holes were cut, the operator could thrust upon a startled and helpless victim a great variety of curious and thrilling sounds which I called music, when my victims were unarmed.

When I got the thing on the centre-table, and my eagle eye fixed on the home circle, and on a strip of paper containing thirty-five yards of "Silver Threads Among the Gold," I was dead-sure of a sale. I could ask my own price, and the head of the family would get right up and pay it, and remove the instrument from my reach, and say sort of firmly that he would play the other thirty-two yards of it himself-not just then, but some other time, when he should feel more in need of sorrow than he could grind out with a crank.

It was early in a fair day when I went into



the editorial-room of the Hawkinsville Persimmon Pole. I wore my usual business smile, which was designed to show my new store-teeth to advantage, and thus favorably impress a new acquaintance. The editor was alone; and yet he did not seem to have a very strong hand. He was writing rapidly. That is, he would write rapidly for a few moments, and then stop and scratch his bald bump of veneration with his pen-holder. Then he would write rapidly again. He did not seem to think I wanted to disturb him. After a brief inquisitive look at me, he appeared to lose sight of my striking presence. I leisurely placed my instrument of torture on his writing-table, inserted thirty yards of a lively air, and opened the performance with a brisk movement of the crank. The editor continued to write straight along, just as though nothing painful was occurring. I was surprised. I started ninety feet of "Sweet By-and-By" into the machine, played it to the end, reversed it and played it backward, and still the editor of the Hawkinsville Persimmon Pole was unmoved. I had never met a man of this sort before, and I began to take a deeper interest in him.

I laid aside my light overcoat, put a drop of oil on the crank, inserted thirty yards of "Suwanee River," with variations, and threw my whole soul into the performance. But, strange as it may seem, the editor did not look up. I had been a less determined person, I would have gone off and left him; but when I set in to move a man's savage breast in those days, I generally did it, unless he moved me first with a gun.

As near as I can now remember, my repertoire consisted of forty-nine selections, averaging about seventy feet, and I got every one of them out and played them through. During the long and painful period the editor did not quit his writing. I again oiled the crank, took a drink of water, and repeated the perform-ance, concluding with "When the Robins Nest Again." And still the editor of the Hawkinsville Persimmon Pole seemed unmoved.

The sun was low, and I could no longer smile enough to show my new teeth; but I did not give up. Sadly and wearily I rearranged my forty-nine popular airs, and began to grind on them again. As I finished the last one, which, A SIMPLE EXPLANATION.



This is Bitumen Megilp, the artist. He is painting calmly while a big bull-dog looks over the fence at him. Why is he not afraid of the bull-dog?

He has no occasion to be. If you had ever seen his work at the N. A. D. Exhibitions, you would know why he has no occasion. He knows that if the dog comes over the fence and sees that picture, he will die of a rush of bad art to the brain. That 's all.

if I am not mistaken, was "Home, Sweet Home," the editor rose and lit the lamp, for darkness had come upon the earth, handed me a printed card, and resumed his work. I read the card as follows:

#### I AM DEAF.

BUSINESS OFFICE UP-STAIRS.

S. W.

McGARRAGAN'S FAMILY GROUP.



MRS. McGARRAGAN (between her teeth) .- Parthrick, av yez shneeze now, Oi 'll git a divorch!!!

#### THE REWARD OF PERSEVERANCE.

HAVE just received a letter from my old friend Dan-iel Webster Jones, the professional elocutionist, and am both pleased and surprised to learn that he is still alive.

When I read, several ears ago, that he was going about the country reciting "The Creeds of the Bells," and "Beautiful Snow," I prepared myself to hear the worst at any mo-ment, and Mr. Jones's long silence had about convinced me that the expected blow had allen.

You will readily understand, now that I have told you this much, that the letter of him I had so long

numbered with the slain, was to me more than

a plain, every-day surprise.

Mr. Jones reviews his career at considerable length, and writes as if he were well pleased with his present state and future prospects. His final success, after a rather painful career, shows how perseverance will tell after awhile, if it has to hold the public by the coat-tails whilst it whispers its story.

I readily recall Daniel W.

Jones's first platform failure; he always said it was a very big failure for his size.

It was the earnest wish of both his parents that he should grow

up to be a great orator, or something of that sort, and eventually, I think, they intended that he should go to Congress; that is why they named him Daniel Webster. Later on, in view of leading him up in the direction of the goal they had fixed for him, they induced him to make a public display of his budding genius by speaking a piece at a school exhibition, selecting for his maiden effort that moving poem, beginning:

"On Linden when the sun was low."

Years afterward he told me, in the most pathetic way he could, the story of his failure on that painful occasion.

"You will understand," he said, as if the memory of the event was yet full of sadness to him: "I worked on the thing till a feeling of gloom was cast over the entire household. The cook gave notice that she would quit the following Saturday, and the old striped cat, who had been true and faithful to us for eleven long years, left us to live with a neighbor who kept nine yellow dogs. But I thought, at last, that I had 'Hohenlinden' dead-sure.

"At the exhibition, I mounted the platform with a sensation similar to that which a man feels when he is going to be hanged the first time, faced the audience with a feeling of a great load at the pit of the stomach, and with a graceful motion of the right hand, such as a pump-handle makes, if you push it down and let it go suddenly when there is no water in the well, I let my tongue loose as follows:

> On Linden when the sun was low, All bloodless lay the untrodden snow, And dark as winter was the flow Of Iser, rolling rapidly.'

"And there I utterly and ingloriously broke down. I looked appealingly at the floor and felt in my pockets, but the missing words would not be found. I could not cross Iser rolling rapidly. I had no boat, it was too deep to wade, and I was not old enough to dam it; so I slid softly down from the platform and crawled behind a four-inch pillar, and thus hid myself from the eyes of an unsympathetic congregation till the show was over.

"I would gladly have welcomed a large, thrilling earthquake at the moment I found myself stuck at Iser rolling rapidly, but earthquakes, like one's poor relations, never come when you want 'em."

Such a painful event as that might have totally discouraged the most hopeful and aspiring young genius, but it only stimulated Daniel Webster Jones to declare that he would be an

elocutionist at any cost. This determination was in perfect accord with the wishes of his fond parents, and they bought him, at an outlay of twenty - five cents, the "Guide to Oratory and Elocutionist's Hand - Book of Popular Selections," but persuaded him to go to the woods to practise.

His father had no woods. so Daniel took up his book and went to the woods of a neighbor, where, mounting a stump, he threw himself into his work with all the ardor of his young and ambitious nature.

> All went well with him for a week or so, when the owner of the woods came along with a gun, and filled Daniel Webster Jones full of birdshot, alleging that he had daily persisted

in scaring the cows in an adjoining pasture-field so that they would not give down their milk at

This was another sore trial-the sorest one to date-for the young and aspiring elocutionist, but soon as he got able to sit down without being sorry for it, he selected another woods, far removed from any pasture-field, and again took up the work where the bird-shot had caused him to leave off.

Such patient perseverance and determination to hop over all obstacles in his path could not but reward Daniel Webster Jones with ultimate

I had a complimentary ticket to his first public entertainment; but a sudden illness prevented me from attending it. He told me when next I saw him that a panic had occurred in the midst of his first effort, "The Creeds of the Bells," I think it was. Some one had yelled "Fire!" or the floor had cracked, or something the exact cause of the panic could not be learned-but the audience had speedily dispersed, several persons falling down-stairs in their hurry to get out, and all efforts to induce them to come back had failed. Only the janitor of the hall and the editor of the local paper

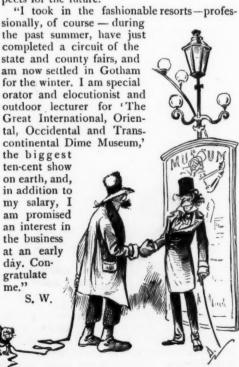
had remained, and as they were both deaf, he had deemed it a waste of talent and energy to go on with the performance. He was truly sorry about the affair, he concluded, but his grief was in a measure softened by the receipts of the box-office, which were fair, and which he



had very fortunately pocketed before the panic. After that occurrence I lost sight of Daniel Webster Jones, and, as I said before, I feared some accident had happened to him. But his letter assures me that he is alive, well and flourishing.

As an evidence that success is not so often won by genius alone as by determination and grit, I append the closing paragraphs of his

"You may be pleased to hear that I am now reaping that reward as an elocutionist which so many of my friends, you among the number, probably, feared would never come. I am happy to say that, after years of hard work and sore disappointments, I have now reached an enviable place in my profession, am in receipt of a handsome salary, and have the brightest prospects for the future.



#### THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG DOCTOR.

January 1, 1887—3 P. M.
UGENIA FITZ - GIBBONS. — When, O when, Henry, can we get married? I am so weary of waiting! It's four years now, deary.

DR. HENRY PILGARLIC.—My darling, heaven knows. I only had one patient, and he died yesterday. Were it not for being invited to dine with Popkins to night, I would not know where to get a meal.

January 1, 1887-5 P. M.

LITTLE TOMMY POPKINS.—Hello, Doc! Going down to the house for dinner? Here's a pitcher of ale we're all going to have, Ain't it bully? Don't you want to try it?

(Pilgarlic tries it. Has a happy thought. Pulls a vial of croton-oil from his pocket and empties it in the pitcher. Gives the boy his last nickel.)

111. (From the N. Y. Globe, January 3, 1887.)

A singular poisoning case occurred night before last in Harlem. James Popkins, a well-known manufacturer, was suddenly seized with intense pains at the table, and had to be carried to his bed. His wife, children, servants, and Dr. Henry Pilgarlic, who happened to be there, were shortly after attacked with similar symptoms. The cook is not expected to live. The physician, with the aid of a colleague, brought Mr. Popkins and the family around after a hard night's work, but all are still very sick. The presence of utomaines in some old cheese is bestill very sick. The presence of ptomaines in some old cheese is believed to be the cause of the disease, and is now being investigated by Dr. Pilgarlic, in the medical laboratory at Bellevue.



January 18, 1887.

No. 1028. NEW YORK, January 17, 1887.

MANHATTAN CHEMICAL BANK

will please pay to

Henry Pilgarlic, or order,

Five Hundred dollars, and charge same to

\$500.00.

James Papkins.

January 20, 1887.

The pleasure of your company is requested by Mr. and Mrs. Patricio Fitz-Gibbons, at the wedding of their daughter

Eugenia

to

Henry Lilgarlic, M. D., on January Ewenty-Eighth, 1887, at Eight o'clock, 2. M.

WM. E. S. FALES.

#### YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

(Second Crop.)



W HEN, by whom and to what end invented, I can not tell. But truly I methink That, on the general principle that great Misfortunes ever come in pairs, the birth Of the rocking-chair must have been coeval With that of the protective tariff. And That both offsprung from one chaotic mind: For, in sooth, I deem it most unlikely That two such vast illimitable chumps Can e'er have trod the glimpses of the moon. Oh, rocking-chair accursed! In what intense Unutterable execration, and yet What awe withal, do I contemplate thee! Ruthless, base destroyer, how incessant, How unequal has been the war thou'st waged 'Gainst me, since erst, in childhood's heedless day, I overtripped thy feelers far outstretched And fell, kerwhango, down upon my head, Raising a scar that time can ne'er efface! And now, at midnight's dark, unholy hour, 

EKE YOUNG.

#### TROUBLE IN THE FAMILY.

A gentleman who had married a lady for her money became somewhat neglectful of her, as is sometimes the case, unfortunately.

Recently, as he was about to start for a drive with some guests, she suddenly appeared, and with considerable asperity remarked:

"I want you to understand, Mr. S., that my money purchased those horses."

"Yes, Madam," he retorted, with a polite bow: "and me, too." Then he drove off with his guests, and the lady went back into

A PHILADELPHIAN HAS just died of quick consumption, the first case of the kind on record.

WHERE Do all our aristocrats live? Why, up on Fifth Parvenue, of

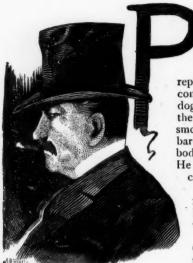
#### BEAUTY AND USE.

HERE smiles on us a little ancient Greek, Who lived when mighty Homer stroked the lyre, What noble actions all his features speak, What poetry his pensive eye doth fire!

But all his pride and dignity would flee, And he'd be madder than a hen unset, Could he to-day his classic visage see, Smiling an "ad" for Someone's Cigarette.



#### JOHN TOBY'S FASHIONABLE WEDDING.



ERHAPS it was not altogether John Toby's fault, Probably the City Editor of the Daily Probably Standard was more to blame. John made a capital sporting reporter, and his accounts of races, contests with or without gloves, and dog-fights were the admiration of the men in checked pantaloons who smoke on the sidewalks in front of bar-rooms. But John, like everybody else, could not do everything. He thought he could; but now he is convinced that he can not.

Everybody was away from the newspaper office except John To-by, and there was a fashionable wedding which had to be reported.

"Toby will do it," said the City Editor to the Managing Editor, confidently: "I'll speak to him about it."

John did not need to be spoken to twice. "I guess I 'm your ticket,"

said he, assenting. "You want to give us an easy, pleasant account, you know," said the City Editor: "'Fashionable circles displayed great interest in the union of Mr. What's-his-name with Miss What-d'-you-call-her,' and all that sort of thing."

"I see," said John Toby, nodding with the air of a man who has

been there before.

"Give us a little about the flowers," continued the City Editor: "'A floral device of rare beauty lent the altar the aspect of Beauty's bower,' you know—something in that line."

"Ex-actly," assented Toby, with a confident wink. "Mention all the prominent people present-I guess you can find out who they are."
"I rather guess I can,"

answered John, smoking a cigar

airily.
"Then describe the bride's dress, and any other rich dresses there - get some lady to help you out on that," suggested the City Editor.

"The lady need n't agitate her mind," replied Toby: "I'm up to all the new fads in millinery myself."

The instructions having been thus communicated, John Toby strolled off to get his boots blacked and buy a new cravat preparatory to his appearance on the great occasion, and was lost to his superior's sight. Exactly at midnight John re-appeared in the office, with his manuscript all prepared, and in the rush for copy his matter was hurried in without revision.

"I gave 'em a send-off worth their while," observed John to his

associates, as he lighted his last cigar, and started for home.

And so he had. The following appeared next morning in the Daily Standard:

WEDDING IN HIGH LIFE. Considerable excitement was caused in high society yesterday by the marriage of Mr. Frederick Van Cash to Miss Amarantha Spondulix, daughter of old Vanderboor Spondulix, both of New York. Spondulix Spondulix, both of New York. Spondulist the man who recently cut such an astonishing figure on the Boulevard, behind his well-known gray mare, Miss Toodles, (dam Mary W., sire Young Wickford). Van Cash is a well-known figure in sporting circles, his dog Snarleyow having been victor in several pit contests on Long Island this winter. The wed-ding took place in the Church of the Faithful. The Reverend Dr. Mumney, who recently fig-

Dr. Mumney, who recently figured in the newspapers in connection with the Black-Meel scandal, officiated. The floral decorations were magnificent, and were furnished by the well-known horticulturist, Weekham, of 989 Bowery, whose work is more satisfactory and prices more moderate than any other florist in the city.

The bride was attired in a superb white silk dress, with a train so long as to cause considerable annoyance to the bridesmaids. She wore jewels of priceless value, probably the gift of Van Cash, who has been in the diamond business, and knows a good article when he sees it. The groom wore evening-dress, with three gold studs and a silk necktie.

The bridesmaids who were also be a silk necktie.

The bridesmaids, who were also beautifully dressed, were Miss Stockford and Miss Bondley, whose fathers are heavy speculators in the "street."

At the reception, which followed, wedding-gifts were displayed, which (if solid metal) must have been worth several thousand dollars. Spondulix gave a deed for a house and land on Two Hundredth Street, part of the property where he used to keep his stock-farm, before the rise in real estate made him a millionaire.

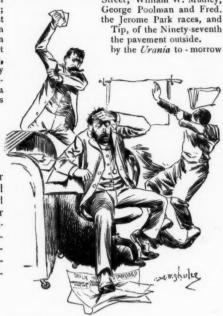
Among the many well-known guests who presented their congratulations were the Honorable Tom Boodle, the notorious gas-lobbyist of Albany, N. Y; Joe Short, the big bear operator of Wall Street; William W. Mudley, of the Street Cleaning Bureau; Betts, both well-known figures at numerous lesser lights. Captain Precinct. keut back the roughs on

Precinct, kept back the roughs on The happy couple will start to make a bridal-tour of Europe, where Van Cash's ready-money and familiarity with sporting in-terests will doubtless secure him a warm reception among the bloods

of foreign aristocracy.

John Toby says he don't understand how it all came about; but at present the Standard is defendant in a suit for libel, the paper is boycotted by fashionable people, and John himself is looking for a job as sporting editor, fashion news, or religious reporter. Can give best references, and bring testimonials as to satisfactory newspaper work in the past.

A. D. Noyes.



A young woman who was very particular about being married strictly after the English fashion, was quite contented with the American fashion when she sought a divorce a year later.

THE ONLY thing that a woman can throw with any degree of accuracy is a kiss. When a pretty girl throws a kiss at you, she hits every time.

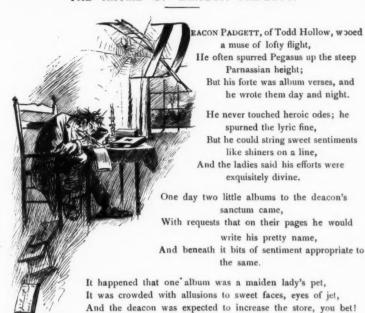
#### ALL ON SIDE-HILLS.



An Illinois man, who had been traveling in Vermont, was not favorably impressed

"Why, b'gosh," he said: "thar ain't a prairie in the hull dinged state that ain't tilted up to an angle of 'bout forty-five degrees."

#### THE RHYME OF DEACON PADGETT.



The other little book belonged to one who sang with joy Above the gilded cradle of her first, fair baby boy, She was young, and she was wealthy, and the proudest dame in Troy.

Said the deacon: "Now or never! fame must come to me this time." For four long hours in his room he wrestled hard with rhyme, And produced some little verses that were actually sublime.

One sang the praise of bright black eyes, and of a maiden fair, With youth perpetual in her heart, and locks of golden hair, And a lover with whose beauty only Adon could compare.

The others, gotten up in rhyme most exquisitely sweet, Were inscribed: "To the First Baby," and praised its hands and feet, And the poet hoped that others would make happiness complete.

He sent the albums home content, and when he went to pray In the cosy amen corner of his church the following day, The ancient maiden lady like a lion blocked his way.

Her eyes that flashed with fury were a passport over Styx, The poor unlucky poet they fiercely did transfix, Till he groaned: "Almighty Scott! I got them albums in a mix!"

They bore his bruised body home, and mourned his doleful lot, His last words were: "O bury me in some neglected spot, Where Pegasus never grazes, and the album fiend is not!"

They carried out his last request, and left him all alone, Without an epitaph to tell the virtues of the gone;
To-day the murdered deacon sleeps, but the album craze goes on!
T. C. HARBAUGH.

A VERMONT MAN who operated one of the side-hill farms for which the State is so justly famous, died the other day of heart-disease. He found a hill with more than three potatos in it.

"ANY TIME" is the name of a Kentucky town. The name indicates the time of day when the citizens are willing to accept an invitation to take something.

SOMETIMES IT takes a great while for butter to come. One of these times is when you have left an order at the grocery-store for it without leaving the money.

An angry subscriber who went up-stairs to whip the editor would have given up the attempt long before he did, only the editor would n't let him.

"THANK HEAVEN," said the cashier, as he skipped for Canada: "I have saved enough to pay running expenses."

A ONE-HUNDRED dollar bill weighs no more than a one-dollar bill, but it possesses greater staying powers.



WHEN WE gaze upon a statue clog-dance at the minstrel-show, and think that but a few short years ago the artists were only common, ordinary mortals like the rest of us, we realize the enormous immensity of the possibilities of life.

WE HAVE known bridal-couples to do Niagara Falls and Buffalo, but can not recall any just now that have ever Dunkirk. This is a new style of joke. A feather goes with each one.

When you see a white-haired old man drop a ten-dollar bill into the contribution-box, you realize how highly some people estimate the purchasing power of money.

It is claimed that Chicago is nearly even with Boston as regards culture, while as a pork-packing centre it is way ahead of her.

Being swallowed by a whale has never harpooned to any one but Jonah. Western humorists please copy.

LITTLE DROPS of water and little grains of sand, make the milk-and-grocery-men mighty in the land.

THE REAL name of Confucius was Keing-fu-tse. He adopted the nom de plume simply to Confucius.

A MAN AND wife are one except when they are negotiating for board. Then they are two.

IN LIFE's great struggle for wealth and fame, the man who "toes in" fights against odds.

Very few people who rob Peter to pay Paul, get as far as paying Paul.

#### ADAPTABILITY.



"Why, that picture is an upright-it was n't meant to go lengthwise!"

"I know it, dear boy; but I can 't help it. I won that blamed thing in a raffle, and there ain 't a room in the house tall enough for it. Do n't expect me to build a new house, do you?"

#### WALDO.-A REMINISCENCE.

"I DON'T think I 've ever bin quite the same man sence I lost Waldo," said Uncle Abner Fosdick,

meditatively: "Son o'
mine?" he continued,
rousing himself from
his reverie: "Oh,
no; I never had no
children; though I
s'pose I was as fond

s'pose I was as fond o' Waldo as most people air o' their flesh an' blood. But he was only a gray mule that I useter own. You may laff, boys; but you never seen Waldo, an', what's more ter the p'int, you never heerd him. He wa'n't no common mule, let me tell ye.

"He must ha' bin—le' me see—yes, he was jest abaout eighteen months old when one mornin', as I was on my way aout ter the barn ter feed the critters, I heerd some one a-singin'. Fust I thought it was my wife's niece, Mirandy Allen, that was a-stoppin' with us then; but I knew in a minnit it could n't be her, fur she hadn't no such voice as that. The saound seemed ter come from the barn. Thinkin' it might be a tramp—though in them days the pesky critters warn't as thick as they be naow—I made a rush fer the barn, an' yanked open the door, an', by the livin' jingo, boys, there stood Waldo singin' away fer dear life.

"Oh, I don't blame ye fer laffin', boys; it

"Oh, I don't blame ye fer laffin', boys; it doos seem tew much ter believe; but it 's the Lord's own trewth, fer all that. Wa-al, I was struck all of a heap. I jest stood there an' stared. Fust I thought p'r'aps the hard cider I'd drunk the night afore had flew ter my head. Waldo, he kinder smiled, an' kep' right on a-trillin' an' a-warblin'. It seemed 's if he was jest chuck full o' music, an' had ter let it aout or bu'st.

"Wa-al, at last he stopped, an' then I staggered out o' the barn, forgettin' all abaout the poor dumb critters that was a-waitin' ter be fed, an' went inter the haouse an' told the folks what had happened. At fust they would n't believe me; but I got 'em ter go aout with me ter the barn, an' Waldo, he jest laid himself aout ter please 'em, an' he sang till the tears was a-streamin' daown Miss Fosdick's face.

"Ter make a long story short, boys, it turned aout that Waldo knew more abaout music than most o' the high-toned perfessors that makes their livin' by it. Haow dew I explain it? Why, I don't explain it. It was jest one o' these here phenomenons that yer hear abaout naow an' ag'in', that nobody can't make head nor tail of.

"He used ter come inter the parlor, an' sing evenin's fer us. Him an' Miss Fosdick's niece 'ud sing dewets sometimes, an' when the gal 'ud strick a false note, Waldo would look at her kinder reproachful, an' if she did it tew often, he'd git as mad as thunder.

"You'll excuse me, boys, if I seem tew freespoken; but I never 'xpect ter hear such singin' as Waldo's ag'in till I trod the golden streets.

"I useter try to teach Waldo ter talk—I had an idee it might be done—but 'twa'n't no use. He didn't seem ter have no ambition that way, though when he sung he pronounced his words as plain as anyone. He did n't seem ter know much more'n most other mules, 'xcept about music.

He was layin' low, an' waitin' fer a chance ter git even with Waldo. "Wa-al, fer three Sundays ev'rything went

"Wa-al, fer three Sundays ev'rything went fust-rate, an' ev'rybody was saoundin' Waldo's praises. But on the fourth Sunday, boys—wa-al, it jest breaks me up ter think abaout it!

"Waldo sung the openin' piece an' the fust hymn all right; but when the parson was in the middle of his prayer, the animile bu'st out with 'We Won't Go Home Till Mornin',' an' nothin' they could do would stop him. An' when he had finished that, he started up a drinkin' song from one o' these here Italian operys. Wa-al, he wouldn't shet up, so the congregation had ter be dismissed. Then I went up inter the gallery, an' as soon as I smelt Waldo's breath I knowed what had happened: that tenor singer had filled him up with licker

had filled him up with licker on purpose ter make him break daown. I accused the cuss; but he only laffed, an' the rest o' the choir wouldn't give

him away.

"It was five o'clock that arternoon afore we got Waldo home. You never see a man more broke-up\* in your life than he was when he come to his senses, an' re'lized what he had done.

"The next Sat'd'y night he was goin' ter choir-meetin' as usual, an' I had a good deal o' trouble ter make him understand that after what had happened, he couldn't sing in church no more. When he fin'lly grasped the idee, he jest give me one look an' walked aout ter the barn, an' from that day ter the day of his death he never sung another note.

"For the rest o' his life he didn't seem ter take much int'rest in anything. He jest kinder faded away, an' in a couple o' months he died, an' I think it was a broken heart that killed him. Make it extry strong this time, Billy, with jest the least mite o' sugar."

F. A. STEARNS.



"Wa al, boys, one mornin' the parson came up ter the haouse an' said he wanted me ter let Waldo sing in the choir Sundays. He said it wa'n't right fer me ter hide the mule's light under a bushel an' he quoted

der a bushel, an' he quoted Scripter, an' reasoned with me till I agreed ter let him have his way

"The next Sunday Waldo begun work in the choir. He seemed half tickled ter death when I took him daown ter the church a Sat'd'y night ter practice with the rest o' the choir. He jest let himself aout that night. He read every piece they put afore him, an' he sung like

"Waldo took the tribble part, so, of course, the reg'lar tribble singer was thrown out of a job. She was madder'n a hornet, an' so was the tenor singer, who was keepin' comp'ny with her. But he didn't say nothin', the darn skunk!



A FARMER HAS named one of his cows "Human Kindness," because she gives such poor milk and so little of it.

California is, comparatively speaking, a new State, and yet she is far ahead of us as regards the size of her trees.

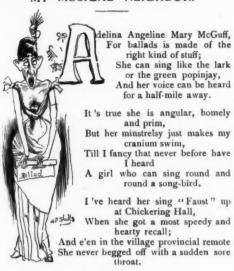
It is said that the grave of Beethoven was opened recently, and the great composer was found with his fingers sticking in his ears. It is thought that some young lady in the neighborhood must have been playing his music on the piano.

WHILE MAKING excavations in a ruin on the Appian Way, near Rome, four two-pronged silver forks were found, which would indicate that eating with the fingers is an invention of comparatively modern date.

THE MAN who invented alcohol was an Arab. He died nine hundred years ago, of delirium tremens. If he had invented a nutmeggrater or a car-coupler, he might have been alive to-day.

Poverty is no disgrace. Have the courage to say that you are poor. Perhaps you will head off a borrower.

#### MY MUSICAL NEIGHBOR.



I think of the future McGuff is the pet, Her picture will go with some fine cigarette; And I say in the sweetest of honeyful words She is fit for to sing with the merriest birds.

She 's my dear next-door neighbor, and makes

me forlorn—

I wish she would sing with the birds in the morn, And shut up her pretty melodious head, And not practise at night when I 'm going to bed.

ANY STUDENT of geography who is desirous of making a perfect sketch of any particular portion of the globe, can do so by taking a slice of Chicago canned corned-beef, and using the sinews and muscles for mountains and rivers.

A CHICAGO DETECTIVE wrote to a client: "I have found time to drop you a line." The client replied that he was glad he had found something, as he was getting a little discouraged.

A PARISIAN RECENTLY sent a bath-tub to a gentleman in Naples as a present, and received a note a day or two after, asking when the oars were coming.

A PITTSBURGH PHYSICIAN has cently become insane. The recently become insane. natural gas industry is making it possible to live in Pittsburgh without being constantly dirty, and the poor fellow could n't stand prosperity.

WE ARE now told that a man lived ten months with a broken neck. If his neck had been broken by a rope, it might have been different.

#### BUSINESS DEALINGS.

New Yorker. - Did you read of the death of "Faro Jack?" PHILADELPHIAN. - Yes; it occurred on a Mis-

sissippi boat, did n't it?

NEW YORKER.—Yes; I would n't have it generally known, but I had dealings with him at one time.

PHILADELPHIAN.—Indeed!

New Yorker.—Oh, yes; he dealt me out of a clean five hundred dollars one night.

HIS PROFESSIONAL INSTINCTS TOUCHED.



IRATE LAWYER .- See here, have you been fishing again? Office-Boy .- Yes, sir; but there are extenuating circumstances connected with the case.

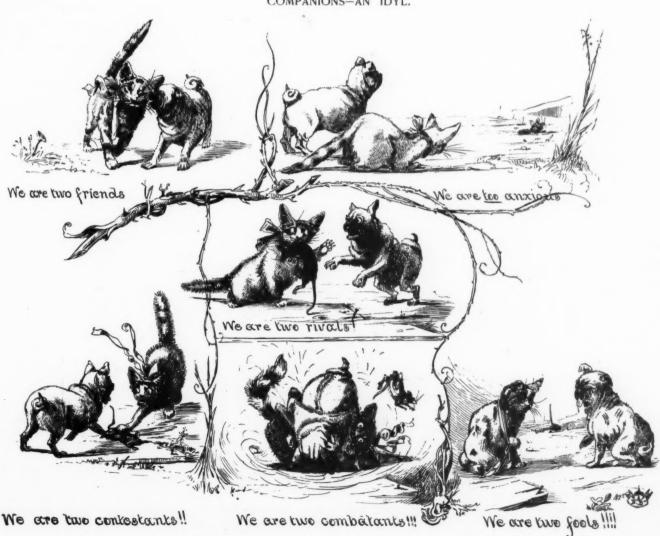
I. L .- What are they, sir?

O. B.—I didn't catch any fish, sir. I. L.—Sentence suspended, sir.

A CHICAGO POET in a parting poem to his lady love says: "We meet again in heaven." If hope deferred does n't make that young lady's heart sick, it will be because there is no such thing as heart-sickness in heaven.

WHEN A MAN is tight he is very apt to lie around loose. But this is not his fault. It's the fault of the English language.

COMPANIONS-AN IDYL.



#### UNHAPPY BILKINS.

EORGE W. BILKINS seemed to be never free George W. BILKINS Section to State of the from deep-bordered gloom. Usually he was the most uncommunicative of men, and any reference to his apparent sadness would cause him to close his mouth with a more than



ordinary gloomy expression; but one day I caught him in a truly communicative mood, and by delicately leading him up to the subject of his unhappiness, he let me fully into the se-

cret of his troubles.

"My condition came by inheritance," he began: "I am the victim of two strong and bitterly opposing elements, and between them I accomplish nothing, and have neither peace nor pleasure nor rest. I have not allowed myself to try to smile in years. The last time I attempted to wreathe my countenance into a joyous expression, my friends rushed around me, and eagerly asked the nature of the bad news I had heard. I have not before spoken of my misfortune to a human being, but you have approached me always with such tender sympathy, and have worn an expression so similar to my own, that you have won my confidence. I will

tell you my sad story:
"I am the offspring of two remarkable families, each possessing characteristic qualities diametrically opposed to the other. The Bilkinses, as you know, have been from the remotest ages just as industrious as ants, and it has been said that a true Bilkins could hold on to a dollar, once he got his hand closed over it, with the tenacity of a pitch-plaster. You never knew an out-and-out Bilkins to spend money if he could help it, and for downright perpetual-motion industry, they've had no equal since the world began. Few of them before me were known to be still a minute when they were awake. As far back as I have any trace of the family they have been farmers, and family tradition says there never was a Bilkins before me who was not in the habit of getting up at three o'clock in the morning and plowing an acre of ground before breakfast, just to get an early start, and acquire an appetite for the morning meal, and in busy seasons it was a dark even-ing if he came in before nine. It was a common saying that you could not keep a Bilkins still until you had got him in a coffin and under some ground.

"On the other hand, the characteristic quality of the Slowhacks is unruffled laziness. You never saw a Slowhack in a hurry; you never saw a Slowhack at work. They have lived lives of exquisite ease and indifference. While the great world around them has toiled and perspired and blistered its hands and worn out its

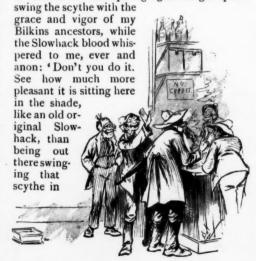
trousers at the knees, the Slowhacks have kept themselves calm, cool and serene. They have not cared for money, because it was not in them to keep money any longer than they could get an opportunity to spend it, and the necessary exertion of walking out to spend money always annoyed them. Above all things else, the Slowhacks have loved to sit in the shade during the summer, and by the fire in the grocery-store during the winter, and discuss the burdens of monopoly.

"When my father, Josiah Bilkins, married Belinda Slowhack, everybody in the neighborhood said they were a mismatched pair, but they thought that in the children, if there were any, the Bilkins get-up-and-go-aheadativeness and sublime close-fistedness, when combined with the Slowhack unruffled laziness, spendthriftness and general don't-care-a-cusstiveness, might make a very happy blending. But that's where they were mistaken in their calculations. The distinctive qualities of the Bilkinses and Slowhacks were inherited equally by me, and, so far as I am concerned, it has been anything

but a happy blending.

"All my life long the Bilkins and the Slowhack bloods have been fighting within me for the mastery. When I awake in the morning, the Bilkins blood says: 'Get up and make yourself busy before the sun catches you abed!' and when I try to do it, and pull myself up on one elbow, the Slowhack blood says: 'Don't you do it; just make yourself easy, for life is short and art is long, and the sun don't mind catching you in bed at all!' So there I stay, passing a wretched hour until the breakfastbell rings, when the Slowhack blood, which was always exceedingly fond of a breakfast in the morning, gives way and allows me to get up without further remonstrating. Then the Bil-kins blood says: 'Take off your coat, and hustle around for some money to keep you off the county in your old age,' and I make a move to hunt for some work, but the Slowhack blood pulls me down into an easy-chair, and tells me to be comfortable, and to not be a fool and wear out my clothes and blister my hands for money, which I may have to exert myself to spend.

"One day the Bilkins blood seemed to gain the mastery for a time, and I went out to the harvest field and threw off my coat; but I had n't made three strokes with the scythe before the Slowhack blood showed that it was still carrying on business at the old stand, and it took me right off and sat me down to rest in a cool spot under a big tree. And all day long the Bilkins blood kept urging me to get up and



the sun while the mercury is at a hundred and sixteen, and getting your neck blistered, and acquiring a large, substantial pain in your back

for evening wear.'
"Thus have I been kept in hot water from boyhood up. The conflict between the Bilkins A LITTLE MISTAKE.



"(Hic) Don't make umbrellas as they used to do (hic). Rain goes right through. Might as well (hic) have no umbrella."

and Slowhack bloods has never ceased, and whilst the one has never permitted me to enjoy my rest for a moment, the other has never allowed me to labor with any degree of satisfaction. And again, whilst the one has not permitted me to spend a dollar without feelings of the deepest regret, the other has not allowed me to have a dollar in my pockets very long at a time. You will now admit, I think, that I have good reason for claiming to be the most miserable of

When I last saw George W. Slowhack, he was sitting on an empty soap-box in the grocery-store, serenely picking his teeth with a splinter, and waiting to be appointed postmaster of his native town. Evidently the Slowhack blood was on top at the moment.

A DEAF MUTE up in Harlem recently broke three knuckles of his right hand while communicating to a sick companion a description of a Nihilist disturbance in Moscow, in which Russian names figured plentifully.

WE NOTICED the other day, in front of a railroad-office on Broadway, this sign: "Rates Reduced to Binghamton." We presume this reduction must be owing to the efforts of the Prohibitionists.

THE LITTLE boy who sweeps snow off the street-crossings for the pennies he can collect, might be truly said to be laying up a snowbank account.

A GREAT MANY people who occasionally "drop into poetry," ought to be fished out with a nail-

A BLIND MAN in Iowa can tell the color of a red-hot stove simply by touching it.

An up-town lady is such an invalid that she can only eat eggs from one hen.

#### MY FASHION-JOURNAL.



Is glossy-leaved, pink-tinted;
It 's a lofty little sheet;
And though obviously printed
For the affluent \*lite\*—
Still, I reap a humble pleasure
From the dime that I invest;
I 'm exalted, in a measure,
By the \*Ladies' Weekly Guest.

In my fond imagination

I am like the being shown

In the colored illustration:

I am tall and regal grown;

Long of neck, with perfect features—

Thin of waist, and golden tressed,

Like the transcendental creatures

In the Ladies' Weekly Guest.

I devour the page relating
To the fashions of the week:
"Polonaises are abating;
Bonnets have a higher peak;
All the latest skirts are bordered";
And I fancy I am dressed
As magnificently ordered
By the Ladies' Weekly Guest.

And the "Social Flaunts and Flashes":

"Festive gayeties increase
As the season onward dashes;
Balls, cotillions, dinners, teas
Swell the flood of dissipation."

Not that I am in request;
Still, I prize the information

Of the Ladies' Weekly Guest.

Far from me be vain resistance
To my dim and lowly star!

I can revel at a distance—
I can join in things afar;

I am cheered, but not excited;
I'm enraptured—though impressed;

I am awed—but I'm delighted
By the Ladies' Weekly Guest.

EMMA A. OPPER.

"THERE IS a golden niche in the next world," observes a writer: "for the husband who sits on

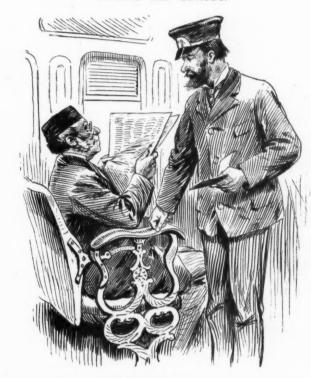
a barrel on washingday, and eats crackers and cheese." The husband who can't afford to hire his washing done, and who hasn't money enough to buy his luncheon on wash-day is evidently better fitted to fill a golden niche in the next world than to support a wife in the present one.

SOME YOUNG men who sang: "We won't go home till morning, till daylight doth appear," did n't go home even when daylight did appear. They went to the statin-house.

A YOUNG BICYCLErider has become so enthusiastic over the sport that he has gone to Wheeling to live. THERE IS a new Russian cake which is said by an enthusiastic admirer "to make an angel of a dyspeptic." Strychnine, we believe, has the same effect if the dyspeptic only takes enough of it.

A PHILADELPHIA PAPER recently printed an article headed "The Death of Washington," and expressions of sympathy and sorrow were general throughout the city.

#### TAKING THE CENSUS.

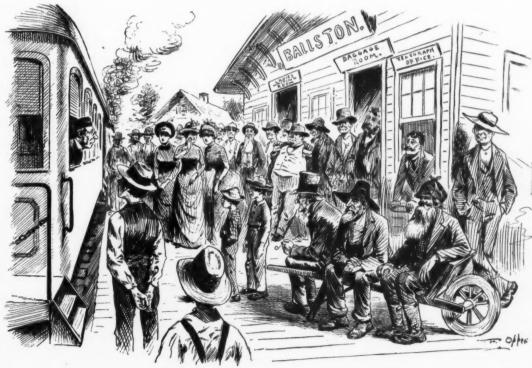


The village of Ballston, the county seat of Saratoga County, is noted for the beauty and grace of its women, and the courage and strength of its men. These people, however, possess one peculiarity, which the following conversation will explain:

"Conductor," said a passenger as the train left Saratoga, bound south: "What's the next station?"

"Ballston."

"What's the population?"



"Well, I don't know," replied the conductor, with some hesitation: "but they'll all be at the station, and you can count'em for yourself."

#### PUCKULIARITIES.

In my toughest log,
Hungry tramps on mornings
raw
See it and they jog
Swiftly onward, for they know
That I have a law:
Whom I feed must puff and blow
With that cross-cut saw.

Not Long ago some school-boys out in New Jersey made a snow-man, and set it up in a field near the house, and there it sat perfectly contented in a stiff, haughty manner.

After the snow-man was constructed, the boys went out in the field, and were accompanied by a Spitz dog of a neighbor's. When the dog saw the snow-man, he was badly frightened and ran home barking:

"A polar bear, a polar bear! I thought the only polar bear in these parts were the stuffed ones that stand on their hind legs in front of fur stores!"

And he ran down the cellar, got into the refrigerator, and remained there until the warm weather set in, and killed the polar bear of sunstroke.

The moral of this little fable, if it is a fable, teaches us that we should first examine every bugaboo we run across instead of flying from it and exaggerating its alleged powers of evil.

An enterprising firm of manufacturers advertise that they sell one hundred and fifty meals for infants for one dollar, and they furnish letters from a thousand physicians to prove it. It would be almost as much money in a man's pocket if he could always remain an infant, as though he had never been born.

A Washington paper says: "Fiction knows nothing about newspaper men." If this is reliable, fiction must be as blind as love. It has had lots of chances to make the acquaintance of some newspaper men we know.

THE YOUNG reporter, in his account of the conflagration, begins by stating: "The scene was inde-

scribable." Then in a column of space he attempts to describe it. Then the reader realizes the truth of the young reporter's original proposition.

A PARISIAN PRO-FESSOR has just retired after teaching the piano constantly for fifty-eight years. His grateful fellowcitizens are undecided whether to give him a grand reception or to guillotine him.

THE SNOW falls alike on the property of the man with a two-hundred foot front, and the front of only twenty feet. And it falls alike on the sidewalk of the man with the snow-plow and the man with no small boy or snow-shovel.

THE UNFORTUNATE PASSENGER.



ome men, through no fault of their own, are never so unhappy as hen they travel by rail.

I don't mean by a single rail, but by two rails. All men are commonly supposed to be unhappy while traveling on a single rail.

When a member of the unfortunate class under our sympathetic consideration prepares to go on a journey by cars,

his evil genius seems to mount the throne and take up the sceptre to preside over his destinies until he returns.

His troubles, trials and perplexities begin, of course, in his own home. A button is off everything he wants to wear, and its absence is discovered with manifestations of increasing excitement and warm

At the last moment he learns that his new grip-sack was loaned to a warm, personal friend who is now in Arizona hunting a gold-mine in which he is a stockholder, and that another warm, personal friend and neighbor borrowed his best umbrella to attend a Baptist Sunday-school picnic the previous summer, and has forgotten to fetch it back.

Five minutes are consumed in finding our unfortunate traveler's old grip-sack among

the rubbish in the garret, and five minutes more in stuffing into it the necessary articles for his journey. He then looks at his watch, sees that he has not a minute to spare, kisses his wife on the ear, if he happens to have a wife, and rushes

When he is a quarter of a mile from the sta-



tion he hears the whistle of a locomotive. That is his train, of course. He is almost sure he can't make it, but he'll try. He bends his energies to the task of annihilating space, and, panting, perspiring and wilted, he "gets there" before the train pulls out.

But it is not his train, after all. It is only an

" extra" carrying a Sunday-school excursion to Huckleberry Park, or a train of empty cattle-cars. The train he wants has gone five minutes before; his watch is just six minutes slow.

He takes a later train that has lost an hour fooling along with a hot box, finds the cars crowded, but finally gets a seat on the wood-box in the smoking-car. When the conductor comes for his ticket, the unfortunate passenger is startled by the discovery that his pocket-book and ticket are in the inside pocket of his over-coat; and that he has left his overcoat in the waiting-room of the station.

The annoyances and misfortunes of the unlucky passenger would fill a big volume.

In the sleeping car he wants a lower berth, but he never gets it. He is always given a berth over a man who sleeps with his window open when the mercury is fourteen below zero, and who snores like a bassoon.

The train he rides on always reaches the river half-an-hour after the bridge is washed away, while the train he intended to take

has got over all right.

His trunk usually goes astray, and is finally traced to some point five hundred and forty-seven miles away from where he wants it.

He loses his grip-sack the first time he changes cars; but finds it by using the telegraph to the extent of three dollars and thirtynine cents, and it comes to him with two dollars and seventy-one cents express charges on it. Including its contents, it is probably worth five dollars and a half.

On his winter journeys the unfortunate passenger has a seat immediately behind the fresh-air crank,

who insists on having the window open in all sorts of weather; in summer he always has a seat on the sunny side of the car.

If there is a famous piece of nature's handi-work on the road—something that he has had a consuming desire to see all his life long—just as it is about to burst before his prepared-to-be enraptured vision, and he is trembling with anticipation, a big cinder flies into each eye, and he does n't see even as much as a telegraph pole

for the distance of thirty-four miles.

The cow, with suicidal purpose, always stands on the track in front of his train, and if one of the cars goes over the embankment, he is in it. If he loses a leg or an arm, he has no accident

insurance, is traveling on a pass, and can't collect damages of the railroad company.

He spends thirty cents for a box of figs, finds the top and bottom of the box to be made of inchboard, and the contents to consist of three figs and five robust worms. Then he wonders why we spend thousands of dollars annually to convert the Heathen in foreign

If he walks on the station platform to stretch his legs while the engine is taking water, the fireman throws out the hose just as the un-fortunate passenger steps under it, and he gets a cold and startling shower-bath.

At the eating station he is shown to the table farthest from the kitchen, and is waited on by one of the surviving body-servants of George Washington, who is deliberate, rheumatic and slightly deaf, and turns back at the kitchen door to inquire if the unfortunate passenger ordered "fried beefsteak or liver."

The unfortunate passenger's order is filled;

SAVED FROM HIS FRIENDS.



OFFICE-BOY (to busy editor) .- A gentleman, sir, wishes to see you

BUSY EDITOR.—What's his business?

OFFICE-BOY .- He says he 's a personal friend of yours. BUSY EDITOR .- Lock the door, James.

but the unfortunate passenger is empty when the engine-bell rings, and the conductor tries to yell "All aboard!" before he has swallowed his last bite of pie.



Beloved reader, are you one of these unfortunate travelers? You are? Then you have my sympathy; so am I.

#### ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD.

"Who is that distingué-looking girl over there?"

"Miss Rogers; her father is a corn-doctor of St. Louis."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Stop—no—I'm wrong. That's Miss Bascom of Boston. Her father is a celebrated chiropodist."

#### A FATAL DISEASE.

RICHARDS.-Oh, by the way, do you know how poor Hawkins is getting along?

RANKIN.—The last time I saw him he said

his disease was at present dormant,
RICHARDS.—Dormant! Great heavens! Isn't that fatal?

#### A FAIR-HAIRED CRITICISM.



MELIA: You request me to casually glance over your manu-

script and give you an honest opinion of it before you ship it to your pub-lisher. This is nice, and goes to show that you have confidence in me. The trifling

distance I have been able to probe it in the limited space of two months, prepares me to say that I like it as far as I have gone. However, I venture a few suggestions. Its Jumboan size may possibly tell somewhat against its population. It won't be sought after with an unmitigated soughtness as a picnic or railroad volume. Because, you see, Amelia, it is n't everyone who will feel like carrying a black-walnut book-case to hold it, wherever they go, or charter a car. I timidly suggest that you quarter it and cast it upon the sphere in chunks just large enough. There are troubles that some folks can't meet in a lump, calmly.

You are inclined to be sensational somewhat, Amelia. Your trade-mark suggests this: "Weighed and Found Wanting." This throws a chill over me, and makes a person afraid to be out after dark. Suppose you make it: "Weighed and Got Left," or something that has a nice domestic accent. You can't always

The sundown act and lone horseman business are good spectacular effects. And, by the way, Amelia, how did you happen to light on such dramatic situations? Did you have help?

And yet you might have varied a trifle, if only

to make the printers mad. You see, Amelia, they keep those things set-up from one year to another, and so all they need to do is to change the century in which the story opens. For in-stance, awhile ago it used to read: "The sun was setting behind the purple hills, in the autumn of the ever-to-be-remembered year of , when a lone horseman might be seen," I like your way, though, Amelia, of making your date simply 18 - and blank. This NOT A GOOD MATCH.

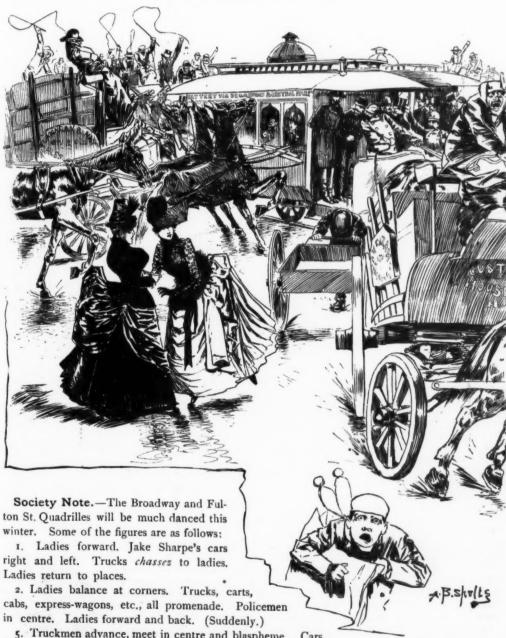


"Have you seen young Smythe out with his naw thoroughbred?"

"No; what's the pedigree?"

"The horse is a Hambletonian, and Smythe is a Smith."

STREET-CROSSING QUADRILLES.



5. Truckmen advance, meet in centre and blaspheme. Cars dos-à-dos. Grand chain. Policemen advance. Ladies promenade (several blocks, in search of a chance to slip through). Ladies cross over.

gives you more room to chassez and allemand left, than you would have had in the

old way. You are not so likely to run out of dates and cripple your story, you see.
On page fourteen hundred you casually drop on to the "crescent moon, rising in the east," along about sundown. You are off, there, Amelia, the worst kind. If you are stuck on having a crescent moon, and no other shape will answer the purpose, flop it over about eighty million miles with a string, westerly bearing—say in the neighborhood of Dakota. I hate to mention a little thing like this, but to a certain extent it gives you away.

And Amelia, could n't you vary the toggery of your women-folks a trifle? In this one item you are vaguely suggestive of monotony. Just enough pale-blue and creamy-white frocks fills one with a calm and holy satisfaction, but when you make a corner on them, and utterly neglect black alpaca and solferino gingham, you arouse a suspicion that you are working in an "ad." for a pale-blue and creamy shop. And this will hurt you like everything.

Again: I don't want to seem to find fault, Amelia, but actually, it don't strike me that your villain is bloodthirsty and heinous enough for a Jenry Hames, Jr. story like this. He only once, barely once, as far as I have got, rises to the emergency, and that is when he steals the Sunday-school library, and goes upon the hay-mow and gloats over it. While this seems a base, unnatural act, the brand of criminality does not loom upon it with that degree of loominess that the public have a right to demand.

As a whole, Amelia, I think when your little volume gets here, it will come to stay—on the book-shelves. I advise you to place it in the hands of the nimble agent, believing that the greatest good to the greatest number will accrue, I think more agents would be killed in a thorough canvass for your book, than for any one thing I can think of.

S. B. McManus.

As happy as a lily In a crystal fountain
Is the maid tobogganing
Down the Orange Mountain.

#### G. WINKELRIED MCGUINNESS.



He was the coolest man I ever knew. The first time he entered my office the mercury in the thermometer dropped ten degrees. (With a dull, sickening thud? Oh, yes.)

cury in the thermometer dropped ten degrees. (With a dull, sickening thud? Oh, yes.)

I was then editing the Simpson County Mentor and Bird of Freedom. I edited it with a pair of scissors, a blue-pencil and a large amount of youthful ardor. When I first assumed control of the Mentor, it was my ambition to make a great paper of it. It had run down, but I was sure that the heaven-sent genius which I believed I possessed would soon enable me to run it up again, and it seemed to me not improbable that ere many months had passed, I should be offered the chief editorship of a New York daily. Ah! those youthful dreams! I would talk about them for some time longer, for I am paid by the column, but I fear me much that the editor would cut out my reflections, so I forbear. At the time when I ring up the curtain upon the office of the *Mentor*, the large and select stock of enthusiasm with which I began business had about run out. I had been paid no salary for two months, and I had just received the crushing intelligence that three of the Mentor's subscribers had gone out of town to be absent all winter, and that the State Lottery was about to withdraw its advertisement. I knew that in these circumstances the owner of the paper would not be able to pay me a cent for a month at least, and I had resolved to tender my resignation and accept a position which had been offered me in the ribbon department of Isaacson's Emporium.

It was at this critical period of my life that G. Winkelried McGuinness came to my rescue. He entered without knocking, seated himself upon the butter-keg that was reserved for visitors, smiled encouragingly upon me, and reserved observed.

marked abruptly:

"Your paper wants new blood, my dear sir."

" Well ?"

"Well, engage me as reporter, and in a month you won't know the *Mentor*. We will say nothing about salary at present. Only give me an assignment and watch me work off my superfluous energy in doing your bidding."

perfluous energy in doing your bidding."

In a spirit of pleasantry, I bade him go and see if the detectives had found the assassin of Lemuel Griswold, an old farmer who had been

murdered about a week before.

With a glad smile he embraced me and vanished. Two hours later he reëntered my sanctum with the joyous abandon of a school-boy.

tum with the joyous abandon of a school-boy.

"I bring you," said he, cheerily: "a full confession of the murder, signed by one James P.

Vanderhook, a professional tramp. Summon hither all your assistants, my boy, and let us get to work and have the *Mentor* out before any of our pre-Adamitic contemporaries get the news."

We kept our press going all the next day to supply the demand for the *Mentor*. The owner of the paper came round in the afternoon and shook hands with me, and said he was glad I was rousing myself from my lethargy. He also paid me four dollars on account.

Towards night Vanderhook made a deposition, in which he stated that he had signed the confession while under the influence of alcoholic stimulants administered by G. Winkelried McGuinness, and that he had not killed anybody. I shall not forget the shocked look that came upon McGuinness's face when he heard this. He said that he had only gone to Vanderhook and talked to him about the days of his childhood, and the better land, and other refining and elevating things. Both men stuck to their stories; but a few days later Vanderhook died suddenly and left McGuinness master of the situation.

The County Clarion, which was run by a wealthy mill owner, came out with a bitter attack on us for publishing the confession. At McGuinness's suggestion, we sued the paper for

damages and recovered \$2,500.

After that we looked upon McGuinness as invaluable, and I am sure that I am not guilty of exaggeration when I say that the owner would rather have paid him his salary than let

him go.

When there was no news McGuinness would stir things up and make some. Once, in a period of stagnation, he set fire to Deacon Williams's barn, and then accused the deacon's next-door neighbor of the crime. The deacon didn't care, because he had big insurance, and the neighbor easily proved an alibi, after which he came round to the office to kill some one. But McGuinness almost annihilated him in three rounds, and the account of the affray, which we published, helped sell a good many copies of the next week's paper.

One fatal day I sent McGuinness to interview

One fatal day I sent McGuinness to interview a wealthy widow, who was contemplating the erection of a ten-thousand mausoleum over the remains of her late husband. I told him to get a full description of the intended edifice. Instead of doing so, he persuaded the widow to abandon the scheme and marry him. As soon as he got hold of her money he bought the *Mentor* outright, and one of his first acts was to discharge me. This is the one foul blot upon an otherwise stainless and brilliant record.

But all is forgotten and forgiven now, for he was blown up last week while toying with a dynamite bomb, with which he intended to destroy the county court-house, a scheme by which he fondly hoped to largely increase the circulation of the *Mentor*. His remains have not yet been found; but there can be little doubt that he has died a martyr to the cause which was so dear to him. Let me, therefore, lay this humble tribute upon his bier—if I can find it. It will be as fragrant and as welcome as an expensive "floral tribute," and much cheaper.

F. A. STEARNS.

A VIRGINIA MAN owns a horse thirty-six years old which is as lively as a colt. Just before he reached his thirty-sixth year, the aforesaid man attempted to bang his tail; that is how it was discovered that he had regained his early vitality.

#### OUGHT TO HAVE DONE BETTER.

FATHER.—Got discharged, hey? What for? Son.—Old Pilkins wanted

Son.—Old Pilkins wanted me to do man's work for boy's wages, and I wouldn't.

FATHER. — H'm! Pilkins ought to do better by you than that. Why, when he was thirty years old, I used to pay him six dollars a week, myself



#### PUMPKIN-PIE.

Ho is there among us with taste so perverted that he can not fully appreciate the glorious blessing of a pumpkin-pie?

There are scores of people who are opposed to a routine of pie-eating; but they will not concede pumpkin-pie to be on the list of dessert destroyers.

It would n't be amiss to call pumpkin-pie a golden opportunity, because, like a great many other things sacred to the stomach of man, its legitimate stay among us is painfully limited.

To see a massive corn field deepening to a rich yellow is a sight well calculated to make the thoughts of man turn to deep anticipations of a cold winter close at hand; but then no well-regulated corn-field ever prospered unless a pumpkin vine twirled almost around each and every stalk.

every stalk.

I often think pumpkins and corn are inseparable companions; in fact I know they are; it is proven from the fact that they grow together, are harvested together, and are fed to the kine together.

Oh, you fortunate cow who feeds on pumpkin. You have the milk, are given the pumpkin, and if you could only work in a little ginger and sugar, you would be a walking pumpkin pie.

1 once had a heated argument with an elderly soil-breaker over

I once had a heated argument with an elderly soil-breaker over the persistent use his kind made of squash as a pie-maker in preference to pumpkin.

I came very nearly getting impaled on a hay-fork for advocating the latter, and since then have concluded that this class of our worldly brethren are away up on agriculture, but have not refined tastes, probably on account of their natural habit of inhaling too much very early morning air, which usually has the invigorating effect of making fried pork taste superior to tenderloins.

The farm is the only place where pumpkin-pie is unattainable, just the same as the intelligence office is the place where servant-girls can not be had (to go in the country).

Boarding - schools are great places for pumpkinpie. All boarding-school professors are ardent believers in it; but never keep so much on hand that one pie out of three dozen would not be missed in case a hungry student

should steal down the back-stairs at eleven o'clock, P. M., to elope with it for the benefit of his fellows, waiting at the head of the first landing for his safe return.

Now is the golden pumpkin season of our discontent, when the swarthy porker basks in the sunshine of his limited area of territory, and feasts abundantly on the succulent yield of the dozen acres around him.

It is also the time when the county fairs have stopped fairing, and all the rewards of industry have been given out to the thrifty toilers who have done two hundred dollars worth of hard work in the fields trying to raise a mammoth pumpkin for a ten-dollar prize.

A. W. MUNKITTRICK.



A CORRESPONDENT, evidently taking us for a Natural History journal, wants to know of a recipe that will keep a cat from killing chickens. Our usual mode is to open the cat's mouth as wide as possible, reach down her throat far enough to get a good grip on her tail, and then neatly and suddenly turn her inside out. Then, if she forgets herself and eats a chicken, the feathers get tangled up in the fur, and the convention is unanimously adjourned.

PHILADELPHIA CLAIMS that at least one-fifth of its population is enrolled in its Sunday-schools. If it was not that a handful of pugilists claim the Quaker City for their home, we could easily be made to believe that four-fifths of the population were Sunday-school goers.

#### TO B. J. PORTERHOUSE, ESQ.

ENNY JENKINS PORTERHOUSE
Is a baby small,
In construction he is just
Like a rubber ball,
And for most a mile away
You can hear him squall.

Sometimes he is very bad,
Sometimes very good,
And whene'er he deigns to smile
In his sky-blue hood,
Credit it not unto him,
But to Snyder's Food.

Through the spaces of the day
He is good and bright,
Save when people call; then he
Is a little fright,
And he saves his squalling for
The middle of the night.

Sometimes he will kick and howl till his face is black, For to be tossed up and down like a jumping-jack, And if there's a thing he hates it is ipecac.

He perhaps is happiest when he's being mauled, Then his face a blooming smile might be justly called, For he's happy from his feet to his caput bald.

All about his cosy crib daily doth he creep, And at you between its bars he will slyly peep, But, in truth, he's best of all when he is asleep.

Some men are born great, but they outgrow it.

TINCTURE of agony is an excellent remedy for toothache.

It has been recently discovered that an egg is like a colt—of no use until it's broke.

THEATRES MAY not ever be able to successfully take the place of the circus, but there is one thing certain, if they don't lose their unrestrained monopoly of the fences, the circus will be crowded out of existence.

#### A SPECIAL SALE.



Husband.—Goodness me, Mary Ann, where did you get all those tooth-picks? Wife.—Why, they were having a "run" on them at Stacey's, and I thought I might as well lay in a supply. They will last a long time, and, besides, I saved a cent on every box.

#### MCJONES'S GREAT SCHEME.

HE blamedest feller ever I seen," remarked Brown, "is McJones. He's never happy unless he's workin' on some new contrivance or other to save money or labor. You mark my words, that man'll die worth half-a-million. Yes, sir.

Why, the inventions he's patented, the ingenious schemes he 's worked out - well, you would not believe me if I was to tell you about 'em. His latest idea is a big thing. He's thought up a plan, sir, by which he can get a first-class dinner every day for a trifle

over a dollar a week-say fifteen or sixteen cents a meal; not a five-cent restaurant meal, as you doubtless imagine, but a dinner of from five to fifteen courses, an' equal to anything that Delmonico could get up. Oh, that man's got a great head, an' no mistake."

I became interested. I inquired the particu-

lars of Mr. McJones's scheme. Brown was pleased to see that he had aroused my curiosity. "Why, certainly, old boy," he said: "I'll tell you all about it. It's an immense idea, an' the thing that puzzles me most is that nobody ever happened to think of it before. It's so You see, I went around to McJones's office yesterday afternoon to see him on business.

"'I can't talk to you just now, Brown,' says he: 'for I'm about to dine. I take my meals in here now,' says he: 'an' I'm expectin' the Professor every minute.'

" 'Professor!' says I: 'what Professor? "'Oh, I forgot,' says he: you ain't onto my new scheme. It's just a little plan that struck me last week,' says he, makin' light of it as all these great inventors do of their work:



dine with you if you like; I can include him just as well.'
"I did n't exactly understand what he meant

by this, but I told him I'd already dined.

"McJones got up an' went to a little cup-board, an' took out a plate of soda-crackers, a knife an' fork an' a spoon. Then he drew a

pitcher of water.
"'Now, Professor,' says he: 'I'm ready. I ain't feelin' very hungry to-day, so I've made it easy for you. Here's the bill.'

"The Professor ran his eye over the paper that McJones handed him.

"'Tidy little dinner,' says he: 'Are you ready?"
"'Ready,' says McJones.

"Then the Professor made a few passes in front of McJones's face, an' it struck me what the scheme was. Professor Switchley was one o' these mesmerists. See?

"'Blue Points on the half-shell,' says the Pro-fessor, breakin' up one o' the crackers into small "McJones began eating

em with his fork, imaginin', you un-derstand, that they were really Blue Points. "'Good?' says

the Professor. "' A1,' says Mc-

"'Green turtle-soup,' says the Professor, handin' him the pitcher o' water an' the spoon; an' so it went. McJones had a bit o' roast lamb, some banana-fritters, a pudding, an' a cup o' coffee—to say nothin' o' wines an' fixin's. When he got all through, the Professor made a few more passes, an' he come to himself,
"Well,' says he 'what do you think o' the

idea?

"'It's a big scheme,' says I.
"'It's the biggest scheme ever I struck,' says the Professor. You see Mr. McJones really imagines that he is eatin' all the delicacies that he puts down on his bill-offare. Many of them are indigestible an' harmful, though pleasin' to the palate, but he escapes all injury, his dinner in reality consistin' of crackers, which I need not inform you are easily assimilated an' highly nutritious. An' the only expense he incurs is the nominal fee of one dollar per week, which he pays me for my services, an' the price of the crackers-an insignificant item.'

"Then the Professor gave me his card, an' told me he would be happy to hear from me. I'm thinkin' some of employin' him once or twice a week, He 's gettin' up a circular callin' himself a 'Psychological Caterer,' an' provin' that the new system of dinin' is not only economical, but conducive to long life. He expects to build up a large business. Of course, he'll pay McJones a royalty. There's big money in the scheme, now I tell you, old man."

F. A. S.

Honesty may be the best policy, but even the best policy is a poor game to play.



EGENERATION.

SOMETIMES, across the blissfulness Which Reginald and I profess In time-worn phrases, There comes a cloud; the while my chin

Rumples his coat, my thoughts are in Perplexèd mazes.

Would not a maid of long ago-Perhaps a hundred years, or so-In contemplation Pity my lot, deplore my fate? Shed tears of sadly passionate Commiseration?

Would not her proud remembrance raise Her lover of the by-gone days For stern comparing? gallant grave, augustly bland, Of stalwart form majestic, and Of stately bearing.

He reined his steed beside her door With staid salute, in days of yore-With courtly breeding; He held her hand a fitting space; He couched in terms of polished grace His modest pleading.

His calm discourse was nobly fraught With truths profound-with lofty thought; His language laden With weighty themes. But Reginald? Alack! Would not she stand appalled, This pristine maiden?

He wears a suit of ashy hue, A gay cravat, where red and blue Are blithely wedded, An idly dangling glass; a stick Knotty, and cumbersomely thick And silver-headed.

He bowls, he thinks, he paints, he sings, His knowledge is of worldly things, And superficial; His waltzing has a lustrous fame, His card displays his middle name And first initial.

He's trivial in high degree; He 's fond of flippant repartee, And prone to sharing A single chair, with lights turned low-Would not a maid of long ago Weep tears despairing?

My brief misgivings droop and die-Am I quite hardened? Or am I Weakly demented? My feeble doubts dissolve! depart! I know that in my abject heart
I'm quite contented. EMMA A. OPPER.

"Do you know what the corn et?" he asked as he leered in at our carved-mahogany door. We did n't have time to answer verbally, but a note to his wife informed her what ate him. Our bull-pup is sleeping behind the radiator. He always sleeps after a full meal.

THE GREYHOUND can be taught many useful and amusing tricks, but it always makes us sad to see a noble specimen of the breed tackle a store-pickle thrown in the air, under the impression that he is to be rewarded with the succulent wish-bone of a turkey.

"Just as he finished, in walked a tall, slim

man with long, black hair.

"'Ah,' says McJones: 'here's the Professor at last. Professor Switchley,' says he: 'my friend, Mr. Brown, here, would like to remain while I dine, if you have n't got any objection.'

"'Certainly not,' says the Professor: 'he can

A LONG-HAIRED, red-nosed man stood on the City Hall steps last Sunday and screamed: "Where are we drifting?" "If I had a lighthouse like yours between my eyes," said a sailorman in the crowd: "d—d if I'd drift at all."

#### A DEEP-SEATED ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

HREE feet of snow on the level and the storm still raging, failed to keep Alonzo Doolittle away from the shingled cot of her he loved.

His was a kind of ardor that could not be frozen out by a sudden drop of the thermometer, but the uninviting glances often bestowed upon him by the stern parent of the villa, made him feel as though he was not receiving

the proper courtesy due a person bent on relieving a fond father of the services of a comely daughter, especially as farmers reckon it.

However, Claribel Furey, the slender manipulator of the churn, exchanged similar opinions with Alonzo, and he came to the house so excessively often that the stern parent thought seriously of asking him what his intention was; that is, if he intended to stay away permanently, or whether he would be forced to urge the matter in a forcible manner.

Alonzo dropped to the fact that a son-in-law was not a necessity about the place, but differing materially with Furey's notions, the two lovers resolved upon accomplishing their purpose at all hazards.

#### CHAPTER II.

At five A. M. on a certain morning, a sleigh deeply filled with straw and a warm buffalo-robe spread over it, drove up to Furey's front-gate. The conventional sleigh-bell was wisely omitted.

A moment later the door opened, and a slender form wrapped in the warmest of winter raiment, popped noiselessly out, and was assisted into the sleigh by a young man with a flashyred tie and ready-made overcoat.

A moment later the snap of a whip disturbed the early morning stillness, and two lovers and a horse and sleigh were getting away from Far-mer Furey's residence so rapidly that it appeared as though a cyclone had struck their path.

The residence of the nearest local preacher was a good fifteen miles distant, and when they reached there the local was just finishing a repast of buckwheat-cakes and pork-trimmings.

Country - preachers are very quick to detect a real romance, also to capture the

After accepting an invitation to assist in reducing the dimensions of the local's larder, the happy twain handed over a cool two-dollar-and-a-half, and purchased the few that made them one.

#### CHAPTER III.

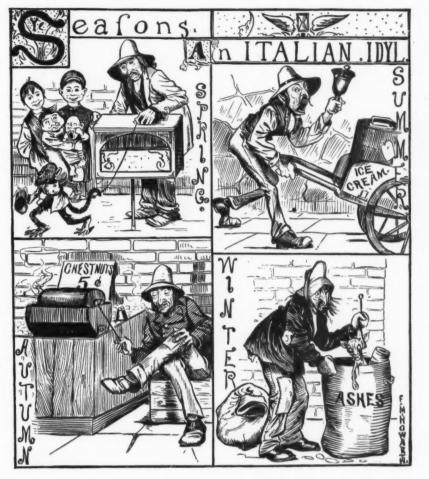
"Oh, dear Alonzo, what will pa say when he learns of our wickedness? I know he will thrash you, and maybe disown me forever; then, dear boy, how can we live on the paltry three dollars

per week you are now earning?"

Her face then fell over on his shirt-bosom, and the lustre of his real diamond was dimmed with the flow of tears.

Alonzo was lion-hearted and courageous, and refuted the cruel assertions of his bride in language which has long since been copyrighted by the soil-crushers of our domain.

He was cooler - headed, however, than his bride, and tried to appease her discomforture



with assurances that all would be right, by quoting the numberless cases similar to their own which the daily press

constantly announced, all with the same result: "Parents rage, determination to disown, return of the fugitives, and a happy forgiveness."

#### CHAPTER IV.

A heart-broken, unappreciated father and mother have stopped living, and their cold clay now fills two graves in a secluded cemetery in Passaic County.

A worthy son, or, rather, one who was so rated by his parents, now owns one of the most productive farms in the land, but has no time to work it. He also owns a brother-in-law who failed to connect on the old man's wealth; but for his only sister's sake he allows this brotherin-law to work the farm for his board and clothes, as well as that of his wife.

There is nothing mean or mercenary about this so-called worthy son, only, according to his born habit of honesty, he is carrying out one of the important clauses of his father's will, which sets forth that

Claribel, for her total disregard of parental respect, shall be cut off without any legacy, or interest in his estate. This romance is not intended to discourage the good work of eloping, but is merely drawn

up as a warning not to undertake it in the County of Passaic, where farmers are dead-set against speculative young

A. W. MUNKITTRICK.

#### THE HEENAN LECTURER.

TEACHING the young idea how to punch Is all the go at Harvard and at Yale, And he who is the champion knocker-out

To any university may go, And drop into the rosy slugging chair; And he, the gentle Heenan Lec-

turer, The master of the manly, has a time Like unto which no Persian

king e'er had, Surrounded in his palace by perfumes
Of fifty thousand roses and as many
Lithe creatures with black eyes

And forms as supple as the slen-der lily.

That is the kind of time the mas-

ter has Thumping about the pale high-collared swells

Collared swells
Until their slim anatomics are full
Of splinters, and their heads are
badly swelled,
And their long noses flattened
sadly out

Like liver-pads upon a druggist's counter.

The knocker-out can pile a fortune up, E'en if no college offers him the chair, For he can get the callow swell to come To him and be prepared for any college.

#### AN APPROPRIATE SONG.

FATHER.-Jennie, who was that young man who was singing below your window last night?
DAUGHTER.—Which one, pa?
FATHER.—The one who sang: "1'm Waiting,
My Darling, for Thee."
DAUGHTER.—Oh, that was a young under-

taker friend of mine.

TRAMP. - Do you buy old rags and bones here? JUNK DEALER.-Yes. TRAMP.—Then weigh me, please.

#### THIM D'MINTS.

HEY were sitting together on a ferryboat, when one suddenly said to the other: "Mary Ann! Did yees

mind thim dimints on the man that jist wint past?"
"Sure an' Oi did, Bridget, and illegant ones too they are.

"Well, Mary Ann, they 're jist the same as me own." "Your own! Sure an' Oi did

not know yees had any av your own." "Do yees think Oi'd be a risident av this

blissid counthry fer two years, an' not have me dimints toike any ither lady, Mary Ann? Phwat

do yees take me fur?"

"Av yees got thim, why doon't yees wear thim, Bridget O'Houlihan?"

"Phwat," did n't yees hear about thim?"

"Divil a worrud!"

"Sure, thin, Oi'll tell yees all about it. Do yees moind the little Haybrew phwat kapes the shop forninst me mither?" "Oi do that same."

"Well, Oi wint an' axed him ' How much are

thim foin dimints yeve got in the windy?""
"A dollar an' a quarther," sez he.
"Phwat!" sez Oi: "Oi would n't give more thin a dollar fer the best dimints ever manufactured in this counthry."

"Yees can have thim fer a dollar," sez he.
"Oi'll take thim," sez Oi: "An' off Oi wint wid the dimints; an', do ye moind, Mary Ann, Oi was that careful wid 'em, that whin Oi'd worn thim that ayvening, an' all the gurrells adying wid envy, I tuk thim off and put thim in a tay-cup on the top-shelf, d' ye moind?"
"Right ye are, Bridget."



"Sure, an' Oi was n't that toime, Mary Ann, fur whin I wint the next afthernoon to get thim — Holy Mither! —they were gone."

"The blissid saints!! Phwat had become av

"That's phwat Oi axed me mither. Oi went

to her wid a face thot pale, ye'd think Oi was a-walkin' grave-stone, an' Oi sez: 'Och! Mither! Mither! me dimints is

"Where did yees put thim, gurrell, sez

"In that tay-cup, sez Oi.
"Och, wurragh! wurragh!" sez she:
"thot's the cup Oi measured the coffee
wid—an' your dimints have been bilin'
the whole blissid day."

"We went to the coffee-pot, Mary Ann, an' divil a thing was in it, at all, at all!!"

"'Sure that thafe av the wurruld, Cordelia, has been an' emptied it into the ash-borrell,' sez me mither."

"An' to the ash-borrell we wint, an' could you belave it. Mary Ann? That would you belave it, Mary Ann? divil of a goat of McPheney's had just ayten up every scrap of a thing but the live coals, and there he stood looking as innocent as a lamb, wid his goatee a going up an' down as paceful loike as the leaf av a tree, an' me dimints enside av him, Mary Ann!"

"Bad cess to 'im! Phwat did you do, Bridget?"

"Phwat could I do? McPheney swore av we killed the goat he'd have the law on us; an' the goat was thot contrairy that he would n't ate the aymetic." "The phwat, Bridget?"

"The aymetic they called it; what the drug-man towld us would fix the baste, an' make him give up the jewels in no time— but divil a taste would the goat take av it, Mary Ann. An' that settled it."

"An' where are the dimints now, Bridget?" "In the go-at, bad luck to 'im."

Just then the boat landed, and no more was

#### SOME PLAIN FACTS.

The small boy splashes in the water in summer, and yearns for the winter to bring him skating, and when he glides like the wind on his skates, he thinks how much pleasanter it would be swimming among the lilies.

The society belle talks of Bar Harbor in the winter, and of New York when she is at Bar

Harbor.

We are always sighing for what we have n't got, and feeling dissatisfied with it when we get it, if we ever do.

If men were capable of being satisfied, they would retire from business when they have enough, instead of remaining until they fail, and leaving their wives and daughters to teach French and take in washing for a living.

They are just as inconsistent as men, for men give away their summer clothing in winter, under the impression that they will be out of style the following season, and then wear their winter clothing all through the summer on account of unexpected impecuniosity.

So do we see men give their overcoats away in May, and go without them in winter, because they can not replace them, and, at the same time, say they do it for health, as all brawny Englishmen do.

The moth eating fur in August is not a bit more inconsistent than the young lady who eats ice-cream in February.

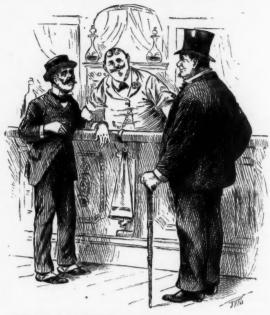
#### NEEDED REVISION.

MANAGING EDITOR .- Mr. Peters, you say that Cashier Roberts robbed the safe and fled.

REPORTER. —Yes, sir; that's right.

MANAGING EDITOR. —Well, I can see why he should rob the safe; but I can not exactly see what caused him to rob the fled. Just revise that part of your article, won't you?

#### IN SICKNESS OR IN HEALTH.



BARTENDER.—What'll it be, gents?

SMITH—I'm not feeling well this morning; I guess you can make me a whiskey-cocktail.

BROWN.—Sorry to hear that you are out of sorts, Smith; I never felt better in my life. (To bartender).—Make me the

#### RANDOM REMARKS.

IT CAN be said of a man who has spent part of his life looking through the squares of a cellgrating, that his has been a checkered career.

BEWARE OF the man who knows he is honest, and does n't hesitate to say so.

WHILE A German is drinking one glass of beer, an American can drink half-a-dozen of them. This country has stationed herself at the head of the procession, and intends to stay

EUROPE POSSESSES one advantage over this country. One living there does n't have to pay out money to "go abroad."

GRANDMA CAN not knit this evening; Would you know the reason why? She some pop-corn tried to shuckle, And a kernel plunked her eye.

STATISTICS SHOW that out of every one hundred old women who threaten to report the street-car conductor for incivility, nor e of them ever do.

New Orleans has produced two prima donnas, to say nothing of molasses.



At the top of the chestnut-tree The ancient raven

sits, the snow-flake wild and free In the wind about him flits.

Never once does he move,
Although it is early morn,
Dost think he does disprove
The ground all covered with corn?

Ah, no, for his hunger 's vast,
And down for the corn he 'd skim
If he could, but he can't, for his talons fast
Are frozen around the limb.

#### MY OPPOSITE NEIGHBOR.



AM a modest, short-sighted and literarily inclined dweller in hall bed-rooms — those places of city purgatory from which the inhabitants have distant visions of escaping into the comparative heaven of a square-room and a cupboard. I had heard that certain architectsreverenced be their names

had provided some houses in New York with hall bed-rooms containing open fire-places; but I had not found one, although I had searched long and diligently. At last I saw an advertisement offering the desired elysium at

eight dollars per week-cheap for an elysium, but dear to me. However, with the memories of previous Arctic winters, when I had been compelled to read Polar Voyages in order to solace myself with the belief that I might have been colder somewhere else, fresh upon me, I started to find that fire-place. When I reached the house, I found standing on the steps a man, a little girl and a pug-dog. In a very gruff voice, tinctured with a pronounced foreign accent, the man asked:

"What do you want?"

Somewhat startled at his abruptness, for I am decidedly nervous, I men-

tioned the object of my visit.
"Another of them," he almost growled, while his face wore a sinister expression, which fitted his coarse but powerful features. The child noticed my hesitation, and began to speak:

"It is not here."

"Silence, Mary," the man interrupted: "I have ordered you not to address strangers."
Then he kicked the dog, looked as if he would like to do the same to me, and said: "It's a mistake of those stupid printers. The callers have kept me so busy I could do nothing all the morning. Go to the house opposite.'

I began to thank him; but he turned his back on me, and passed into the hallway. I was not sorry to get away from him, for his behavior to the child and the dog convinced me he was a brute.

I soon established myself in the comfortable quarters across the street. The landlady knew of the mistake in the advertisement, and asked

how I had found the right house. I detailed my experience, and asked if she knew who and what our opposite neighbor was. She could tell me little. He had only recently come to live in the street; but he was already disliked. He grumbled at the children, and would walk through a group of them, spoiling or interrupting their games. She believed he was married, and had one child, a girl; but the wife never went out, and the girl was never allowed to play with other children.

I soon discovered that the swarthy and unpleasant foreigner, whom I had already begun to detest, occupied the two front rooms on the second floor. I sometimes saw the child, a pretty, bright little thing, at the window of the hall-room, looking with evidently longing eyes at the happy children in the street. The man kept irregular hours and seemed to shun ob-The man

servation. Very often the lower shutters of his windows were closed nearly all day, and he rarely went out till nightfall. I began to have a dim suspicion that he was a counterfeiter.

One morning when I glanced across, I was surprised to see all the shutters opened, and the man of mystery standing looking out of the window. I fancied he saw me, and smiled sardonically. Behind him, at some distance, I could distinguish the figure of woman. Presently

he started suddenly, as if he had been called, strode to where the woman stood, seized her by the shoulders, and forced her into a sitting or crouching position. The brutality of his actions fired my indignation. I threw up my window, with what purpose I could not clearly tell. At that moment the man, apparently remembering that he might be overlooked, quickly closed the lower shutters.

I was furious at the thought of what further cruelty might be then being perpetrated in that darkened room. Still, I felt that I could do nothing. If the woman cried for help, surely there was some one in the house who would go to her assistance.

The next day the man's shutters were again



opened at a rather early hour, and, strange to say, I saw the child playing with two others on the sidewalk. After I had watched her for a few minutes, apparently reveling in her unusual freedom, her father thrust his head from the window of the hall-room, and called to her. She looked up with a frightened glance, immediately left her little friends, and passed into the house through the basement. The man shut the window, and, I suppose, went to the door to meet the child. At any rate, a second or two later I was horrified to see her in his grasp in the large room. Her back was toward me, and I could not see the fear and dread that I felt must be on her face. He held her by one arm, which he bent roughly back, then with his disengaged hand seemed to strike her violently. She staggered, and then, oh, horror, fell, and it looked to me as if he knelt or stamped on her,

I could bear the sight no longer. I knew that my weak frame would be almost powerless in his strong grasp, but I could not stand by and see murder done, without, at least, trying to prevent it. I tore down the stairs and across the street. No policeman was in sight. As I reached the house, the door was opened, and a woman came out.

"Don't shut the door!" I cried.

She moved out of my way as I rushed by her, and up the stairs, three at a time. I gave one single loud knock at the door, and, as I opened it without pausing, heard the word "come" in that strange voice that had only once fallen on my ears, but which I shall never forget.

The sight that met my eyes as I passed into the room, showed me I had not come a moment too soon. Broken furniture, twisted rugs, pictures torn from their frames, and books lay upon the floor in wild confusion. I did not pause at these, but gave a cry, as in the centre of the room I saw half-kneeling, half-lying on the floor, the figures of a woman and a child.

I stooped to raise the girl, when in an instant the awful truth burned itself like a flash of lightning into my brain.

The figures were lay-figures, and the man was an artist, and the objects of his ferocious cruelty were only his inanimate models.

WE ARE asked by an anxious correspondent to inform him why the second day of the week is sometimes called "Blue Monday." It is called blue Monday because so much indigo is used on that day. We desire to call attention to the fact that we have all kinds of information constantly on draught, and also bottled expressly for family use.

THE MAN who knows so much, rarely knows how little he knows. There is a limit to human knowledge.



"I shall never have thirteen at my table again," said Mrs. Hendricks, the landlady: "there may be nothing in the superstition, but already three of those present are quite seriously ill."

"What's the trouble with them, Mrs. Hendricks?" inquired Dumley with concern, for he was one of the

thirteen: "Indigestion?"

#### LIFE ON THE ROAD.



OUR face is (hic) fa-miliar to me," he said to a young man who had accosted him on the street: "but, to save my (hic) life, I can't

place you."

"Think a mo-ment," replied the young man, with a smile.

He thought a moment, rand shook his head.

"It's no go," was the dictum.

"Don't you remember a certain night at the Monongahela House, in Pittsburgh, last sum-

mononganeia House, in Pittsburgh, last summer, when you and I had a little racket together, and painted and varnished the vicinity red?"

"Remember it!" he shouted, jumping two feet straight up: "Why, of course I (hic) do! Old boy, I'm glad to see you. Still selling boots and shoes?"

"No; I left the road, and am located here

"You don't (hic) say so!"

"Yes; I'm associate editor of the Morning Bugle,"

"You don't (hic) say so! Well, let's go and



have a drink, old man. I'm delighted to see Still in the same business, I suppose?"

"No; as I said, I'm associate editor of the

Morning Bugle.

"You don't (hic) say so! Newspaper man, eh? Well, what 'll it be, old fellow? Here's to old times."

"Drink hearty," responded the young man. "That was a great racket we had in Pittsburgh. My firm got on to it; but I sell too many goods for 'em to say anything to me. When did you come to town? To-day?"

"No; I live here. I'm associate editor of the Morning Bugle."

"What's that? A newspaper?"

"Yes."

"You don't (hic) say so! Well, upon my soul, I'm glad to see you. Lemme see—what shall I call your name?"

"Jenkins."

"Oh, yes, certainly, Jenkins. And my name is Jones. I have thought of you a hundred

#### THEIR ARGUMENT.



PHILIP TO THE PROPERTY

FIRST LAWYER.—That fellow has lost a case, has n't he? SECOND LAWYER.-Yes; but have n't you often lost a case

myself to some drug-store for

a head-light.

S. L .- I should never say anything about red hair if my grandfather played on a hand-organ, and was so impecunious that he had to be his own monkey.

F. L .- You would n't talk that way if you were right in the head. But you can't help your inherited weakness. Did you ever know your grandfather died in a mad-house?

S. L.-Yes; his head was turned by worry, incident to hanging your grandfather, while acting as sheriff of Chemung County.

"What 's the charge?" asked the Judge.

"Fighting on the street,"

replied the officer, who made the arrest. "Ten dollars each," said the Judge.

And they shelled out, shook the aroma of Jefferson Market off their clothes, and departed.

times since that night, Jenkins, and wondered if I'd ever run across you again. Which way are you working—west?"

and within

No: I've left the road." "You don't (hic) say so!"

"Yes; I'm associate editor of the Morning Bugle."

"You don't (hic) say so! This is my last trip. Next year I'm going into the firm."

"Glad to hear you're doing well. Let's have another."

"I'll go you. Yes, I'm doing well. When I can't sell a man a bill of goods, it's either because he's dead or out of town. But that was a great racket we had in Pittsburgh. I've thought of it a thousand times, old man. What are you doing now? Still in boots and shoes,

"No; I'm associate editor of the Morning Bugle."

"You don't (hic) say so! Ever write anything for the paper?"

"Oh, yes; most all of the editorials are

"You don't (hic) say so! Well, well! I've been to Europe since I saw you in Pittsburgh." "That so?"

"Yes; the firm sent me (hic) over to London and Paris to buy goods. I don't suppose you import anything in the (hic) boot and shoe

"I'm out of that business now. As I told

you, I'm associate editor of the Morning Bugle."

"You don't (hic) say so! Well, I'm glad to see you, Jenkins, old man. I feel as though I'd found a new five-dollar bill What'll you have?" Il. What'll you have?"
"Same's last." bill.

"Well, here goes! So you are in the newspaper business, eh? Advertising department?"

"No; I'm associate editor."

"You don't (hic) say so! Well—well—" Then I came away

PHILIP H. WELCH.





LOVE to hunt the bison. The antelope and bear; I love to wear a big felt-hat, And long and wavy hair.

I love to shoot the Indian Upon the boundless plain; I love a private grave-yard to Contain the men I've slain.

I love to ride a mustang, The very winds to pass;
I love to shoot the glass-globes off
The sickly bar-room gas.

I love to be a cow-boy That never knows a fear; But I hate the little five foot man That bats me under the ear.

I love a life that's daring And full of dangers great; And that is just the reason why Down in my heart I hate

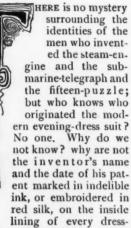
To stand behind a counter. Beneath the gas-jet's flash,
And yell from morning until night,
That awful war-cry, "Cash!"

#### MIXING RELIGION WITH BUSINESS.

MINISTER (to butcher).—I would be glad to see you at our church occasionally, Mr. Bolog-Do you give much attention to religious matters?

BUTCHER.—Well, I sometimes offer lamb at

#### THE MODERN DRESS-SUIT.—AND ITS YOUTHFUL WEARER.



lining of every dress-coat? Was it shrinking modesty that impelled this creature to keep his name and address so profound a secret? No, brethren, it was not; it was simply a realization of the fact that there would be a good many men looking for him as soon as his invention was introduced, and that it would not be conducive to his happiness to

be proud. I hold that the subject of my remarks was an enemy of his kind. I think it likely that he was a professional misanthrope, who, having in some occult manner gained the power of re-venging himself upon his fellow-men for some fancied wrong, decided upon the commission of a deed without a name, and invented the

dress-suit.

Long familiarity may have caused you to look with tolerant eyes upon the creation of his fevered brain, but you never can regard it with respect, to say nothing of affection, such as that which you feel for your old business togs. You know that it is utterly absurd in appearance, and that if you saw it for the first time to-day, you would be inclined to regard it as the work of some highly imaginative maniac.

No one has been made happier or better by the invention of the dress-suit, except the tailor; who enthuses over it, because, while it takes less cloth than any other kind of suit, he can get more money for it.

Come with me to the boudoir of George W. Smith, who is going to the opera this evening to hear an elderly Fourth Ward girl with an Italian name warble cadenzas at twenty dollars per cadenz. George is going in style, and he therefore proceeds to don his dress-suit.

He commences with the trousers. Are they like other trousers? By no means, for they have no pockets. What a refinement of cruelty! Think of the fiendish glee with which the inventor of

the garment must have pictured to himself its wearer standing around for three or four consecutive hours with no trousers-pockets to put his hands in. The ostensible reason for their omission is that they would gap open when the wearer of the trousers sat down. The effect of wearer of the trousers sat down. The effect of this would, of course, be unseemly, for the gap could not be concealed by the skirts of the coat, because the dress-coat has no skirts to speak of.

When George W. Smith has put on the trousers, he gets a clean collar out of the second bureau-drawer, and, after a manful struggle, succeeds in reducing it to a state of partial subjection. For this collar, which he has worn with perfect comfort for weeks, now conducts

itself in a manner wholly inconsistent with its record. It seems to have suddenly become one size too small. When he has buttoned one side of it, the other refuses, for a long time, to be fastened. When at last it is coaxed into place, the collar-button breaks. Then George indulges in luxuriant metaphor, and hunts around for another button. He knows that there is a card of them somewhere, but he does not find it until he has searched for about fifteen minutes, when he sees it lying on top of the bureau. He then puts on the collar with fiery energy, and immediately experiences symptoms of strangulation. But he pays little attention to this, for he has been through it all before, and he knows he is not in immediate danger.

He then gets his neck-tie. It is one of those ready-made ties with a buckle attached just where it will show the most. George uses this kind, because, in common with most of his sex, he is unable to tie a respectable bow. the sort of affair which a man, if he had purchased it for every-day wear, would cast into the fire after one attempt to put it on. But it seems a natural and nitting adjunct to a dress-suit. George fastens it on, and uses all his cunning to arrange it in such a manner that it will neither fall off, nor climb up over the top of his collar, nor display its nickel-

plated buckle too ostentatiously. He is only partially successful, for the buckle has been sewed on with consummate ingenuity, and can

not be hidden.

George now puts on the vest, the Pompadour

vest, which affords such large opportunities for a display of shirt-front. And now the shirt, always tractable on ordinary occasions, begins to get in its fine work. It manifests a wild, eager longing to get outside the vest. The bosom is crooked and refuses to be made straight. The screw of one of the three plain gold studs is drilling a hole in George's breast-bone.

But there is no time to remedy all these evils, for the youth is already due at the house of his ladifriend. He slips on

his cuffs, and dons his patent-leather shoes, which he purchased with the knowledge that they were a full size too small. Then, an expression of care upon his young face, he arises and puts on the coat.

Now is a wondrous transformation wrought in George W. Smith.

Without the coat he was a mild, unassuming young man of somewhat prepossessing appearance; with it he is a clumsy hobbledehoy, who looks as uncomfortable as he feels. But he does not know it. He surveys himself in the glass with a smile, and the conviction that he is gazing upon the image of an elegantly attired gentleman of pleasing manners.

His satisfaction is only marred by buckle, and the sudden appearance of a large black spot on his collar, a spot which his reason tells him must have been there all the time, but which has remained invisible to him until this moment. It is too late to put on



another collar now; with a sigh he seizes his hat—his hat with a spring inside it—and his fawn-colored overcoat, and leaves the house.

Go forth, oh, George W. Smith! She will think you just too magnificent for anything, and she will say so. You will look like a guy, but so will most of the others who listen to the elderly girl with the Italian name and the Fourth Ward accent. As none of you will know it, what difference will it make?

Go forth! You will be sorry for it to-morrow, George; but you will do it all over again at the first opportunity.

F. A. S.





the sight of the uncompromising The Only Way to Smoke The Cigars Some People Give You—buckle, and the sudden appearance

1F You Want to Live.

WE began housekeeping, Jennie and I, on ten dollars a week. People said we must be crazy. But we were not. I had considered the matter long and prayerfully. For eight months I had been paying out three dollars a week for ice-cream (or oysters, as the case might be), and I felt that it was time this sort of thing stopped. I knew that if worse came to worse, I could get Jennie a position in Isaacson's Palace of Industry, in the lace department of which I am employed. I also bethought me of the fact that my intended had an uncle of eighty-five, with a diseased lung

and fifty thousand dollars. And so I decided to become a Benedict. A few days before my

marriage, I took Jennie to see the furnished flat which

I had engaged. She was in raptures; she pronounced it magnificent.

"But what is the rent?" she asked, anxiously.

"Sixty dollars a month." "And your income is-?"

"Ten dollars a week."
"Then we shall have to be very economical,"

she said in perplexity.

I explained the *modus operandi* of the scheme
I had decided upon, and Jennie was in raptures at my ingenuity.

And so we were married. On my wedding-day, Mr. Israel Isaacson, the senior member of our firm, gave me as a wedding-present the promise that if I were painstaking and industrious he would, in

time, increase my salary.

A month after my marriage I sent word to my landlord that the plumbing in his flat was defective, and that I was going to move, as my wife was already ill from constant inhalation of sewer-gas. He came round for his rent. I expressed the greatest indignation at his audacity, threatened to notify the sanitary inspectors of the condition of the plumbing, and to sue him for damages in addition. This scared him and before he recovered his equanimity we were gone.

When Mr. Isaacson heard of this little affair, he was greatly pleased. He summoned me to his private office, praised me highly,

and presented me with two beautiful (though slightly damaged) card-board mottos from the art department—"God Bless Our Flat," and "When Ignorance is Bliss 'tis Folly to be Too

Fly."
We next engaged a flat, the landlady of which
was a nervous old woman of seventy-five. Just

before the expiration of the month, I caused a rumor to be circulated that Jennie and I were both coming down with the small-pox. As I had foreseen, we were at once ejected, and, of

course, we had nothing to pay.

And so it went. We changed our dwellingplace every month. My ingenuity never failed and these frequent removals lent a zest and variety to our lives of which no conception can be had by those who have never had the same

experience.

Of course, we changed our grocer and butcher as often as our place of residence. To all young married people (and it is for the benefit of such that this article is written), let me say that it is folly to pay these people's bills in most cases, madness to pay them in full. They are the vampires of society, and we must fight them with their own weapons. This is what I have done ever since my marriage. Sometimes I meet the presentation of a bill with repartie, sometimes with indignant protest, but seldom with cash. By a judicious system of bluffing, seventy-five per cent, can be knocked off any tradesman's bill. I wish I had time to enlarge

on this point.

Once we lived next door to a family that

Once we lived next door to a family that kept fowls and had an orchard. Those were golden days. We had spring-chicken and fresh

fruit for dinner every day.

In time baby came-dear little baby, with eyes of heavenly blue and lungs like a black-smith's bellows. I named him Bildad, after Jennie's uncle. I thought this would be good for a thousand-dollar check; but the old man only sent his congratulations and a plated spoon. This wounded me, for I had been, oh, so anxious to freeze onto that check! But this is a digression.

I have frequently had occasion to borrow oney. In time I hope to return some of it. money.

I owe a good deal, and almost every day am approached by some fellow or other who desires to know when I am going to pay up. What do I do? I either place my hand on his shoulder, and in broken accents relate to him a soul-sickening tale of domestic dis-

tress, or I stand him off with a merry jest. Which of these two courses I pursue depends entirely upon circumstances, and upon the individual whom I am addressing.

In conclusion, let me say to all young people who are contemplating matrimony from a distance. Fear not, but be of exceeding good cheer, for as I have done, even so can ye do,

likewise. Selah! My income is ten dollars a week still, and my expenses are fortyfive, yet I live comfortably, and have lots of fun; and if I do not leave my children great wealth, I shall at least bequeath them the priceless heritage of an untarnished name.

DELANCEY GALL.

#### WITH A CHARITABLE EYE.

"Bobby," said his mother: "what do you suppose God thinks when he sees you taking

lumps of sugar from the table?"
"Well," responded Bobby: "I suppose he thinks he was a boy himself once."

FIFTY-Two red-headed girls landed in Castle Garden recently, and the officials were very

TIT FOR TAT.



SERVANT .- Good morning, Mrs. Tracy, my mistress would like to borrow that book you showed her yesterday. MRS. TRACY .- Give my regards to Mrs. Krüger; but I

am sorry. I make it a rule never to lend books. If she wants to read it, let her come over here and do it.



Saturday Morning

SERVANT .- Good morning, Mrs. Krüger, Mrs. Tracy sends her regards, and will you be so kind as to let her have your carpet-beater?

Mrs. KRUEGER.-You shust dell Mrs. Dracy dat I don't lend oud anydings, nieder, und if she wants to beat her garbets, shust let her come over and do it by me.

#### WOULD N'T SIGN THE PLEDGE.

TEMPERANCE LECTURER.—Come, Mr. Rogers,

swear off and be a man. Look at Peasly.

OLD TOPER.— What 's become of Peasly? TEMPERANCE LECTURE?.-He left off drink last week.

OLD TOPER. - Is n't he dead now?

TEMPERANCE LECTURER. -- Oh, no! We've just elected him president of the local branch

of the Y. M. C. A.
OLD TOPER.—Well, that's the next thing to No man can leave off the stuff sudden-like without having some terrible affliction.

#### THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

SIDNEY SMITH once noted the spectacle of a "light jester coming with the feather of wit to break down the bulwarks of

truth," and it filled him with consternation. The feather of English wit is not a lance nor a two-edged sword; but when it is used as a maul, it may well excite grave fears for any bulwarks that have not been tested with dynamite. The bulwarks of some truths, however, are so solid as to defy destruction. When the gymnastic jester aims a blow at the intelligence office, for example, trying to excite a shallow jeer at its paradoxical name, he will only succeed in making his hand sing. An intelligence office may not afford any early and exclusive intelligence where good servants may be obtained; but it has never yet failed

to afford an intelligence absolutely satisfactory and conclusive that they can not be obtained at an intelligence office. That is what intelligence offices are for. If they did not teach us this, we might go on climbing two pairs of stairs, precipitating ourselves—cold, uncongenial strangers—into harmonious conclaves of scullions, and returning home empty-handed to cook our own crackers and cheese as long as we live.

These offices, besides, are schools in human nature. In other places people are girt in armor and panoplied with conventions; but the I. O. is the battle-ground of the naked, trembling soul.

Fontenoy Ulrich Simpson did not know this. And if he had known it, his serenity would not have been disturbed. He had no doubt that his soul was very choice. Sometimes he let it peep out in his magazine articles, and he could see that it was one of the eclectic. F. U. had a pretty home just outside the city limits, where his four pretty children were carefully trained by his pretty wife. Every day these four children, in fresh bibs and tuckers, ran into the study, and the literary man smiled on them as only a literary man can smile—that is, as if he had the job of smiling on the delightful but unreasonable happiness of the whole human race. F. U. felt that should an article be written on "that popular author and thinker, Fontenoy Ulrich Simpson," it would be full of such phrases as "his well-bred children," "the refined atmosphere of his truly domestic fireside," "his simple but well-ordered menage," "his modest, yet gracious hospitality," "his unpretentious but charming house just outside of the city's noise and bustle.

This was Fontenoy in the bright armor of worthy people's esteem. One day he visited town to procure a domestic. He noted little things on the street and smiled at them. But as he proceeded, espe-cially when he turned in at a narrow door-way, his smile died away, and he grew inexplicably nervous. He climbed two flights of stairs, and his knees became weak. Then he entered at a door, and stood before the alien gaze of the world's workers. His eye, which had been proudly wont to face the pages of mighty thought, now humbly sought the floor The carpet was not artistic, neither was it particularly dainty-it looked

as if, after Dr. Johnson and his elegant convives had rubbed their post-prandial hands on the historic dog, they had reciprocated by rubbing the dog on this same carpet. F. U. hated himself for looking at it.

At a small desk on a dais sat the man in charge. He had fine whiskers, and about a bushel of them; but even coward Simpson couldn't help thinking that he lacked some of the other signs of distinguished intellect. After an affable conversation with a cook, the M. C. turned,

and haughtily inquired:
"Well, sir, what can we do for you?" "I would want a -a domestic."

"What's your name?" The tone conveyed the idea that if Simpson's name wasn't a good deal different from what the man in charge mistrusted, he wouldn't get

"Simpson," confessed F. U.

"How many in family?"

"Four—five, no, six!" The world's workers giggled.

"Ages?" These questions were merely formal. It

evident that Simpson was very distasteful to the duke.

"About from five to twelve—about." This was a futile attempt on F. U.'s part to rise to his surroundings, and deny any close acquaintance with his paltry family.

"Live in the city?"

"About a mile—a mile, a—a—two miles, maybe."

"Launder done outside, of course,"
"I—I think not."

"Laundress comes in?"

"No; I believe the-just the same one does it."

"Then you want some one for general house-work," said the

nobleman, tartly, and, with the impatient air of a master in some elevated science: "Miss Mulcahy, would you care to go with this-

Miss M., a sweet mud-faced thing in a Gainsborough hat which did not have an air of refined luxury, made a feint of breaking off an absorbing conversation with the sister Mick at her side; but Fontenoy knew that she had heard every word of his degradation.

She was one of those fierce-tusked creatures which a mistaken sentiment has taken out of the class, gorilla, and intruded, tusks and all, into the class, man.

For a "popular author and thinker" to subject himself to a baboon's standard of desirability was mortifying.

"What did you say, Mr. Emptins?" asked the nightmare. "Would you care to go with this gentleman?"

"Well, he lives in the city, I suppose?"

"No, he does not."

"Are you merried, Mr. Sampsin?"
"Yes."

"Syecken' gyurl, I suppose?"
"Yes." F. U. loathed himself for the satisfaction he felt when he appeared well before the creature.

"An' a man?"

"No." F. U., sinking back to his old level, made his fall easier by adding lightly: "Not now."

Then he hated himself.

At this point the baboon resumed the exchange of conversational gems with the sister Mick.
"You better leave an order," said the M. C., with healing sympathy.

"Would it be likely to be filled?"
"Well, I can't tell you about that. You see, you live way out on a farm, and keep only two girls, with an immense family. I may run across something; but my girls here, and in fact all my girls, ain't used to that sort of thing. But you can have your dollar, and if I run across anything that is willing to make the attempt, why, I'll drop you-you can drop in once in a while and see."

F. U. never dropped in.

If, at the time, he had been invited to drop the man in charge at six paces, or to drop himself through a hole in the floor, he would probably have accepted with all the spirit that remained to him. Otherwise he believed he had dropped quite enough.

It will be many days ere he will have climbed back to the old heights, whence he once smiled at the delightful but unreasonable happiness of the whole human race. WILLISTON FISH.



#### CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.



tale is of a poor Italian boy who, without even the advantage of a middle name, went forth into the world and made what little name he did have so famous that each of

several cities claims the honor of being is birthplace.

Now, while I would not willingly make any charges which I am unable to substantiate. still there is an air o f disingenuousness

about some of these claims, which inclines me to the belief that they were made in the interests of certain hotel men, and for the purpose of illegitimately booming the tourist travel.

Of course, each town contends that it, in-dividually, is the only genuine birthplace of Christopher Columbus (for you have doubtless guessed by this time that it is to him I allude), but when Genoa comes forth with the plea that within her walls is the only Genoese birthplace, we are baffled, so to speak.

While I do not know positively that Columbus was born of poor but honest parents, still I am well assured of the fact, because I know that young Christopher was not the lad to break into a well-established tradition by becoming the offspring of people who were rich

and, therefore, morally lax. And on the same hypothesis it goes without saying that he slept in an attic so cold that he had to break the ice in his water-pitcher every morning before he could wash, though I should like to know how he encompassed the difficulty of the warm climate in which he lived. However, I remain contented with the reflection that his greatness must have been equal to the emergency, for it is obstacles like these, so trying to lesser souls, that bring to the surface the latent

capabilities of the truly great. One day Columbus conceived a project, the execution of which was destined to place him on the very loftiest pinnacle of earthly glory but one, which was reserved for John L.

The design which he had formed was to discover America; and, let me say right here (for I know you are becoming impatient to know the result of his plan), that he was eminently successful, and America was ultimately discovered, and-let it be recorded to our unutter-

able shame—by a foreigner.

One beautiful day in August, when the iceman was in the zenith of his glory, and the inquiry: "Is it hot enough for you?" was abroad in the land, Columbus left the Old World (for he did not desire to be impeded in his progress by taking it along with him), and while the band played "White Wings," he set sail for the shores of the New. On the morning of Oc-tober 12th, 1492, Columbus was sadly ruminat-ing on the impossibility of his returning to ing on the impossibility of his returning home before the end of the pumpkin-pie season, when his meditations were disturbed by the cry of "Land!" from the lookout, whom Columbus had with wise forethought stationed in the "fo'castle."

"Where away?" said Columbus.

"Two points off the for'ard capstan."
"Helm-a-lee!" shouted Columbus.
"Aye, aye, sir!" cheerily responded the man whose trick it was at the wheel. The main brace was then eased off by the man hired for that purpose, and the little craft was brought up, every sail shaking, into the eye of the wind. Columbus now looked in the direction indicated The Artist's n.a. cosy little hall room @ With an outlook on the Square. Which Washington had named for him-By Rensselar . His person ·I practice My profession:
·I · m an artist \_ so to speak;
·And My · landscapes, figures, still-life
·With inspiration reek That if carping critics buy me and affirm with envy full.

That my mountaing look like saw teeth My wavelety white like wool;
and say the noble red man.

In my mammeth. "Lovery Leap".

Resembles a cigar sign?

Why reader, talk is cheap. These little things delight Me. For well I know that they Could never paint a woodshed and make the color stay.
Though their pens are pointed keeply and venomed at the tip.
With bitterest acumen · To cause My tears to drip Blown trom schoolboy lips through tine. and were this my only trouble · But I ve had a wretched get back · And feel called upon to poge. As a doubled up young Marty With a bucket ful of wees lere is the trouble that is continued in the disc of brass. Which fitted on my burner.
Will for a stoyelet pass
But my landlord he is crafty. · And on putting on My um.
For coffee \_ and tim pam for eggs.
The gas neglects to burn!!! J.S.S.

by the lookout, and, sure enough, there was

Reader, what were his emotions when for the first time he beheld that distant and low-lying coast-line, which shadowed forth the promise of a land whose virgin soil was as yet untrod-den by the feet of Raymond excursionists or the ubiquitous British traveler?

In answering, write plainly on one side of the paper, giving real name and address, not neces-sarily for publication, but merely as an evidence

of good faith.

When the gallant little vessel approached the shore, the natives assembled in great numbers, gazing at it curiously, thinking, from its slow and laborious movements, that it was another English yacht come over to race for the America's cup. This illusion was dispelled, however, when Columbus, unaccompanied by his crew, left the vessel, and planting the flag of Spain on the beach, he said: "At last my feet press the soil of a continent,

the very existence of which has heretofore been undreamed, even by the foremost dreamers of the age." (Cries of "Hear! Hear!" and "Go the age." (Cries of "I on!" from the natives.)

Columbus was about to proceed, when he

heard a hard, dry voice at his elbow saying:
"I would like to have you write something in my album."

He turned and took one look at the person by his side, then broken-hearted fled.

It was the female autograph-fiend, she was here then, and is here yet.

ELMER A. ELLSWORTH.

#### MEPHISTOPHELES, P. D.

THE Devil grew tired of his home one day,
For business was in a terrible way,
So he thought he would take a trip, and see
If he could n't get into society.

And he said: "Myself I'll not disguise, But appear as I am to mortal eyes; And if well received I can truly say, On my charms alone I made my way."



He tried the town of Quaker fame, But they did n't approve of his family name; For the King of the Under World, you see, Was rather off on his pedigree.

#### THE SNOW BIRD.

Out on my window sill a snow bird sits gathered into a cosy ball, and occasionally looking in at me. I presume the bird is not aware of the fact that it is not in accordance with the usages of polite society to stand and stare at one you don't know. If he is aware of this fact, and in spite of it persists in deliberately staring at me, then he is an impertinent bird and does n't deserve a crumb of bread or a crumb of comfort.

But we should think he would yearn for bird seed, which when planted grows up in the shape of trees full of birds. We should also imagine that he would also like to get into the house to pick at the

walls, under the impression that they are made of bird lime.

Many naturalists are at a loss to understand how it is that even the snow bird goes through the winter without getting frosted toes or chilblains. But we suppose the snow would cure the chilblains, just as a homœopathic physician would cure a side of bacon. And how does the bird sleep whose wing is clipped to keep him from flying? He has no wing to put his head under. Then what does he put his head under? He puts them under clothes, does he? What kind of under-clothes?

But we will close by saying that we would (Not) we were a bird. We would sooner be a giraffe. Then we should not be shot to decorate a lady's hat. The idea of any one wanting to be a bird. Who wants wings?\* Oh, no; no bird for us! we would rather be a metre ballad tom-cat and cry maow any day. And here endeth the snow bird.



For the home of culture he started then, But there he was frozen out again; For as an author he had not shone Except in novels of doubtful tone.



Unwearied, he started for Baltimore, But there, again, they closed the door; For the D—— was anything but fair, And they made remarks on his feet and hair.

A FREAK THAT IS NEVER EXHIBITED TO THE PUBLIC.



A Human Being with Two Heads on One Pair of Shoulders.

VI.

He was sorely vexed o'er his fruitless quest, It was plain he was not a welcome guest, But he made up his mind he yet would be On terms with the aristocracy.

VII.

With a plan in view, he again set out To storm New York's select redoubt; He threw his millions left and right, He paved his way with ducats bright.



VIII.

It opened to him, wide and free,
The gilded courts of society;
And the regal welcome so pleased the Prince,
That he has remained there ever since!
ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON.

#### A BOY'S WORK.

THERE are certain kinds of work that boys like and dislike. The average boy despises almost every kind of work that he can only regard as work and nothing else. He performs cheerfully many acts that he calls pleasure, and does not regard as labor.

For instance, the small boy who feels mad enough to tear his hair out by the roots, on being asked to chop an armful of wood, will cheerfully spend hours throwing stones and shinnies up into a persimmon-tree thirty feet high, in order to knock a few down.

Now the small boy that thinks it is not work to struggle for three hours to climb a tree that he can't reach half-way around, in order to climb it and nothing else, would simply faint if he were asked to step out and shovel the snow off twenty-five feet of sidewalk.

He will walk three or four miles after

He will walk three or four miles after a circus procession without becoming in the least weary or exhausted; but ask him to step around to the post-office to see if there is a letter for you, and he will tell you he is tired out and wants to lie down for awhile.

He will go forth and kick a foot-ball

He will go forth and kick a foot-ball all over creation, and get bruised and broken until he can not be recognized by his family, but just ask him to kick the treadle of a grindstone for an hour or two, and he will give you a look of sorrow that will satisfy you that he thinks this world one of deception, as well as one about as hollow as the average solid jewelry we see in society.

It is easier for a boy to drag a heavy toboggan up a long, steep hill, than it is for him to carry a quart of milk downhill. Plenty of fun and nothing to do is his never-changing motto.

<sup>\*</sup> Ferdinand Ward.



ARADOXES.

these boys?

1.—THE TOMBS. JUSTICE BLUFFY. What is the charge, Officer O'Turk, against

OFFICER O'TURK .-Gambling, sor! Sure I found thim a-matchin' pinnies on Ann Strate, on me bate yisterday avenin'.

JUSTICE BLUFFY.—"ix months in the House of Refuge. [Exeunt boys, all bawling.]

II.—Also the Tombs. JUSTICE WILY.—What is the complaint

against John Doe, alias Sheeny Sam?

ISAAC TURNIPTOP.—Jedge, he got me to play keerds yesterday, and skun me aout of eightyone dollars, all the money I had.

JUSTICE WILY.-Where do you live, sir? ISAAC TURNIPTOP. - In Dogtown, your Honor, near Cohuse

JUSTICE WILY.—So you've got to come to New York to play cards, young man? I'll teach you a lesson. I'll commit you to the House of Detention as a witness until trial, which will be in one year. Sam, I'll hold you in two hundred and fifty dollars' bail!

SHEENY SAM.—Judge, Alderman Skinnem is

here, and will go my bonds. Will he do?

JUSTICE WILY.—Certainly. The Alder The Alderman is an old and esteemed friend.

[Alderman and Sheeny sign, and as they go out]
ALDERMAN SKINNEM.—Well done, Sammy; that's the end of the case. There's your share, old boy, a clean twenty dollars.

[Clippings from the Daily Globe.]

An interesting law-suit is in progress in the Court of Common Pleas, where John de Verde

is suing Hammond, Blinks & Co. for forty-two thousand dollars, alleged to have been lost in the famous bucket-shop at No. 199 Wall Street. The plaintiff claims that he was cheated by the defendants. The answer is a denial.

Moses P. Blinks, the well-known banker, was re-elected trustee of the Paupers' Provident Trust Company yesterday. After the election, a service of plate was given him by his fellow directors, along with a handsomely engrossed set of resolutions. Mr. Blinks is also vicepresident of the Widows' and Orphans' Bank.

[Clippings from the Daily Moon.]

Deacon S. V. Black, the far-famed moderator of Three-ply Mouth Church, made the bears climb in a lively way yesterday, when he jumped Lackawanna twenty points on a short market. He is said to have made three hun-dred thousand dollars by the operation. A result of his strategic moves was the failure of Poor, Goode & Co., Greatheart & Soule, and Strong & Reddy later in the day.

Deacon S. V. Black has been elected to Congress from the 4-11-44 district, by a slight majority over Costigan, democrat.

[Clippings from the Daily Flyblown.]

The campaign in Rings County is a surprise to all good citizens. It was fought upon high moral grounds. Yet the district-attorney, who is openly charged with sympathy for the gamblers, was elected by an overwhelming majority.

The only thing to rejcice over is the election of the distinguished banker, S. V. Black, to Congress. Thank Heaven, the green table does not yet own everything!

WM. E. S. FALES.

A FEAST IN STORE FOR HER.



COUNTRYMAN (in drug store). - I want to git some kind of a pres-

ent for my girl.

CLERK (displaying a box of fancy toilet-soap).—How would something of that sort do? COUNTRYMAN.—I guess that 'll do, if it does n't cost too much. She's allers hankerin' ater candy.

THERE IS a Russian nobleman named Katkoff. In this country he would very likely be called Miaow, and have a boot-jack thrown at him.

WHAT WE need in the way of ladies' dress-reform is the old style garment that gave us an occasional opportunity to catch sight of a pretty ankle. Brothers, are you with us?

In some parts of the South and West, a man who wears a collar is despised by every one. This prejudice must have grown out of the popular custom of wearing

A COUNTRY EDITOR says: "We have socialism in our midst." He is lucky. Some country editors have n't anything in their "midst."

IF MEN would use the same painstaking care in all their affairs that they do when cleaning the snow off their sidewalk, to see that they don't encroach upon their neighbors' property, success would only be a question of time.

THE PROPHET never shaved, and that is probably the reason that the barber never swears by the beard of the Prophet.

AN AMBITIOUS YOUTH.



"Young man," said a solemn passenger on the Third Avenue elevated road to the brakeman, who was eating a corned-beef sandwich between stations: "I suppose that you have your hopes and ambitions like all the rest

of us?"
"Oh, yes, sir."
"And what is your ambition? To be president of
this great corporation?"
"No, sir. My ambition is that in the dim and distant future, when I am old and feeble, and life is fast
fading away, I may be able to sit down to my meals."

#### THE BOB-TAIL CARS.

WHATEVER may be our prejudice against Socialism, it can not be doubted that some of its projects could be adopted with

benefit to the community.

Take, for instance, the idea that the public should confiscate horse-car lines, and run the cars without charge to the passengers. This would not be a radical innovation; it is already practically in operation on the bob-tail carlines in wet weather. The American citizen never looks so happy as when, on a rainy night, he hangs on to the back-platform of a crowded bob-tail car, and listens complacently to the alternate ringing and swearing of the driver, and treats with contemptuous indifference, all ex-

hortations to pass up the fare.

He feels, indeed, that he might be still happier if the people in front would act on his suggestion to move up and allow him to get into a position where the rain would not drip down the back of his neck, or if the driver would attend to his business and drive ahead, instead of stopping every three or four blocks to come around to the rear-platform to interview the patrons of the company, and include in profanity, as hereinbefore mentioned.

But these things are not to be expected, and the American citizen does n't expect them. He is happy, and he wishes others to be equally happy; a fact which is evident from his enthusiastic recommendations to the people waiting at the corners, to take the next car. And the basis of his happiness is undoubtedly the

fact that it does n't cost him a cent.

It is not that he cares for five cents. Prohibition statistics conclusively prove the con-trary. Nor is it that he is dishonest. He may be worthy to have lived in the time of King Alfred, when, we are told, Waterbury watches could be exposed on the public highways, and nobody would think of touching them.

It is, no doubt, because we are all more or less socialistic at heart—and the sooner the legitimate claims of socialism are recognized, the better it will be for everybody.

#### TO A FRESH YOUNG FLOWER.

ILLIAM HENRY PERCY ST. JOHN DRIGGS, who has heard somewhere that I give advice to the young, free of charge, writes to me thus: DEAR SIR: - I am a young

man of fine personal appearance, and have a good flow of language. As my father recently came into posses-sion of a large fortune, I

now have opportunity to indulge my long - cherished desire to move in the higher circles of society. But I am

naturally modest and timid before strangers, and afraid of doing something contrary to the rules and regulations of society. Please answer the following questions:

I.-What should I wear to a five o'clock tea? II.—How can I acquire a cool, unruffled air and haughty smile?

III.-Will my native modesty wear off after I have moved for awhile in society?

IV.—What should I do in case I should make a bad blunder while moving in society?
V.—What are proper subjects to introduce

when conversing with a young lady?
VI.—How should I enter the saloon?

VII.-How can I make my moustache grow? The case of William Henry Percy St. John Driggs is an interesting one, and calls for a higher order of intellect than I have on hand at this time; and yet I feel that I can not pass

him by in silence without a pang of remorse.

First.—There may be a difference of opinion in respect to this thing, dear William Henry

Percy St. John Driggs, but, on the impulse of the moment, and without consulting authorities, I would say that the proper things to wear to a five o'clock tea are: Coat, vest, trousers, hat, shirt, collar, cuffs, tie and shoes. It would be better to add stockings and a pair of lemon-colored gloves, but if you can't have both, have the gloves. You can't have both, have the gloves. might wear a Government blanket, a pair of moccasins, and an expression of extreme dignity, à la Sioux, but I do not advise it. Again, you might wear a haughty smile and a diamond-ring, but without something more than these you would not be in good form, and your *ensemble* might attract attention and occasion remark. If you have no clothes of your own, you can hire a suit that will look en règle at a five o'clock tea, and cost you only one dollar and twenty-five cents for the oc-

SECOND. - Long and unremitting practice is necessary to the acquirement of a cool, unruffled air and haughty smile. Almost any person can own a common ruffled air, but a cool, unruffled air comes high, and there are times when a smile of any sort seems beyond our reach. There are occasions when I quail, myself: when I stand in the presence of the great, such as the hotel-clerk, and he seeks to wither me with his high-priced gaze; and yet I survive these things, William Henry. But let me whisper one bit of caution in your ear: In the event that you acquire a cool, unruffled air, do not allow yourself to sleep in it winter nights.

THIRD.—Will your native modesty wear off after you have moved for a time in society? I hope not, and yet I fear the worst. Though you do not say it, I read between the lines that you would exchange your native modesty for cheek, which, observation has taught you to think, will serve you a better purpose as a society young man. Cheek is mighty, I will confess, but why don't you try keeping your native modesty merely as an eccentric experiment? I will promise you that if I meet you in the midst of the gay social throng, with all your native modesty wrapped about you, I will not give your address to the proprietor of the dimemuseum.

FOURTH.-If you make a bad blunder while moving in society, do not lose your sang-froid. Be cool under all circumstances, or you may be considered de trop, or something equally un-pleasant. If at table you put a large potato in your wealth of mouth, and then incidentally discover that it is a great deal hotter than you thought it was, be perfectly calm and throw off a gay joke or two while the potato is cooling, right where you have it. This course may require some effort, but it is the only one that will save you from attracting unpleasant attention, and being considered *de trop*. If you tip over your plate of soup into the lap of the lady by your side, pass it off in a pleasant way, wearing a bright, holiday smile all the while, and endeavor to lead the lady's attention away from the affair with a fresh-laid conundrum appropriate to the occasion. The worst blunders in society may be passed over without a riot if you will only be calm.

FIFTH.—The drama and opera are proper subjects for a young man to introduce when conversing with a young lady. After the play, you might introduce supper. In the summer, ice-cream is not always an unpleasant subject, and in winter, a sleigh-ride is quite en règle, and may be received with éclat. If the acquaintance is ripe enough for the harvest, the bridal-journey is a proper, and, in most cases, a very pleas-

A GAME DINNER.



"Waiter," he said, as he seated himself in a Park Row coffee-

"Watter," he said, as he seated himself in a Park Row coffee-and-cake saloon, and drew off his gloves: "what kind of game have you got to-day?"

"I'll ask the chef," replied the waiter softly.

Presently he tiptoed back: "There's beef, an' beans, wheat-cakes, eggs, an' red napkins with fringe. We were to have had turkey-feet on toast," he added apologetically: "but it looks so much like rain this mornin' that the boss thought that the young gents would n't care to stir out."

#### THE CIRCUS CLOWN.



IGHLY colored the circus clown Skips about in his tights,
And the people all their woes
forget
In his ancient jesting flights.

The ring-master says that down on change He used to be an expert; And the clown replies that he'll never be The same at changing his shirt.

And then the yokels all jump and shout. And shake from head to toe, And the clown announces, in high-flown words, The ten-cent minstrel show,

And he speaks of the wonderful trained trick-mules That you can't ride by hook or crook, And offers for sale for fifteen cents, His authorized song-book.

And the buckwheats wander from the show, All confident way down
In their hearts that the funniest man on earth
Is the desolate circus clown.

ant and interesting subject. After that you may let the conversation take its own course, It will run along without much of your assist-

SIXTH.—Sundays you will have to enter by the back-way, most likely, but week days I think it better form to go in by the front-door. I don't like to see a promising young man of fine personal appearance, and with a good flow of language, like you, sneaking into the "saloon" by the back-way day after day, and then

sneaking out again by the same route, chewing a bit of lemon-peel. Don't enter the "saloon" too often, but when you do go in, act like a man who is not afraid of a captious world.

SEVENTH.—In the fall, top-dress with fine phosphates. In the spring, go over with a coarse rake, and run a lawn-mower over the ground frequently. P. S.—After thinking over answer

number seven for twenty-four hours, it don't seem to me to be just the thing you want, dear William Henry Percy St. John Driggs. I fear I have consulted the wrong authority this time, and yet I don't see how I can prescribe anything that will fit the case better.

SCOTT WAY.

A Boston newspaper has hit upon a happy thought to increase its circula-tion. It offers as a premium a pair of eye-glasses.

IT is said that a mule can not bray if you tie a weight to his tail and hold it down. But here arises the old, old question: "Who's to bell the cat?"

GIN ITSELF is colorless, but the man who drinks it is n't.

THE LESS a wife tries to manage the better she will manage to get along with the old man. This is official.

EVEN BARBERS sometime find trouble to razor dollar when they're strapped.

WE DON'T want to cast any slurs upon mankind, but we must call attention to the fact that the amounts contributed to the conscience fund are very small.

#### YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

(Second Crop.)

#### II .- THE CHARITY FAIR.

is two o'clock. The night is well nigh spent, And, as I drag my weary vigil out By pacing to and fro across the floor, With fretful little Johnny on one arm,
And Grover Cleveland Young, our youngest born,
A-howling with the colic on the other, My thoughts go back to those far happy days When Ann and I, the lover and the loved, Did walk the primrose path of perfect peace,

Creating for ourselves a golden hence Of married life that naught but death could break. And now--alas! the bitter tears well forth--And now she 's gone. Not gone, indeed, above To dwell with saints upon the shining strand, Leaving me here a widower, and full free To hustle 'round and find another rib; But gone unto the vestry of the church, Where she, as Dorcas militant, does guard A grab-bag, or a fishing-tub, or some Such scheme to catch the dimes of dudes; And I, alack! am left to minister Unto the wailing kids who want their ma. Oh, Charity, I hate thy name—but list, At last she cometh with the organist. EKE YOUNG. WORTH REMEMBERING.



"And now remember, children," said Mr. Bucrag, as he concluded his remarks to his deestrick-school class: "that Rome was n't built in a day, and with Daniel Webster the dictionary was the unremitting toil of years."

#### THEIR DIFFERENT USES.

A Chicago young lady who is visiting in this city stood before a Broadway shop-window recently in which was displayed a number of

toboggans.
"Oh, Fan," she said, after she had admired them for some time:
"what lovely shoe-horns!"

HE WAS NO DUDE.



CUSTOMER (in up-town drug store) .- I want a thirty-grain dose o' quinine, young man.

CLERK .- Yes, sir. What will you take it with, sir? Customer.-I'll take it with a spoon. I'm a Wabash Valley man, an' I ain't doodish 'nough yet, thank God, to eat with a fork.

#### HE FORGOT TO SIGN HIS FULL NAME.

STEPHEN THOMAS, LL.D., D. D. G., N., L. P., T. O. R., F. M. N., said he was originally born with the plain name of Stephen Thomas; he had held that name until he become of age, when, by degrees, he found that letters were accumulating on the end of his title like freight-train, and, unlike a freight-train, they still clung to the engine, Stephen Thomas; he did not drop any of the cars at stations along the route.

Once he entered a hotel and asked for the register, and said he would like to register his name.

The clerk handed a pen to Stephen Thomas, when he simply signed the name of Stephen Thomas, imitating the Republican form of govern-

When the clerk observed that Stephen Thomas was a guest, he assigned him to a room on the ninth floor, two flights above the elevator.

There was no fire in the room (it was winter); the pitcher and bowl looked as if they had just arrived from Charleston, and were pretty badly "shaken up;" there was no towel on the rack; the "electric" bell was "out of repair," and the room had the appearance of being haunted and overlooked.

Stephen Thomas felt chagrined. He turned on his heel and immediately saw the clerk. He said he would like to see the register, as he had forgot to sign his entire name.

The clerk looked perplexed, and wondered if Stephen Thomas was an escaped madman. As Stephen Thomas finished writing his titles, the clerk turned the book around and passed his hypercritical eye over the remaining portion of Stephen Thomas' name. He said, after a pause:

"Any of the family with you?"

"I'm alone," responded Stephen Thomas.
"Going to remain in town long?" inquired the clerk, as he twirled his moustache.

"About two days," said Mr. Thomas.

"Sorry you won't stay longer," said the clerk: "would like to make it pleasant for you while you remain in town,"

"By the way," said Mr. Thomas: "could you give me a room convenient to the dining-room? It's rather lonesome where I am." "Next to the bridal-chamber, if you wish. Probably you would

like a room next to the parlor, where you can lie asleep nights and listen to the piano-playing and operetta by the permanent guests?"

"You're very kind; but I think I would like to get away from the rumble of the street-cars. Probably you could give me a room on the third floor? One with a fire-escape?" inquired Mr. Thomas.

"Certainly; anywhere you wish," said the clerk, with a smile.

"Front!" said the clerk, in a loud tone of voice: "Assign this gentleman to a room adjacent to the one occupied by the Hon.
William Flush."

W. L. CRISSEY. W. L. CRISSEY.

WE HAVE heard a great deal from time to time on the subject of "hollow mockery." Now, what we would like to see would be a little pure solid mockery.

#### BAY RUM.

rubs with hard methodic touch Your chin, your cheek, perchance your ear, And with the brush he lathers much, Killing the time to you most dear. In agonizing mood you sit, You know the word that has to come; You are inclined to up and "git" Before you hear him ask, "Bay Rum?"

He rubs and rubs against the grain, But that is nothing to the thought, You care not for the stirring pain So cheap and yet so dearly bought. You curse the hour that you passed down, And yet you know you must keep mum; You can not smile, you can not frown Until you hear him say, "Bay Rum?"

III.

With razor blunt he scrapes away, But for all that you do not care; You dread to hear what he will say When he has finished off your hair. Your doom is sealed, oh, hard to tell, You can't resist, you must be dumb; Alas! you know, and know it well, The fiend will whisper soft, "Bay Rum?" IV.

O, sad mistake to take the chair When one has got but half-a-dime, Humiliation, blank despair Is sure to follow for the time. 'Tis hard, indeed, to such a fate Must many mortals e'en succumb; A warning take before too late, And be prepared to buy Bay Rum.

ACTON KELLY.



#### BOYISH REVERIES.

HE small boy has very singular ideas of what he would do if he became rich, Brilliant visions float before him of unlimited liberty-piratical excursions and banquets al fresco.

I remember my own boyish castles in

I determined that when I should become rich (which was, of course, a settled certainty) I would live in a gorgeous tent on some desert island—surrounded by bowing menials in uniform, to whom I gave orders in a piratical tone of voice – and whose sole duty it was to feed me on apple-pie, of which I was inordinately fond.

I further planned an excursion to waylay the schoolmaster and bear him triumphantly to my tent, where I, seated on a throne studded with diamonds and pearls, and surrounded by my officers, acted as judge against the tyrant who had been my bugbear during a long boyish life. I assumed as much scorn as I possibly

could muster, and said to him:

"False tyrant, at last I have thee in my clutches (here my men would rattle their sabres suggestively), and will now make thee suffer for the years of misery thou hast caused me. Down to the deepest dungeon with him! Feed him on nothing but castor oil!"

My men would here hustle him out amid profuse prayers for mercy,

to which I was dramatically deaf.

I had further planned the idea of having all my schoolmates present at the grand climax, when I would have the schoolmaster come out on all-fours, flogged by ten of my men to slow music.

The sweetest idea of my prophetic forecast was that I could go barefoot whenever I chose—which was then, to my idea, a prerogative enjoyed only by kings and pirates. The privilege of wearing a belt also arose before my vision with soothing effect.

I had also in my mind a gorgeous chariot of bright-red and gold, drawn by thirty prancing steeds clad in glittering armor. I fancied myself seated therein, and driven at a furious pace through those streets frequented by my former companions.

I pictured to myself their amazed looks, mingled with respect, and when I saw the butcher-boy (who always prided himself on driving around on Saturdays in his father's cart, and was the envy of us all), my cup of happiness was complete, and I drank it to its dregs.

I would also have a private circus, at which performances would be

held for my personal benefit.

The performers would come before my box after each act, and I would bestow praises on them with lofty dignity, and throw them purses



I do not know how much longer I might have indulged in these visions of puerile felicity, if I had not been harshly reminded that the kindling-wood was running low. So I was obliged to cut off my future happiness just as I had commenced to plan a gigantic swimming-bath, decorated with tables groaning beneath the weight of cakes, cheese and crackers.

RALPH LEAPER.



Ly by a mere chance a manuscript of great value has just come into my possession. It is of about the date of 1886, thus being nearly two thousand years old. Almost effaced by age, but little can be made of it; however, it seems to tell of some ancient pil-

grimage to a city, named Chicago—probably a town that once stood in the United King-

a town that once stood in the United Kingdoms of America:

\*\*\* \* \* So saying, on the 7th day he
departed from thence. And he journeyed him
even unto the great city of Chicago, a city
known as Æola, a city of great and tempestuous
wind. The which did fill the city most complete, being the most notable characteristic thereof, and which did prevail even unto the mouths of the inhabitants, insomuch that they seemed filled with wind. And it was so. And it came to pass that on the 11th day did he arrive within the precincts. And he marveled greatly, saying, surely this be a city of much magnitude.

And behold, he did visit the Commerce Chamber thereof, and he marveled him still more. For were not wild beasts there? Beasts of the forest and of the barnyard, and were they not beasts in the guise of men? Surely it was so. And much traffic was carried on with-Then spake the pilgrim and saith:

"What be the subjects whereof ye barter?" And the beast maketh reply:

"Cereals—50,000 at 91/s, eh?"
And the pilgrim marveled much at this quaint figure of speech, and said: "Yea, so be it."

Whereat did the beast make writing on a parchment and said:

"Tlianks be unto ye," or words of much similitude.

The business about him was of exceeding greatness, and did prevail exclusively. Then the pilgrim made inquiry and asked:

"Where keepest thou these many wheats and hams?"

And the beast did make reply, saying:

"Methinks thou art a condemn fool. The

A KEEN SENSE OF SHAME.



"Can you trust me to a glass of beer until day after to-morrow at half-past twelve," he asked, as he

came over from the free-lunch counter.

"No, sir," said the bar-tender, with hopeless emphasis.

"I'm sorry. It seems kinder small for a man to eat a lot of free-lunch, an' then not buy anything to drink."

And he went slowly out with a halo of intense mortification hovering over him.

wheat of which thou speakest is not yet sown, nor be the hogs yet born."

After hearing which the pilgrim departed out of the place meditating. He thus meditated:

"What mighty nation have I struck? What a fabulous people be these that can traffic in wheat that is not yet sown, and hams, the hogs of which be not yet born?"

Here he met a native, and the wind pre-vailed exceedingly. \* \* \* \*

It is claimed that many people in Illinois now omit the letter "h" when spelling sugar.

THE SUDDEN changes in our climate keep a man busy jumping from hot Scotch whiskey to lager beer.

A KENTUCKY COLONEL fell into his well recently, and was there five hours before he was rescued. But it all turned out for the best. He sells the water from the well to his neighbors for one dollar a gallon.

ABOUT THE most contemptible trick that a man can play on his fellow-men, is to have his hair cut in a crowded barber-shop of a Saturday night. \*

THE WORLD is called a fleeting show; but none of us want to go out between the acts.

THE CHAMBERS of a revolver are so called because they put people to sleep.

A TACK is an easy thing to find—when you are not looking for it.

#### THE CHURCH MADE A LARGE CONTRIBUTION FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE HEATHEN.



But, of course, the revivalist has to be paid for the good missionary sermon he



And the expenses of the Distributing Branch of the Missionary Society have to



The poor, life-sacrificing missionary has to have his small salary.



F.M. HOWARTA:

So, by the time the contribution reaches the unconverted heathen, there is not enough of it left to buy poor Mrs. Heathen a quarter yard of calico for her spring-dress. Thus a good work fails.



NCIENT LUNATICS.

Shakspere said "Great wit is sure to madness near allied." Shakspere was a man of considerable intelligence, and when he made the above remark, he was old enough to know what he was

talking about; therefore, we hate to contradict him. Still, we think he was wrong in this matter, being misled, probably, by a too hasty examination of the careers of some of those eccentric Greeks who have been palmed off on posterity as philosophers.

For instance, there is Diogenes. If he was a philosopher we would rather not have any philosophy in ours. Diogenes, it is well known, lived in a stationary wash - tub, and went around with a lighted candle in the day-time, looking for an honest man. He did not expect to find one-he was not so far gone as that; but he wanted to be sarcastic, and thought the above proceedings would make the people of Athens feel bad. The people of Athens did not feel bad, because they had always considered Diogenes a crank. (We substitute a dash for the Greek adjective, as the latter might not be understood.) It may not be generally known that Diogenes was taken in by an Athenian policeman and committed for ten days for disorderly conduct. After that he was not so sarcastic.

Archimedes was worse than Diogenes. He is the man who discovered the law of specific gravity while bathing. He immediately rushed out of the bath, without even waiting to soak his head, which he had frequently been advised to do; and ran into the street shouting "Eureka! Eureka!" and making other in-coherent remarks. Meeting a coherent remarks. Meeting a friend, he insisted on bringing him to the nearest saloon and having a drink on the head of it. When he arrived home, at 2 A. M. the next day, shouting "Eureka!" every time he thought

he had found the key-hole, his condition was shocking.

The chief hallucination of Archimedes was, that if he had a lever long enough he could move the earth. He would not listen to reason on this subject. It was in vain to explain to him that the earth was moving along pretty lively without his assistance; he was just pigheaded enough to want to move it the other way. He patented his idea; and organized the Archimedean Lever Joint Stock Company —shares ten dollars each. It was the Keely Motor of antiquity. At every meeting of the directors he explained that his lever was not quite ready, as he had not decided where to move the earth to; or he had not been able to find a place on which to rest the fulcrum; or some other absurd excuse. Archimedes was quite sincere in this matter; he pawned his toga before he abandoned the scheme.

Shakspere ought to have looked into these facts before he indulged in such hasty general-

THE OLDEST Mason in the United States died in Centralia the other day. He could see to read without roller-skates.

A CORRESPONDENT SPEAKS of our policemen as the silent watchmen of the night. They might also be called the silent stop-watches of the night.

IT is only when a man is drunk that he is willing to fight the man who says he is n't sober.

"THE TIME must come when we must all lie down and die," says a minister. We must all die, of course; but some of us won't lie down

WHEN A WOMAN is selecting a spring-bonnet, she often "loses her head"; but she always finds it again in time for the bonnet.

THAT SAME OLD FIRE.



GENTLEMANLY SEXTON.—I beg your pardon, sir, but the services are over, and I want to close the church.

SLEEPER (mumbling).—'f you'll build it this mornin', Maria, I'll gin yer
my word I won't ast yer to agin this winter.

#### WINTER OBSERVATIONS.

WINTER came upon us this time with such acceptable mildness that I supposed, and do yet, that its openness was the result of a grave oversight, or that it did so purposely to compel some of our weather prophets to hunt their burrows. I am now, however, fully convinced that some of its closeness has slipped through its openness, and, probably with no charitable intent, has put the canal mule to rest for four months at each terminal point of the artificial stream.

I was smart enough, as I thought, at the grand opening of winter to lay in a modest two tons of coal, and save the interest on a more extravagant purchase, and now I find myself existing a sparsely settled Passaic County village without the necessary fuel to keep old Boreas from making himself felt in my immediate family circle, while the modest coal merchant, who runs the railroad station, has a substantial regret to offer that, owing to the snow blockade at the western terminus, he will be unable to gladden my heart with a road-wagon full for several days.

Any one who has been courageous enough to put in a winter in a country house which is so heavily mortgaged that repairs are never thought of, except at the tenant's expense, can condole with me as I wander up-stairs to the lonely garret and, through an unknown depth of immaculate snow which has sifted through the porous rafters, hunt madly through a dozen barrels for a friendly bed-quilt to aid me in staving off some of the chill which habitually peregrinates about my humble cot.

If I were fortunate enough to own an æolian harp I could make life endurable for a while, because wind enough stirs about my north bedroom window to furnish motive power for a

dozen harps.

A snow storm is raging just now, as I sit beneath the friendly shelter of a buffalo robe, with my feet resting against the carcass of our family

dog, writing these few innocent snatches concerning a gay winter.

I raise the curtain and gaze out, the downy flakes patter gently against the pane, form myriad shapes in their wild descent, and glisten like miniature stars, as the gas-I mean lamp-light-is thrown upon them.

Furthermore, the savage north wind has blown the snow into a great drift, reaching as far up as my window, and if good luck follows me up I will arrange to have a toboggan slide for indi-

I am not going to spend three days digging through snow drifts in order to get out to the wood-shed, because I have learned by sad experience, and a lame back, that a warm rain usually comes after a man has worked barnacles on his hands shoveling snow, and that it can wipe out more drifts in one night than you could reduce by human efforts in a season.

I am going to nurse my strength while the snow is piled up against all the doors in the house like a ghastly sentinel, nor will I shovel a pound of it while I can use the toboggan slide at my north bedroom window as a means of exit, for, behold, I realize the January thaw will soon be upon us, and I may be called upon to use all my strength to prevent the water from rising from the cellar to the eaves of the house.

This, of course, will occur when the openness of the winter once more pays us a welcome visit.

A. W. MUNKITTRICK.

IF you can not play tennis in the country

during the winter, you can at least put the ball against the wall, and have a great deal of fun in keeping it going without knocking over the clock and vases, and driving holes through the oil paintings. If you want to get your fat off, oil the floor, so that every time you fall you will burst yourself open, and pick up a bushel of splinters. This will enable you to get lots of pine into your system, and will spruce you up if you will only continue at it long enough.



#### ÉLITE SOCIETY AT WIGGINS'S CORNERS.



Nobody at Wiggins's Corners could count himself in society until he had met Miss Helena Fitzgerald. pampered minions of New York aristocracy would perhaps have denied the existence of society in Wiggins's Corners; nevertheless, although set down in the county atlas as "a small frontier settlement," Wiggins's Corners was not to be out-done by the haughty marts of trade. Its name

did not receive general approval, having been fastened upon it in its early days, when it boasted only one saloon and a grocery store, instead of, as at present, a dozen liquor stores, three groceries, a post-office, a score of residences, and a church. Leading citizens argued for a change of name. Grampian City was urged as a title by many; prac-tical men favored some such substantial name as Grand Junction, which would give an idea of a railway centre, and would be especially convenient some day

when a railroad should reach us. Others suggested an aromantic title, such as Roseville, Glenalpine, or Uralaria. Others suggested an attractive and

Need I say that this last-mentioned plan was supported by Miss Helena Fitzgerald, the leader of Wiggins's Corners society? The palatial residence of the Fitzgeralds, easily distinguished by its painted fence, its wide plank-walk, and its brick chimney, was known as "The Oaks," from the time when Miss Helena Fitzgerald began to date her letters from it, notwithstanding the fact that the only vegetation on the estate was scrub-brush. The proprietor was the Hon. J. Fitzgerald. The Hon. Fitzgerald had made a fortune by his judicious mixing of sand with the sugar sold in his grocery store, and the scientific combina-tion of chicory with his high grades of coffee. If oleomargarine had been invented in his day, he would have sold it for butter. He bore the title of Honorable because he always presided at political meetings, and had never been satisfactorily convicted of anything dishonorable.

It was his daughter who returned, after a year's absence in New York, to shed her refulgent light upon Wiggins's Corners society. (See Wiggins's Corners Buckeye for that week.) On that ever-memorable day her father wore a clean paper-collar as he escorted her from the mail-wagon to his residence, and two of the crowd that followed appeared in new fur-caps. Never was there such excitement in Wiggins's

Corners.

From that day forward, society at Wiggins's Corners developed with rapid strides. There were frequent fashionable gatherings, where stalwart men might have been seen scraping their feet on the front mat, while fair women in many-colored dresses sat within with folded hands, gazing at the opposite wall. The Wiggins's Corners brass-band might have been heard discoursing sweet strains in the parlor, while leading citizens sat carelessly upon the sofas and discussed the topics of the day.

It was reserved, however, for Miss Helena Fitzgerald's party to cap the climax of fashionable entertainment in Wiggins's Corners. The oc-

casion was one of unusual importance. It was a grave question that harassed the minds of fortunate individuals who were invited, whether full dress was en régle, or whether informal red-shirts, corduroys, and boots, would be the correct thing. Those most familiar with the customs of high society struck a happy mean by wearing high collars and cravats behind vests cut in the present style, which left it a mere matter of speculation whether it was snowy linen or red flannel that lay be-

The arrivals were greeted with due solemnity. Miss Helena Fitzgerald stood by the parlor-door, and explained how glad she was to see each of the guests. Her good breeding was plain to the most untutored eye. Notwithstanding she knew exactly who were coming, she exhibited great surprise at each successive addition to the company. If, perchance, while hurrying through the front hall after a hasty visit to the kitchen, she encountered a guest, she ignored his existence; but once at her post in the parlor, she greeted him with smiles and effusiveness. Never did a lady conduct herself more fashionably in every

respect.

The guests seconded her admirably. No topics of conversation were countenanced that one would ever hear in plain, every-day life. Some discussed the delights of Society. The rest spoke of Literature, and what a valuable accomplishment it was. To look at the company, a stranger would have imagined himself in the loftiest circles of metropolitan fashion. Many young men stood silently against the wall, and rubbed off the whitewash upon the backs of their coats. The elderly

young ladies, who had nobody to talk to, smiled as if they enjoyed it immensely, and never for a moment betrayed their misery. The bolder young gentlemen told the other ladies how finely they looked, and what an impression they were making, and to hear the ladies giggling and laughing, you would have thought the funny man of a New York paper was there.

Prominent people were present in large numbers. The editor of the Buckeye and the pastor of the church sat in the back-room, where they could be near the eatables, and although they hated each other, the Buckeye editor being an infidel and famous for his profanity, they discussed Society in amicable tones. The assistant postmaster and the young woman from the telegraph office promenaded up and down the front hall. Miss Fitzgerald pointed out the literary characters, which

was in very good taste, although everybody knew who they were.

"The young man chewing tobacco by the fire-place is the writer of the famous parody on 'Flowers that Bloom in the Spring,'" said Miss Helena Fitzgerald: "The thin lady you see alone in the corner, with spectacles on, is the well-known authoress of the poems on 'Winter' in the Buckeye. That large man asleep in the easy-chair is the author and publisher of the popular hand-book, 'How to Mix Drinks.'"

In such company the whole tone of conversation was elevated. Many words of five syllables were heard, some of six or seven. Webster's Unabridged might be said to have breathed its influence upon the

But this was nothing to the display of feeling when the supper was ready. So great was the demand upon the edibles that the clergyman was compelled, in self-defence, to take possession of a plate and two pieces of cake before he began to ask the blessing. Here again the in-nate good breeding of the Wiggins's Cornerites manifested itself. The gallantry of the young men in escorting the ladies to seats in the back of the room was inimitable, and was equalled only by the zeal with which they helped themselves, and made way with the dinner when the ladies were securely seated. The contest of digestion was a close one. For a long time the clergyman of the Wiggins's Corners Church was thought to be ahead; but he was finally left two slices of cake behind by the authoress of the poems on "Winter."

Nothing was needed to complete the enjoyment of the occasion, and never was there a finer manifestation of old-fashioned hospitality than when the Hon. Fitzgerald appeared in a state of inebriation, and with a broken voice invited the company to be present at his house every

evening thereafter, so long as his money held out.

A vote of thanks was moved to the host and hostess, and passed with but one dissenting voice, and as that was the author of the popular hand-book, "How to Mix Drinks," and as he had just mixed and consumed his sixth tumblerfull, it was not regarded as marring the unanimity

Thus ended this gathering of elite society. As the editor of the Buckeye well observed, in the next Saturday's issue: "Let the gilded sons of the metropolises look to their laurels; we warn them that the day is dawning when their sun shall set, and when Art, Literature and Fashion will bow down at the lofty shrine of Wiggins's Corners,"

A. D. N.

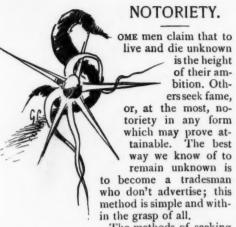
SAFE ENOUGH, PERHAPS.



FIRST CITIZEN .- Are you going to the entertainment at the Opera-house tonight for the benefit of the school fund?

SECOND CITIZEN .- No: I consider the Opera-house unsafe.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Sorry; I was going to give you a ticket for yourself and wife. SECOND CITIZEN .- All right, old man, we'll take it in.



The methods of seeking fame or notoriety are as varied as they are numerous. Some claim that politicians shine in the most glaring light; this may be so, but the political pathway, of late, oftentimes leads one to State's prison, or, at best, to a jail. Editors of daily papers, owners of patent-medicines, railroad magnates, foreign kings, murderers, ministers, prima-donnas and end men in minstrel shows very often live to excite some public attention; but these vocations are attended with more or less trouble, expense and

But the merits of the above methods of procedure all fall before one which is at once inexpensive and fruitful of great results.

The method, then, which in the race for fame is facile princeps, is, in a word, to take your wife and settle quietly in an obscure Maine village, where you can hire the best house for one hundred dollars a year, and settle down; at least, this is the course we should suggest if you have an income of from one thousand five hundred dollars to two thousand five hundred dollars a year. Here you will live quietly on your income, and be talked about to your heart's content about as follows:

First week: "Wal, naow, I reckon them people is funny critters, an' it ain't likely that they be honest, living here in this way, doing nothing, and getting up at nine o'clock in the morning. I, for one, sets them down as a pair of counterfeiters."

Second week: "Them folks has got a hoss, and I believe as how, sence it warn't bort round here, that they is hoss thieves from the city, and had it sent down by freight as a mere blind."

Third week: "Them folks don't tend out on church at all, and I hev heard that the woman used to be on the stage and laid by money enough to support a husband, by dancing in tights made of a mos-quito nettin'."

Fourth week: "I see

by our weekly paper of
June 15th, that a bank had been robbed out in
California last New Yar's, and I think it is more
than likely these people did the robbin'."

Fifth week: "I seed by the papers last week
that a woman had been leadin several Boston ministers astray, and had been obliged to quit that air taown in consequence, and I allows as

how it was this stranger who has skipped daown here with her man."

Sixth week: If it is still your intention to live quietly, and mind your own business. and not to tell all your affairs to each person you are in-troduced to, the best thing you can do is to skip town; never mind how pure your past life may have been, and go to some wicked, crowded city where each one's wickedness is so recent that they have no time to suspect others. C. STETSON.

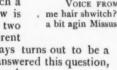
QUAIL ON toast is good food for reflection. You eat the toast, and reflect on the whereabouts of the quail.

THE ONLY safe game of cards to bet on is Solitaire.

A PHILADELPHIA WOMAN slipped on the sidewalk, fell down suddenly, and has been speechless ever since. It was not the shock of the fall that affected her, but the fact that she did anything suddenly was more than she could stand.

IF THE refining influence of woman's society is such a sure thing to bet on, how is it that the man who has two or three wives in different

parts of the country, always turns out to be a rascal. When you have answered this question, we will have some more ready.





Minerva, the inventress of the flute, Flung it aside, when she her face surveyed Distorted in a fountain as she played; The unlucky Marsyas found it, and his fate Was one to make the bravest hesitate. LONGFELLOW (Morituri Salutamus).

The fate of Marsyas, it will be remembered, was to be deprived, while still living, of the further use of his epidermis. This seems rather a severe punishment and, to be sure, for a young man who is simply trying to cultivate his musi-cal talents in an unpretentious way; but the future happiness of the human race had to be taken into consideration, and if an example had not been made of the first young man who evoked the mournful wail of the flute, what might not have been the condition of the race to-day?

And yet, in spite of the horrible fate of Marsyas, the young man who flutes still survives to torment the world. Hark! You can hear him now, as he projects his pickaninny soul through his puckered lips into the mournful reed.

Oh, young man, beautiful young man, you make us very weary! Perhaps you think you are laying over the Arcadian shepherd with his hollow pipe, and rivalling even Orpheus, who with the strains of his prevaricator made the very trees and rocks on Olympus to waltz.

But, oh, young man, forbear! You were not cut out for a musical genius—especially for a genius upon the flute. You cannot make the trees dance and the stones waltz-save the festive cobble-stone that waltzeth in through the open casement, of a summer eve. That lip of yours was never intended to do anything more æsthetic than raise a moustache or buss a pret-

ty girl.

Therefore, desist. Prythee, young man, de-PAUL PASTNOR.

MORE STYLE IN HARLEM.



VOICE FROM THE CLIFF.—Hoy, Jimmy, did yez see annythin' o' me hair shwitch? Oi pit it an th' cheer be th' windy, an' wants to fix oop a bit agin Missus Brophy callin'.

A MAN HAS died down South at the advanced age of ninety years, who never was known to utter an oath. If he had lived in New York, and had the gates on the elevated trains shut in his face a few times, an entire change of habit would have set in long ago.

NEBRASKA IS reported as having been almost free from tramps this year on account of being bounded on the south and east by the States of Iowa and Kansas, which are working the prohibition law. The prohibition law has not much bearing on the case. The truth is, a well-fed tramp will never infest a region where he will be compelled to subsist on prairie grass or else die.

#### NO DANGER FROM THAT SOURCE.



"Can we have a little two-dollar limit up stairs?" he cautiously asked of the hotel clerk in a western town, "Certainly," replied the clerk: "only be quiet about it"

" How about the sheriff?"

"I don't know. Here, Front," he said to the boy:
"run over to the sheriff's office and ask old Lawandorder if he wants to take a hand in a small game of
draw."

#### SWINBURNE.

WAS in the little room behind the bar. Tree and Bassett were seated in armchairs tilted to the angle requisite for comfort, but Smith stood between the two, his elbow on the mantel, his eyes glancing shrewdly from face to face as he talked. Smith was a short man, with a fat, pale countenance, and little black beads of eyes, that seemed to somehow accompany whatever he said with a reiterative and emphatic language of their own. His listeners were sufficiently attentive. Bassett, indeed, appeared utterly resigned; but on Tree's face there had settled that expression of mingled eagerness and despair, which a man's features are apt to assume when he has been waiting a good half-hour to hear the last of some other man's yarn, and get a chance to introduce his own.

"Yes, sir," Smith said, throwing out his hand as a challenge to the world in general: "I defy any man to produce a more remarkable case. Why, in less than two weeks the fellow was walking about, as well as ever-no more lame than you are! You see, Swinburne saw at a glance how it would be. I tell you, now, there ain't many surgeons to be compared with Swinburne,'

"It was n't any fool of a job, that's so," assented Tree, with cordial alacrity, now that the story had actually reached its culmination, and leaning forward, he planted his chair firmly on the floor, took his cigar from his lips, and, clearing his throat, said impressively:

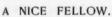
"Well, I was going to tell you about my wife's brother's accident—that was a remarkable case, too. He had his leg broken in a railway smash-up, fractured in two places below the knee—"

"You see Swinburne has had advantages," continued Smith, calmly: "he was in a German hospital for three years and a half; they tell me there's nothing in this country to compare with the training they give 'em there. He's got his senses with him every time, Swinburne has. There ain't no sort of a chance to fool him over broken bones."

"My wife's brother had two pretty severe fractures," said Tree, pursuing the subject: "and at the start amputation was talked of. Well, there was three or four doctors there in consultation-"

"There was six of them in the other case," remarked Smith: "and Swinburne, he made seven. Hanged if he was n't worth the whole kit of 'em put together! You never see a man as cool and quiet. He 'd made up his mind to boss that job, anyhow!"

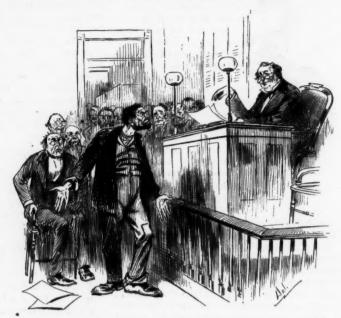
"Well, you've told us all about it, Billy. Now I want you to just listen to me. These doctors-four of them, I think it was-all eminent men, mind you-'





JANR.—Wait, Tom, Mr. Slim has fallen out! Tom.—Nice fellow. He knew that there was one too many.

#### A FAIR PROPOSITION.



"Prisoner at the bar," said the Judge: "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?"

"No, Jedge, there is nothin' I care to say, but if you'll clear away the tables and chairs long enough for me to thrash my lawyer, you can give me a year or

"They were n't no more eminent than Swinburne, I'll bet my life on that! I don't care who they were!"

"Are you going to listen to me, Billy, or ain't you?"
'Of course I'm going to listen. Go ahead, old man, let's hear it." "These four doctors got their heads together, and concluded that amputation was necessary. Well, my wife's brother was a timid sort of man, kinder delicate, anyhow, you know, helpless as a child with four of those fellows around him-

"Pity Swinburne had n't been there. I tell you he's the boy to fix

"Pity Swinburne had n't been there. I tell you he's the boy to hx things! It would 'a' made no difference to him if the hull medical faculty had been standing 'round the bed."

"For gracious sake, Billy, will you shut up about Swinburne? I thought you give in to listen to me?"

"Ain't I listening? I was only thinking if your brother-in-law had known enough to send for Swinburne. What's the matter with you, Dan? Go on, can't you? Of course, I want to hear the story."

"Well when they spoke about having the leg taken off there was

"Well, when they spoke about having the leg taken off, there was one of 'em, a young fellow from New York; he seemed to think there was a chance that the bone could be set, and kept arguing with the

others,"

"Just like Swinburne," (Billy brought his hand down emphatically on the mantle-piece,) "Swinburne stuck to it from the first. Sez he: 'Gentlemen, if you will allow me to have my say, I know that bone can be set, and if the patient will allow,' sez he: 'I'm the man to do it.' And he did! Yes, you may talk as you like, there ain't none of 'em can come up to Swinburne. He's clean ahead of 'em every time, and don't ask no odds, neither. Give him his patient and give him his instruments, and he'll look out for the rest."

"Billy what sort of a man are you, anyhow? Don't you want to

"Billy, what sort of a man are you, anyhow? Don't you want to give no one a show, but yourself?"

"Me? What am I doing? What's the matter? ain't mad, Dan, are you? Drive ahead, old fellow - go on with your yarn."
"Have you got through, Billy," asked Dan sternly: "because if you

ain't, I can wait till you have."

"Oh, I've got through, fast enough. Don't mind interrupting me. Go ahead my boy."

"Well, as I was saying, the young surgeon from New York, he suggested that if the patient would agree to it the best plan would be—"
But Smith, looking in Dan's face with an expression of the deepest interest, remarked thoughtfully:

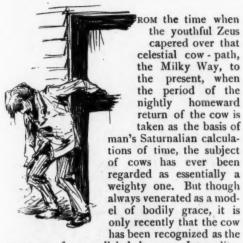
"There was one curious thing about Swinburne, though; he could 'n't bear spectators! If it was necessary to have help, he'd choose his man, or his two men; then he'd clear the room and lock the door. There was a case came into the Hospital once, truck-driver run over, and Swinburne, he-Hello, Dan, where are you going? Say, what in thunder is the matter with you to-night?"

In silence Dan struggled with his overcoat, nodded to Bassett, walked to the door, and disappeared. Smith gazed after him a moment, in blank surprise, then turning to Bassett, shook his head significantly several times and remarked.

several times, and remarked:

"I know what's the matter with HIM. He doesn't like Swinburne. I saw that from the very first!" EARL E. LYTE.

THE COW.



possessor of unparalleled humor. In reality, there is no creature more humorous than the cow, and when contra-distinguished from the pump, she is at once seen to stand alone as the acme of sublimated jocundity.

I have traveled much this weary mortal round, and I know this to be a fact.

One summer's eve I issued forth to milk a cow on a bet. It was vacation, and everything that came to my net in the way of merriment was Spanish mackerel. Finding the cow close at hand, I approached in my most deferential manner, asked her to "so," begged her to "hist," planted the milking-stool of song, and sat down. Then bethinking myself that al-though the cow had thus far been of mild demeanor, she might yet determine to wreckfully disport herself, I drew back a trifle, and said:

You keep that tail still or I'll break your

She kept the tail still. I was surprised to find a creature so persistently maligned, to be in reality so gentle. Even as I spoke, she fell to chewing the cud with a tranquility which showed the needlessness of my expostulation. I therefore said, deprecatingly:

"You put your foot in this pail and I'll wring

your crazy neck!"

She went on ruminating. Another remem-brance from my readings of the great naturalists forced me to add:

"Flirt that horn around here and I'll crack you in two!"

After milking awhile, I thought of something

"Move the infinitesimal fraction of a hair, and you won't know what hit you—" She seemed not to hear—"because I'll blow you up with giant powder."

She still continued to ruminate. Such meekness deserved encouragement: "When you complete that train of rumination, I'll stop and let you think up another," I said gayly. She smiled a little at this, and went placidly

I resumed my task. How like the sound of an Æolian harp was the buzzing of ephemeral insects bathing their wings in the fading light. I thought how short, how brief is the life of ephemeral insects. The cow was thinking, too. I understand animals, indeed, all sympathetic nature, Thoreauly, and I divined what the cow was thinking: that I had not beaten her with the milking-stool of song; that I had tied no rock to her tail—that I had trusted her, and that she would prove true to the trust; that-

I was divining these and other bovine reveries, when suddenly an ephemeral insect about a foot long, bathing his wings in the fading

light-

The doctor said it was a marvel how I had escaped without losing my life. But if I had lost my life, I do not think I should have es-

For, to avoid injuring me, the grateful cow had planted one foot on my stomach and one on my knee; the other eleven were planted elsewhere. In some way, too, the milking-stool of song had been set invitingly on my breast, and after the first exhausting struggle, the cow had sunk into it for a moment's grateful rest. I was begirt on every side by destruction, and it seems to me that if loss of life had rendered me helpless, I must have been instantly killed.

WILLISTON FISH.

THE PROPER thing to do when the coal arrives is to chute it.

Mr. Young Author.—My dear, do you think this story, which I have just finished, is too young for the Juvenile Ketchum Magazine?

MRS. Y. A. (looking it over).-Well, John, it is a story for rather young people, but (hesitatingly), it will be old enough before it is published.

JOHN (blankly).-Thanks.

A CONNECTICUT CLOCK company has just offered a premium to every purchaser of a tendollar clock. This, we presume, is a little scheme to make the clocks go.

"Well," REMARKED the rat, as the trap tightened its grip on one of his hind-legs: "I must frankly admit that just at present I belong to the can't-get-away club."

A PHILADELPHIA CONCERN advertises shirts made by mail. It will be rough on American modistes when women can send to Paris and have their dresses fitted and made by mail.

"WHAT SHALL I say of Hodson's conduct at the reception this evening?" asked the Society Reporter of the City Editor."

"Say he made a beast of himself," replied the City Editor: "and if he kicks about it, we can come out to-morrow and say we meant he was the lion of the evening."

A HINT TO begging letter-writers: When you write to Jay Gould, Vanderbilt, Mackay, or, in fact, any of us rich fellows, always enclose a stamp, otherwise we may not reply.



As Falstaff I 'm just as happy, Away with the eggs and sack, For my soul is mellow and sappy While drinking hot apple-jack.

Some water into a tumbler,
With sugar and lemon I whack,
To a god then turns the grumbler, Drinking hot apple-jack.

At even, within my study, Surrounded by bric-à-brac, My visions become all ruddy, While drinking hot apple-jack.

And I sing unto all creation, To Chinaman, white and black, That the boss drink, in my estimation, Is hot Jersey apple-jack.

IT is unfortunate for the Macyclerk when he is not counter-balanced.

WE ARE told by Our Country Home that salt is the best preserver of eggs. We should therefore think it would pay to keep ducks in the vicinity of Salt Lake.

As consistency is a jewel, it is of course only consistent with a man's engagement to present her with a solitaire diamond-ring.

A TABLE CLARET is generally a claret that is not fit for the table, especially if it is called Château something or other, which, by the way, would be a good name for it, with the Château

THE ONLY point of resemblance that we can call to mind, in the hurry of the moment, is that they both go backward. We refer to crabs and palindromes.

A THANKFUL HEART.



"Yes," said the widow Blueberrý: "I kin never be too thankful that poor John was baptized afore he died."

"He was a Baptist, was he not?"

"Yes; he was immersed in the river in the afternoon, an' that same night he died of 'neumony on the lungs from ketchin' cold. It was awful sudden; but as I said, I kin never be too thankful that he was baptized afore his death."

#### HOW TO FOUND A WEEKLY PAPER.



As soon as I had secured a roll of paper, a dozen pencils, and an office with a safe in it, I felt sure my weekly Journal of Literature and the Drama would be a success. I intended to be publisher as well as editor, and, as long as my credit I found I could

was good, proprietor also. I found I could have my printing done on the press of the Hoxawottamie Herald. My equipment now seemed complete, and so far I had n't spent a penny. Nor was it necessary to do so for MSS. I wrote the whole of the first number myself, signing to the woman's critical and social departments such taking pen-names as "Corney Cadwallader," "Sam Speck," and "Rube, the Rustler." This, of course, stimulated public curiosity as to the personnel of my corps of contributors. Then I sold the safe to pay my first week's salary, and brought out the paper on a Wednesday. I had a great deal more use for my salary than for the safe.

Wednesday is Wedding Day. On that day I proudly celebrated my wedding to my Profession of Journalism. The following Wednesday was the first day of the month. I would then owe several weeks office rent, board and washing, and, I felt morally certain, would also receive bills from my tailor, shoemaker and

haberdasher.

Friday came and I had n't a line written. The proprietor of the German restaurant, where I fed my brain, already began to look coldly on the accumulation of my checks. As I glanced at his bald head and bulging eye, and realized that something had to be done, I remembered that he had told me Schiller was the only poet worth a pfennig, and that almost any fool could write poetry, anyhow. Then I had no great difficulty, after he had once grasped my idea, and laid its flattering unction to his soul, in

getting him to agree to write me a poem for my next issue. I knew he would write me something, so that night I ate a dollar-and-ahalf supper, and added the check to my pile with a glow of conscious pride.

My haberdasher's mother, a fine matronly woman, assisted him in his store, the main duties of which he performed by wearing all the cravats to advertise the stock. I called so as to catch him out, as they say in Hoxawottamie, and took casual occasion to remark to her on his broad brow and fine poetic eye. She answered enthusiastically that her darling boy dashed off beautiful verses at his odd moments, between customers, as it were, and when I left the shop she had promised to mail me a poem for the next week's paper. She would certainly not be so unbusinesslike as to jeopard

its chances by mailing my bill along with it.

Next I dropped in on my shoemaker—he knew everything, that man, more than any barber I ever saw—or was sawed by—and in the course of our conversation on art I took copious notes, not concealing my notebook nor the fact that I intended to embody his views in an edi-

torial next week.

While my hand was in I thought I might as well take the tailor in, too. Besides, his bill was the biggest. He had a darling boy on whom, by the aid of corsets when he needed compression, and pads when he wanted expansion, his father's custom-made clothing was tried. I knew that boy read dime novels by the dozen, and I determined he should write me one. I told his delighted father that it was a well-known fact that most dime novels were written by schoolboys in unguarded moments, and that many rich men got their start in life in this way. He shook hands with me quite cordially when I left, and promised that his darling boy should send me on the morrow the first instalment of a tale of frontier life among the Indians, to run serially as a Feuilleton.

On the way home I met my bootblack. He sternly insisted on shining my boots, and when he had dragged me into my sanctum's seclusion, he demanded modestly, but firmly, pay for my three weeks' arrears. I gently led his mind away from secular subjects, and elicited the interesting fact that he had just connected himself with a Sunday-school, which was going to

ECONOMY PERSONIFIED.



BOY.—This is only five cents. I charged ten cents. HOUSEWIFE.—I know—but I charge five cents for the use of the shovel.

give an excursion Sunday. I said I should like to go on it with him, but the "multiplicity of my engagements," or something of that sort, "rendered it impracticable." But I must have an account of that picnic for the religious department of my journal—which I added to it on the spot. He finally agreed to write up the picnic if I would print his name to the article, and with a good deal of dignity I consented. He then left, without saying anything more about his money.

The wash-woman was yet to come. I knew she could neither read nor write, and my heart sank within me as she climbed the steps. When, at last, she went down again, she was the richer by my promise to employ her darling boy to run errands and sweep out the office.

To consummate my deliverance from the unpleasant missives usually received in the mail on the first of the month, I brought out my paper on the 29th, and sent a marked number to each of my contributing creditors and their darling boys. It contained "A Schilleresque Ballad; by Gottfried Deiss. (Board by the Day or Week at Reasonable Prices.)" On the second page was "The Young Polander's Lament; by Alfred Hanskoi. (Shirts and Neckwear to Order.)"

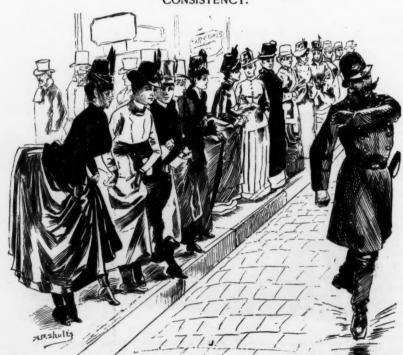
Next came "The Excursion; A Mirthful Tale of the Bent Creek Sunday-School Boys' Union; by Toppy Shaner, One of the Boys, and a First-class Boot-black," and the first three chapters of "Roughing it Among the Reds; by Joseph Daft, of Wm. Daft & Son, Merchant Tailors. (A Deposit Required with all Orders.)"

By the second of the month the edition was exhausted. I had my new office boy, and I had n't gotten a bill. There was some talk, of course, but I had pleased the constituents I cared most for.

By persevering in this inexpensive and rather novel mode of journalistic life, I soon had all my contributors persuaded that they knew more about running a paper than I did. So I called a meeting of them, protested I would no longer submit to their dictation, turned over the paper to a committee of creditors, and left Hoxawottamie. And my journalistic experience had n't cost me a cent.

Swinburne Rittenhouse.

CONSISTENCY.



What's all those girls waiting for?

For that handsome policeman to help them over. They are shop girls, too, who complain of standing so long in the store.

#### LIFE: A MONOGRAPH.

(WRITTEN AFTER A COURSE OF READING IN ADVANCED BIOLOGY.)

is a thing which possesses a certain interest even to the unscholarly. A perfect knowledge of its various forms may be obtained from the study of fossils, or there are various other methods, as, if one should attend a normal school or deliver lectures. The way to study by fossils is to search the rocks of Europe, Asia and Africa, spending the time breaking stone, and guessing what you find. Another way is to study life out of a book. Where the names are given under the cuts this method is probably peerless. It banishes the uncer-

tainty and lame back of personal exploration.

But study as we may, of life's origin we can know nothing. Much as we would like to put life, or a simulation thereof, into the Quaternary Hired Man, we can not do it. "We may study the manifestations of Life," says Hutton, "but we must not, in the limits of a collegiate education, attempt to lift the veil, and discover how it became so lively."

Geological times are divided into various periods: as, aozoic, eozoic, paleozoic, etc. The idea seeming to be to make them all end in "zoic," In the eozoic age there was a mere "dawn of life;" and the conscientious student of Greek will not be surprised when I express an opinion that in the aozoic age there was no life at all. "Imagine." cries the geologist, "a world without life, either of plants or animals! Think of the brooding endless silence of that aozoic world in which there was no prattle of children, no songs of birds, no cry of the Fisher or Smith boy to his sister at play, no stirring of foliage in the breeze—a world in which a dead mackerel would be a marvel of organic activity! Think of it!" It would take several weeks to think of this properly, but certainly no purer literature was ever penned by the wicked hand of man.

It was once supposed that the only life of the eozoic age consisted of sea-weed and zoöphytes. Cuvier, however, who could reason from a tooth to a clip-winged griffin, from a cabbage to a boiled dinner, earnestly contended, after examining certain jests, that man, in his low, humorist form, must also have existed in the eozoic. In confirmation of his theory, it appears, from the age of the jokes, that he was right. But if, in this dawn period, there was only a howling wilderness, barren as a desert, and silent as the grave, the paleozoic more than compensated. This was, indeed, a splendid period. The hillside, the plain,

the ocean, the air—all were instinct with life in a myriad of strange and wonderful forms. And all this life had mouths forty feet long, and skeletons which, in death, resemble the ribs of a shipwreck on a novelist's lonely island. These creatures were then in the wild state. By disposition they are said to have been tractable and good-natured, but they possessed a great fund of animal spirits, and in darting around with their mouths open in wild laughter, they caused some mortality. Whether in open day-light they would have attacked a man, I do not know. But among themselves, everything under forty feet long, they ate as it came, like a radish. On the other hand (showing want of actual malice), everything over forty feet ate them.

When a plesiosaurus began his repast, he did not know whose repast it would be. We can well imagine, as he was approaching the fortieth foot, what a delicious flutter of hope and fear his little heart was in. Life, to him, was as full of denoûments as a third-rate novel. The main idea of the paleozoic, is found in the gigantic dimensions of its animals. The very figures are enchanting; and I often think that the early part of geology, with its petty spores and protozoa, might be made like letters of living light to the childish mind by simply representing polyps as large as grindstones, and primordial cells like balloons.

During the paleozoic period, vegetable life became so luxuriant that potatos were only ten cents a bushel, and this—O glorious thought!—in spite of potato bugs as large as an elephant! When Cuvier remembered the hosts of giant-

FORESIGHT.

HANS VANDERBUMBACH.

— Take it away, I don't vont it!

GRETCHEN VANDERBUM-BACH.—What 's the matter, papa, are you sick?

HANS VANDERBUMBACH.

—No; but I'm afraid that
pepper pot vill make me
thirsty, and I have n't got a
cent to buy beer with.



life forms of this period, he applied his from a-shirt-collar-to-a-washbill style of logic, and then gave this to the world as the irresistible conclusion of his reason: "This wonderful and unparallelled aggregation of unique monsters and Egyptian Wallapuses," said he, "necessarily implies the simultaneous existence of pea-nuts and pink lemonade." As if in corroboration of his words, he was dead-right. The original lemon, now petrified with astonishment, is still with the circus.

In concluding this monograph, let me add my opinion, that man is the noblest of animals. How grand, how great, how noble, how au-

gust he is in his best form, let my friends bear witness.

On some points in my monograph I have shown indecision. I have faltered, and perhaps too often and too weakly hesitated, but it is my first monograph, and I have not yet learned to forget my supreme ignorance. This, however, I will state firmly: that the past two decillion years, whatever may have been its temporary recessions, its local degradations, still show, on the whole, a decided improvem nt. Our ward politics are purer than among the ancient Blatherskites, who, once at the imagined summit of political purity, have lived to see their name a synonym for a man in the opposite party; our spiral system, with the exception of a few weak-kneed specimens (also in the opposite party), is an improvement on that of the invertebrates; our style of architecture, poet Montgomery to the contrary, is superior to that of the corals; our judicial system is a refinement, on that of the ant-eating sloth of the Jurassic age. It is slower, but more certain, and fees are better secured.

With all this progress in two decillion years, it may be too much to hope, that by January next, every man will be taking Puck for his family, but it does fairly seem as, at least, more than chimerical, that by another decillion years, the question of tight or loose trousers will be definitely settled. Book agents will become extinct, plumbers will ascend into the scale of men, and the only vestiges of the tramp will be his Latin vestigia, where he has walked away into the irrevocable past. Yes, brothers, in spite of all, the age is making progress. We are not perfect yet; the rude, early Quaternary still fashions our rudimentary bones, and barbarism still clings to the folds of our Prince Albert coat; but be hopeful. In a year or two, if I keep my health, there will be a startling improvement.

A TRIFLE OFF IN TASTE.



HE (at an evening party),—Do you know what business young Mr. De Breezy is in? I understand that he is from Vermont.

SHE.—I think he must be a side-hill farmer, or something of that sort. I see he wears a white satin necktie.

SAM JONES says one dead lion is better than a hundred live dogs. It would be wrong to infer that Sam was ever a tramp, but he expresses the sentiments of that class so strongly that it looks as though he might have been there himself.

THE MAN who can go down-town Monday morning with ten dollars in his pocket either has a large income, or he has passed a very quiet Sabbath.

IT IS N'T a capital crime to put nutmeg in a pumpkin-pie, but it ought to be.

IF THE millennium ever cloes come, there will be plenty of people who will find fault with it.

DENNIS WAS RIGHT.



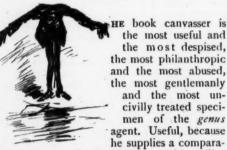
ELLEN.—I don't know what ails the baby. He's always crying.

DENNIS.—Sure it 's a dhrop of the ould sthuff it do want.

ELLEN.—How can you tell that, I don't know?

DENNIS.—Sure it 's because he takes after yerself, dye moind, Mrs. Dooley?

#### THE BOOK AGENT.



tively safe target for the ill-humor and incivility which might otherwise be fired at some one who would get mad and talk back. Philanthropic, because he seeks to supply you with something you really need, a book which no family can afford to be without, well worth twice the money, and sure to pay for itself before it has been in the house twenty-four hours; and gentlemanly because it is for his interest to be so. He is pleasantly persistent and a voluminous talker, and you can only get rid of him by ordering a book, or being positively rude, a faculty which some few people do not pos-sess, although it comes handy enough to others. Unlike the distributor of lightning-rods, he does not climb tall ladders with the delightful possibility of breaking his neck, and unlike the seller of trees and shrubs (not the original seller, but the middle man, the sub-seller, as it were), he does not lie to you, and thus afford a good excuse for killing him next time.

He is plausible, patient, and polite. If you note his insidious approach, and instruct your maid to say you are engaged and can not see him, he will conceal his bitter disappointment under a bland smile—and sell the girl a book. But let me say right here, Madam, that you ought to see him, if he asks for you; his agentness does not take away his right to be treated as a gentleman, and perhaps, after all, his book is one you ought to have—a treatise on good manners, for instance, from which you might leafn that, except in case of illness, genuine, straight - filled A1 good breeding is never

guilty of refusing an interview, even to a poor book agent.

There are very few people who comprehend the woes of a tender-hearted, sensitive man, whom circumstances compel to sell books for a living. There was one such, whose sad but true history I will relate as a warning. This man had tried many occupations and failed; he had been a lecturer, but the necessary pedestrian exercise had broken down his constitution. He had board-ed with his wife's relatives until circumstances beyond his control had forced him out into the cold world, and, at length, reduced to pover-ty, and with a large family dependent upon him, he took the agency for a book in a neighboring city. He invested his last dollar in the sample copy (full Morocco, gilt sides and edge), and started out, his pale wife, who had done all that a brave, true woman could do to make endurable their bitter poverty, bidding him God speed at the door, and forcing a cheerful smile to her care-worn face, while little five year old Minnie, a

helpless cripple, stretched out her thin, white hands from the poor bed, and asked Papa to bring her an orange when he came back. And the father promised. Poor child, she had tasted nothing better than dry crust for weeks, and the thought of that juicy orange would make a bright spot in the dark, shadowed child life.

He started out full of high hope, for his book was good and useful, and he thought people must buy. He walked the hard pavements all day, to be met everywhere with rudeness, neglect, and unfeeling remarks about dogs and clubs. The next forenoon but repeated the experience of yesterday, and at noon, starving and desperate, with the thought of those at home, whose bright anticipations of success

must have such dark ending, he entered a book store and sold his sample copy for the mere trifle offered. Buying a dozen yellow oranges, he found a country-bound teamster, and sent them to his wife with a little sealed note. "Those will make Minnie smile again," he thought: "and she will remember me." Then he visited a drug

store, and with the five cents remaining bought two cigars, and, seeing a first-class restaurant, walked up and down the pavement in front, smoking industriously. In five minutes the proprietor had paid him one dollar to take that cigar around the corner and keep it there; in two hours he had similar transactions with twenty-four different individuals, and when the six o'clock whistles blew he went home with the proceeds of a pretty comfortable day's work in his pockets. With this capital he set up in the anarchy business, and prospered greatly, and was

OUGHT TO BE THANKFUL.



Moses Mosenstein.—You must come arount right away and take away dot sofa; my vife Rachel, says she vill leave the house eef dot sofa don't.

ISAAC NIXCUMAROUSBACH -Vell, den you ought to call dot sofa a sheap bargain at half der brice, Moses,

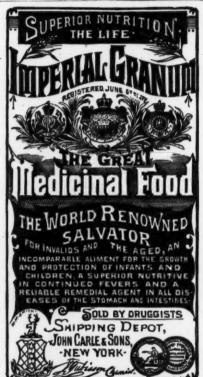
the ancestor of all such as now smoke two for five on public thoroughfares,

It was the don't-want-any-book-to-day-sir-ativeness of an injudicious world that caused this man's sad end, and this true history should teach that but one of two courses may safely be taken with a book agent: either buy his book, or remove him at once from existence, gently, if possible (as per chloroform), but forcibly, if you must. (See "Dynamite.")

L. SOUTHMAYNE.









THE Contemporary Review has just printed a very readable article on "The Gastronomic value of Odors." But of what gastronomic value is the odor of a porter-house steak to a tramp that can't get it? If animals can thrive on odor, perhaps that accounts for the corpulence of the pigs in Hunters' Point. If odor were fattening it would never pay a grayhound to loiter round a drug-store. Perhaps the odor of Limburger cheese has a gastronomic value, but we are willing to wager the Puck building that it has no other.

AN EDITOR should never be without a pair of rubbers. He has to wade through so much "slush." The above is a fair sample of it

IF SOME large cities had as much trouble with their whiskey supply as they have with their water supply, how heroically the politicians would legislate in the direction of a remedy.

Money often gets very tight, but you never see it lying in gutters.

ALL SIGNS fail in dry weather but lager beer signs. They go right on making money.

ACCORDING TO the Swedenborgians, men who lives on the planet Jupiter prepare themselves for death as soon as they get bald. In this mundane sphere it is then that they begin to enjoy themselves.

THE LEADING dentist in St. Petersburg is an American; so is the leading dentist in Paris; so is the leading lawyer in London. When it comes to cake, this country takes the frosting.

A CINCINNATI DOMESTIC has fallen heir to \$250,000, and is now occupying the guest chamber until she can get her wardrobe in shape.

WE ARE told, by a scientific exchange, that leather is unhealthy. Probably the editor got a dose of it in Delaware, and is pretty well whipping-posted.

TEARS HINDER sorrow from becoming despair and madness.-Leigh Hunt, As everything is said to have been created for a purpose, this ought to throw light on the mystery of the

"THAT'S A fine ring you have, old man? Christmas present, eh?" "Yop!"

"Yop:
"But," he continued: "speaking of diamonds reminds me of a little incident which I witnessed a few days since. While in the store of my friend, Mr. Pedersen, in came an extensive importer

of diamonds, and displaying a very large pair of ear-rings, said:

'What do you thing of these, Mr. P.?'

"'Quite brilliant, Mr. S, but hardly strong enough for locomotive keaditghts," was my friend's quick response. The importer gracefully acknowledged the corn, and withdrew."

gracefully acknowledged the corn, and withdrew."

A keen eye and good judgement are essential qualities in a successful jeweler, and Mr. Jens F. Pedersen, 1/4 Maiden Lane, is thus happily endowed. Being an extensive importer of fine and complicated Swiss Watches, and dealer in all grades of American Watches, he is always prepared to meet the wants of the most critical and economical buyer. Wheelmen are very enthusiastic in his praise and support, and well might they be, when one considers the fine quality and exquisite taste displayed in the Medals, Badges and Prize-Trophies which he is called upon to furnish for their annual races and sporting events. Nothing succeeds like success.

OH, COME, pretty Chlöe, and let us tobog Till we hear the gay croak of the merry bullfrog, And see in the brooklet the lithe pollywog.

It is said to be a sign of death to dream of a white horse. It is lucky for some Americans that it is not a sign of death to dream of a

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"To amplify bodily and mental power to the present generation, and prove the survival of the fittest to the next."—Bismarck.

"To strengthen nervous power. It is the only medical relief I have ever known for an overworked brain."

"To make life a pleasure, not a daily suffering. I really urge you to put it to the test."—Miss Emily Faithfull,

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uuch pleased with the results of two boxes of your Arsenic Wafers;
lease send IMMEDIATELY by mail six boxes; guard against

Cumberland St., Brooklyn, lady writes: "I really believe your Wafers are curing me of insomnia; I sleep soundly now without the use of opiates, and rarely have any of those dreadful 'nervous attacks."

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#### CAPTURED.

ou bring back pleasant n Of pleasant sum days,

When around the law with fair Louise und the lake I drove a pair of bays.

In you I climbed the breezy hill, Beneath the breezy

blue,
And with Louise on evenings still, I skipped the tra la loo.

Oh, worn-out pair, I fondly gaze
Upon your tattered soles,
Relics of deer departed days,
You're n a mass of holes.

Full oft I put you on at night,
And sorrow lightly flees,
For by the cannel sparkling bright
I linger with Louise.

#### THE RUINED HUSBAND.

For a long time it had been casting its shadow before—the great financial calamity which, in the heyday of his prosperity, he had thought so impossible. At first when his friends had warned him of the menaced danger, he had laughed with utter incredulity; when the dan-



ger came nearer, he had worked with good hope to avert it; nearer still, and the whole strength of despair had been thrown into the struggle. He tried to bear the trouble alone: for, as he often told his friends, he wished to spare his wife the knowledge of his peril.

But there came a day when the loving de-ception was no longer possible. On that day he almost reeled into the luxurious home soon to be taken from him, and sank heavily into a

His wife looked into his face with tender

questioning.
"I am ruined." He had thought to break the tidings gently, but agony and helplessness forced from him the bare, awful truth. And now he feared that the sudden disclosure would crush her: he had not guessed the depths of her woman's nature.

"Ruined, darling? Take heart."

"I could take heart for myself," said the broken man; "but for you: to deprive you of the luxuries which I have taught you to look upon as necessities—Oh, it is too much!"

She regarded him wistfully. "Are you really wined dealing? Were are not deign; this

ruined, darling? You are not doing this to

try me?"
"Would that I were."

"Then despair no more." She rose and went to him; and there was in her face and in her voice a gayety from which despondency itself

would have taken courage. "Darling, it is now my turn to be the good angel. This is the happiest day of my life, since it brings the opportunity of rewarding the untiring generosity with which you have lavished your wealth upon me, and which—who knows?—may have been the cause of your ruin. See!" And she went to an armoire, and unlocking it, brought forth

a strong box.

"Oh, what unexpected good is coming?"

cried the husband, in a fever of conflicting
emotions. "Can it be possible that, unknown to me, your little hands have earned-if not

wealth-

"No, sweetheart; what is here you owe only to your own generosity. In this box I have stored the fruits of your own labor, bestowed upon me during all the years of your affluence. And I have saved it, for it seemed too precious for my idle fingers to touch."

"But I can not have given you so much," said the ruined man, though he took hope

strangely.

"Ah, generous, prodigal heart, you do not remember. And you supposed I was throwing this away on costly dress and the thousand frivolous things which slander says fill a woman's ambition. But no: I read of another wife who stored up her husband's gifts, and I have fol-lowed her example. See." And she opened the box, and poured the golden shower into his lap.

He could not see, for his eyes were blinded with tears. "How much is there?" he asked,

to humor her.

"There is four dollars and seventy cents," answered the noble woman: "and now it is all yours again."

He rose and clasped her to his heart, and when that loving embrace was loosed he took a new hold, and clasped her to his heart again, even as in the days of their first wooing, when he was under the erroneous impression that her

father was worth a million dollars.

And that night there was joy again in the

household.

For the sum in the box was more than sufficient to pay his debts, and place him triumphantly on his feet.

He was in the piano renting business.

WILLISTON FISH. .

A WESTERN POET bursts forth in a lyrical rhapsody, or ecstasy, or something of that sort,

called "Too Happy to Sleep." We think that the poet would be more consistent, to say the least, if his song had been addressed to the itinerant tomcat, instead of to his lady-love.

THE BODY of King Alphonso, of Spain, is said to be petrifying, and a New York dude is going over to watch the process. He has spent fifty thousand dollars trying to get "hard," and has n't succeeded yet, to his own satisfaction.

TRAMPS ARE not plentiful in Southern California on account of the irrigation.

THE TOM-CAT maouws in a night-key.

ONE WEEK AFTER THE WEDDING.

HE.—Who's my tootsy? SHE.—I'se vos. HE.-And oos mine. BOTH. -And we's each's. ONE TOO MANY.



-Well, Eugene, dear, do you ever regret being

HUSBAND.—Only when I sit down to a roasted chick-en just big enough for one.

#### LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

"DID I tell you about the last poem I wrote?"

"No. What did you do with it?"

"Oh, I tore it up."
"Tore it up! What a shame to waste it! Why did n't you send it to the magazines first?"
"I did."

#### A LIKELY CONTINGENCY.

"I DON'T want any life insurance," he said:

"it won't do me any good after I am dead."
"I know that, sir," replied the solicitor artfully: "but your family might want to bury you after you are dead, you know."

#### MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

"I am afraid, Maria, that you are too careless ever to catch any rats," he observed: "It is all right to put the trap on the mantel out of the way of the children, but you have neglected to arrange a ladder so that the rats can climb up to it. The rat is an intelligent animal, but you must n't expect too much of it."

#### PROHIBITION.



DRUMMER.—Give me a glass of beer!

CONNECTICUT RESTAURANT-KEEPER .- Can't do it. It's agin the law; but here's some darned good up-country cider!

DRUMMER .- No, I thank you; I wanted to get only mildly refreshed-not plum-full.

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how few journals there are that can be safely recommended as thoroughly fit and proper for family reading. If he knows Puck, he knows that Puck stands among the first of those few.

If he does not know Puck, let him purchase a specimen copy, or send for one to the Publishers, and give the paper a thorough examination. He will find that it is just what we claim for it-namely:

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- IT IS A CLEAN PAPER. It proves that it is possible to be humorous without being vulgar. You may look it through from one year's end to the other, and you will not find one low jest, one allusion to the filthy scandals of the day, one indecent personal allusion. It is a paper that will endear itself to every member of the best of families.
- 1T IS FOR THESE REASONS that Puck outsells any publica-tion in its line. Puck is published every Wednesday, and the sub-scription price is Four Dollars a year, Two Dollars for six months, and One Dollar for three months.

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THE PROPOSITION to substitute an electric shock for the gallows does n't seem to attract much attention, owing, possibly, to the fact that those directly interested in the different processes have no voice in the matter.

COMPARISONS DON'T seem to be regarded as odious when women are told that they are pretty as pictures.

As Boston has a magazine called Wide Awake, a correspondent is of the opinion that Philadelphia should have one called Fast

THE SNUFF-TAKER can generally sneeze at a

IT WOULD be the unkindest cut of all to tell a man that he is flattered by the wood-cut of him that appears in the newspapers.

IF NEWSPAPERS will give up the "dull, sickening thud" expression, they will fill a long-felt want. And while they are about it, they might give up the "long-felt want" expression, as well.

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#### FINIS.

When the curtain comes down on the end of the play,
And the audience noisily hurries away,
You put on your hat, O, my Croesus, and drop
In at Smith's for a bottle of stout and a chop.

It is over for you—through the three acts of woe
That a pair of fond hearts were expected to go;
They have gone, with a proper allowance of tears,
With a due alternation of hopes and of fears,
Of smiles and of sorrow, of kisses and frowns,
Of theatrical ups and theatrical downs,
Till Papa drops his blessing on each youthful head,
And the end of the play is—the twain shall be wed.

That 's your end, my Crœsus—another for me
Through the mists of the midnight I fancy I see,
As homeward I trudge through the darkening street
As still as a ghost in my rubber-shod feet.
I see the young couple begin, hand in hand,
The life that 's so seldom just what it is planned;

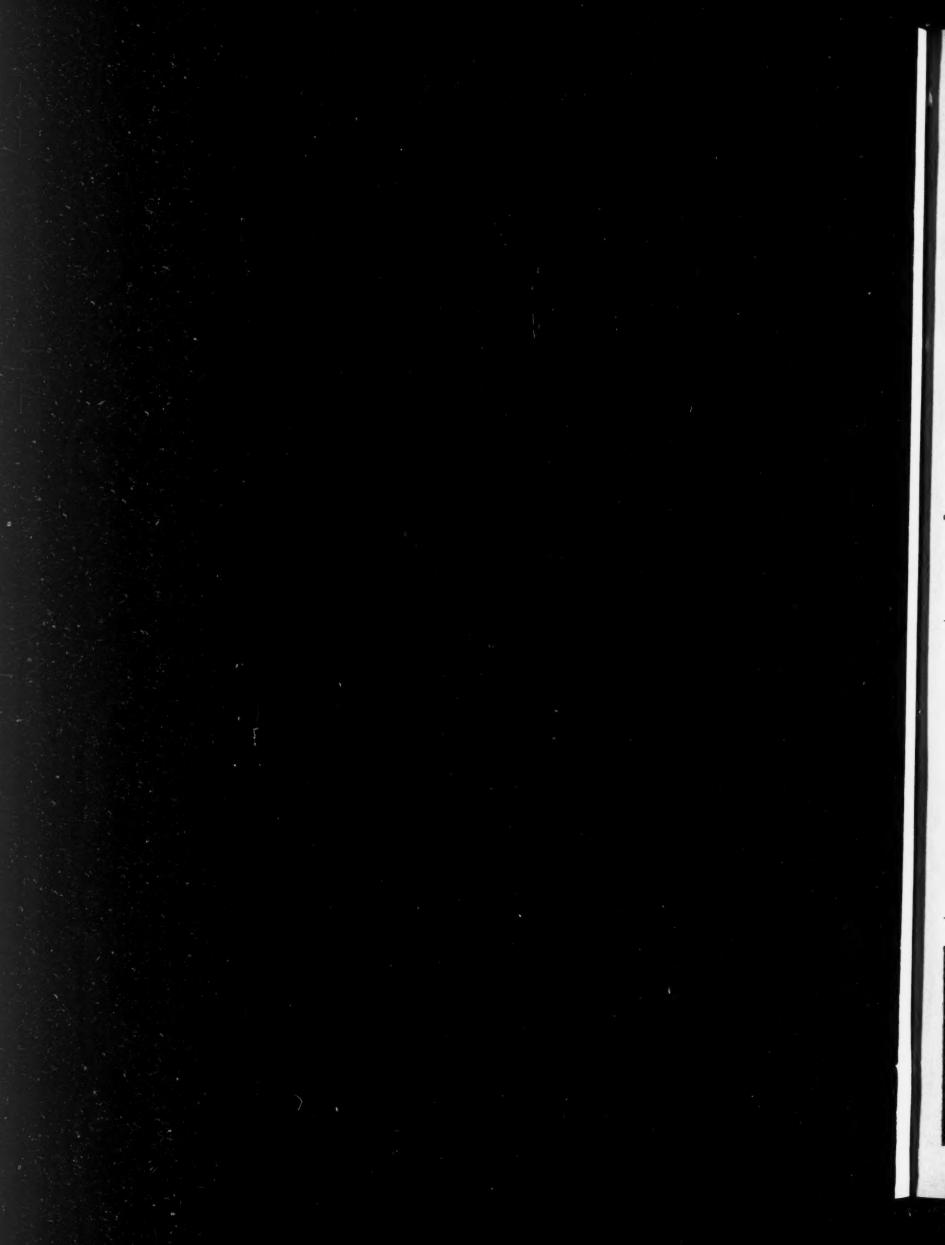
I see them both learning the lesson of life
From the two-columned page headed "Husband and Wife;"
I see their first baby's precocious first smile;
I see the dark days that come once in a while;
And the night-lamp that burns low and faint at the head
Of the little white bed—and the form by the bed
Is a mother who kneels—then the night slips away,
And I see the clear sunshine that comes with the day.
And I see—ah, far more than I ever can tell,
Of a tale beyond your power, my Crossus, to spell.
And through toils and through trials, delusion and doubt,
I bring that young couple quite happily out,
In the play I am acting, as homeward I go,
Until Time, the great Prompter, rings down on the show.

Ah, Crœsus, for you are the chop and the stout,
And a fancy that shares its proprietor's gout.
But for supperless Me, may the day ne'er come near,
When the End of the Play means a chop and some beer.

H. C. BUNNER.







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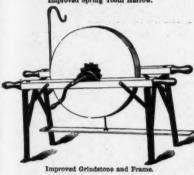
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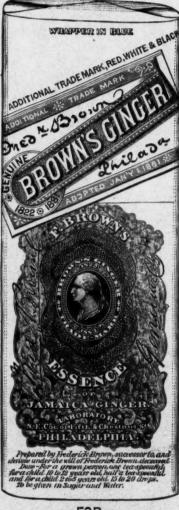
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